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Yours in the Gospel

S. J. M. Eaton

A

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. S. J. M. EATON, D. D.,

Pastor for a third of a century of the Presbyterian Church of Franklin, Pennsylvania.

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PREFACE.

When a man who has touched in many and important points, and largely influenced in many ways, the community to which he belonged, is removed from his place by the hand of death, it seems fitting that the facts and elements that served to mould his life and character should be gathered together, both as a memorial to the man himself, and as a record of value for the training and education of those who shall come after him. The more pure and noble the character of such a man, and the more prominent and beneficent his influence, the more valuable will be the record of his life.

The centre of Dr. S. J. M. Eaton's influence was Franklin, Pennsylvania; but it was felt to a greater or less extent throughout Western Pennsylvania, and more particularly in the region included in the Presbytery of Erie; but it radiated with diminished power into all parts of the State, and was felt in the movements and work of the church at large.

His life and character as a minister of the Gospel, and what he accomplished for the good of the world and the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, are conceived to be worthy of study. With this view the following sketch, concluding with the record of the Funeral and Memorial Services at his home in Franklin, and the Memorial observances in the Chautauqua

Assembly and at the meeting of the Presbytery of Erie at Cambridgeboro, has been prepared, and is laid, with much diffidence on the part of the writer, before the friends and admirers of the modest, earnest, God-fearing man who is its subject.

By the use made of his letters and journals (extracts from which are usually distinguished by marginal quotation marks), Dr. Eaton is allowed to tell, so far as practicable, his own story. The reminiscences and thoughts of his intimate friends have also been laid under contribution, and all available means used to present this beloved and greatly lamented man, both as citizen, writer, and preacher of the Gospel, in a just and clear light before the minds of his friends and contemporaries.

Thanks are tendered to all who assisted in this labor of love by their contributions to the record of his life and labors, or by their addresses on the occasion of the memorial services that followed his lamented death; as well as to the many friends who, in the hour of affliction, did what they could, by their letters of sympathy, to alleviate the sorrow of her who for nearly forty years had been his chief earthly stay and helper, and who remains the chief mourner beside his empty chair.

A. H. C.

Erie, July 10, 1890.

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MEMOIR OF
S. J. M. EATON, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY TIMES.

The name given to a child sometimes marks an epoch. The number of "Andrew Jacksons," with which the baptismal registers of the churches in the United States were sprinkled between the years 1828 and 1836, would fill a considerable volume. Few families in this country, in the early part of the present century, were without a George Washington among their sons; and even yet "G. W." and "A. J." are the most common initials found in city directories and on tax lists. Calvin and Luther and Wesley are still made sponsors, at least to the extent of giving their names, to the sons respectively of many a Presbyterian or Lutheran or Methodist parent.

When a fifth son was born, on the 15th of April, 1820, to the Rev. Johnston Eaton, it was but a year or two after the death of the Rev. Samuel John Mills, the earnest and devoted leader of the band of ardent young men who were instrumental in starting that wonderful awakening in the cause of missions to the heathen, which resulted in the organization of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." Graduated from Yale College in 1809, and licensed in 1812, after a course of theological study at

Andover, to preach the Gospel, he went, under the patronage of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut and Massachusetts, on a Missionary tour through the Southern States. He was ordained in 1815, and after two or three years spent among the churches in his own country in organizing Societies, and stirring them to greater zeal and activity in the work of Foreign Missions, he was sent to Africa to select a site for a colony of manumitted Slaves—this being deemed at that time a feasible scheme for securing the Christianizing of the millions of heathen in that great dark continent.

He and his fellow Missionary, Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, sailed for Africa by way of England in November, 1817; and after spending two months on the African coast, and having accomplished the purpose of their visit, they sailed on their return voyage in May, 1818. But Mr. Mills sickened and died before reaching home and was buried at sea. His youth, his zeal and energy, and his consecration to a great work, coupled with his untimely death, made a deep impression on all who had become interested in the cause of Foreign Missions and African Colonization in this country; and the Rev. Johnston Eaton and his pious and devoted wife Elizabeth signalized their admiration of the character and work of the young martyr by naming the first son born to them after his death, SAMUEL JOHN MILLS. His subsequent career showed that the honor was not misplaced.

He was born, as already stated, in the year 1820—a very early date in the history of Presbyterianism in

North Western Pennsylvania. His father had settled but thirteen years before near the mouth of Walnut Creek, on the Pennsylvania Shore of Lake Erie, and began to preach the Gospel, being the first permanently settled minister in the region of the Lake; and but twelve years before, his mother, Elizabeth Canon—a niece of that John Canon who founded and gave name to Canonsburg, Pennsylvania—as the bride of the young minister, made her way on horseback from Laurel Hill, Fayette county, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, to the log cabin home her husband had prepared for her. The second war with Great Britain had come to an end but five years before, and was still the exhaustless theme of talk around every fireside, and wherever men and boys were gathered together. For nearly all men and large boys, living within from thirty to fifty miles of Presque Isle Bay (the present harbor of Erie), and able to bear arms, had been called to do service in the garrison at Erie, or to assist in the construction of Perry's fleet at that point; or they had enlisted under the brave Commander and borne their part in the famous victory which he achieved over the British fleet at the Western end of the Lake. This war talk, and the recounting of brave exploits and "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field," in due time began to die away; but the children, as they advanced to years of thought, would demand to have the old stories repeated, and so the traditions of the war would be perpetuated.

The whole region of country along the Lake, and for a hundred miles or more South, was in great part still

a wilderness of forest trees, but little changed from what it was when the newly licensed young minister, riding solitarily along a bridle-path, came first in sight of the great blue Lake rising majestically against the sky, and sweeping the whole horizon on the North.

The town of Erie was a village of but a few hundred people. Waterford, fifteen miles South, was a mere cluster of houses on the site of the old French Fort, Le Boeuff. And here and there in what is now the county of Erie were clumps of houses that have since developed into the flourishing towns of North East, Girard, Union City, Springfield, Wattsburg, &c. Farms were but clearings of limited space. The roads were but winding wagon tracks through the woods and over the hills and across shallow places in the streams—for bridges were very rare.

Churches were few and far between. There was one at Springfield, another at Waterford, another at North East, one in Erie, and one at Fairview, or the Mouth of Walnut Creek—for the village of Fairview had not then been thought of.

When Samuel John Mills Eaton made his appearance in his father's house, his coming increased the family group to eight, the parents included. There was first Daniel, the eldest, then John, then William, then Martha, Johnston, and finally Mills,—the name by which he was uniformly called by his brothers and sisters, his cousins, school-mates and nearest friends. Isaac and Elizabeth were added to the family in subsequent years.

At the time of Mills's birth his father was preaching alternately in the "Yellow Meeting-House" in Erie, and in the log church, his home church, on the bank of the Lake, ten miles further west. When the pastor was at home the whole family, babies included, went to church. This was in part a measure of necessity; for in those early times there was no "girl" with whom to leave them in charge; so the mother must either remain at home, or take the entire brood with her.

What this "log church" was like where Mills Eaton, first as babe, then as small boy and larger boy, went to church, is thus described by Dr. Eaton himself, in an address delivered on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the organization of Fairview Church: "The meeting-house," he says, "was not at "first provided with regular seats, but was furnished "with temporary benches, made by placing boards or "slabs on billets of wood. This was until such time "as the people felt able to have regular pews made. "In process of time this was done. Pews were ar- "ranged and made in regular order, the workmanship "of the wonderful singer*—one of their number who "was the good genius of the neighborhood, and the "leader in all the improvements of the country.

"The pulpit was in the end of the building, about "three feet above the floor, entirely boxed in, and "about five by eight feet in size. On either side of "the pulpit was a row of seats extending back to the

*John Pherrin.

"walls, while in front the seats were arranged in two "rows reaching to the rear wall. They were arranged "in this wise: First, on the left of the pulpit, was "the pew of the pastor's family. At the head of this "sat good old John Pherrin, 'the clark,' as they call- "ed him, ready to rise in his seat, as the reading of "the hymn was concluded, and say, 'sing *Fiducia.*' "Next to him on the same seat was the minister's old- "est son, then the next to him in point of age, then "the minister's wife; whilst the youngest child (unless "a babe in arms) found accommodations on the steps "of the pulpit." And here we may imagine the little Mills sitting when two or three years old—taking his first step as it were towards the pulpit to which he was afterwards to ascend, and which, in the generic sense of the word, he was to adorn for so many years.

These were very primitive times. The whole country was still wild and rude. Nature had as yet been only scratched here and there by the hand of improvement. Houses were but cabins in the wilderness, and home comforts and conveniences were few; and the people planned for no more comfort or convenience in the Meeting-House than in the cabin. "At the first," to quote again from Dr. Eaton's discourse, "there was no arrangement for heating the meeting- "house. For a time, up at least to 1815, there was a "brick hearth laid in the middle of the house, and "charcoal from the blacksmith's shop was placed "upon it and kindled. This made a generous heat, "and modified somewhat the cold of winter; but as "there was neither chimney nor flue, the carbonic acid

"gas was not at all favorable to intelligent hearing, or "even preaching, and occasionally a lady would ap- "proach so near as to inhale the gas and sink down to "the floor unconscious, until carried out into the open "air.

"After this a large 'ten-plate' stove, that had been "brought from east of the mountains with infinite "trouble by one of the settlers, was procured and set "up, to the joy and comfort of the worshippers. To "accommodate this stove a chimney was made from "the attic up through the roof."

To this "log meeting-house" the young Mills Eaton trudged, after he was old enough to walk, through most of the years of his boyhood, along the winding woodland road, every Sabbath—unless his father were absent holding service and preaching in one of his more distant charges. In the winter season, however, services in the old church were often suspended. The distance many of the parishioners had to travel, over almost impassable roads, unless snow was on the ground, made the effort too severe even for their faith and resolution to endure,—especially when the house, in which they were to worship, at the end of their tedious journey, was scarcely more comfortable than the open forest—"God's first temple"—through which they had passed.

But the old church at length grew too old and too uncomfortable and—although it had been enlarged—was too small for the satisfactory accommodation of the large and constantly increasing congregation. So in 1833, a quarter of a century after it was first dedi-

cated to the worship of God, it was abandoned; and a new and much more commodious building, erected near what is now Swan's Station on the Railroads, was occupied; and thither "Father Eaton," as he was affectionately called for many years, diligently went, with his wife and eight children—at least as many of them as were still at home—every Sunday, and preached the Gospel of the Kingdom for twelve years more.

Continual fruits had attended his ministry from the first. During the twenty-one years from 1810 to 1831, over one hundred persons were added to the church, nearly all on profession of their faith in Christ.

It fell to the lot of the writer and compiler of this Memoir to bear a part in the celebration of the 75th Anniversary of the founding of Fairview Church, and to present a paper on that occasion on "The First Pastor, Early Elders, and Members of the Church." A few extracts from that address, giving some of the characteristics of the father of Dr. Eaton, and some account of his labors as a minister, with an incidental sketch of his old home, may be appropriately given here:

"'Father Eaton' was not the man to shirk duty in his sacred calling, or to spare labor and personal exposure in the service of his people. Many a ride through mud and storm he took on his good horse 'Jolly,' or in his heavy-topped carriage after the same slow but patient beast, urging him pleasantly with his 'c'up Jolly, c'up Jolly,' to visit a sick or infirm parishioner, or to reach one of his distant preaching

points. One who had deliberately given himself when a young man to the work of the Gospel Ministry on the frontier, was not likely to become indolent, or to yield to ease and self-indulgence when he grew older.

"As I remember 'Father Eaton,' he was a small man, slight in form, and of a very serious cast of countenance. He was always close-shaved, with thin brown hair streaked with gray, and mild blue eyes. His voice had a peculiar tone—not clear and full, but rather rasping and thin. As a speaker he was unimpassioned, but spoke right on in a monotonous and uniform tone. He attempted no flights of oratory and used no gesticulation. He never read his sermons, but spoke from brief notes, holding a small Bible or Testament in his left hand, and looking straight forward. His spectacles generally rested at the top of his wrinkled forehead, except when he would occasionally adjust them to read a passage of Scripture or glance at his notes.

"Mr. Eaton's sermons were what would now be called strongly doctrinal. But the great theme of his preaching, as it was his main comfort in life and his only hope in the hour of death, was salvation through Christ alone . . . . . But he did not rest merely in sound doctrine. He illustrated his faith by his works, and proved himself a child of God by his holy living. He fearlessly rebuked sin, and preached God's law as the rule of life. While he told men, therefore, that it was only by God's mercy and through the infinite merits of Christ that they could be saved,

he made it plain to them that it was not *in* their sins, but *from* their sins that they were to be saved, and made heirs of eternal life.

"But while he taught sound doctrine, and rebuked sin, and openly opposed and battled against Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and every kind of vice, he was not indifferent to those great questions, partly moral and partly political, that began, even in his day, to be widely and earnestly agitated. One of these was Slavery, another was Temperance. On the latter question he stood early in the front ranks of those who pledged themselves, and endeavored to persuade others to pledge themselves, against the use as a beverage of any kind of spirituous liquors. As to wine, beer and cider—this apparently innocent trio had not then been put under ban as the sly and sure tempters and betrayers of men into the paths of drunkenness that they really were. But before his death he was ready, with the great mass of Christians everywhere, to put these also on the list of intoxicating drinks that were to be totally abstained from.

" . . . . . But this earnest and devoted pastor was not always solemn and serious, nor was he always occupied in meditating upon or discussing theological and moral subjects. He had a fine social nature, and enjoyed good company and good living, as I believe "the cloth" generally do. He made purely social as well as pastoral visits, and was never so happy as when entertaining his elders, or other intimate friends in the congregation, at his own board.

"It was often my good fortune as a boy to visit my cousins of the old brown parsonage, and to see the minister, their father, in the midst of his every day life. In the family sitting-room, at the dinner-table, or about the farm in homely garb, he seemed quite like other folks—pleasant and talkative, taking an interest in ordinary affairs.

"But if I came upon him in his study,—and I chanced sometimes to blunder into that sacred place, supposing him to have stepped out—a spirit of awe seized me; and if he spoke to me, or asked me any question, I was speechless. But generally, at such a time, being absorbed in thought, meditating his Sunday's sermon perhaps, he would pay no heed to me, but with finger to forehead and eyes closed, or fixed on a passage of Scripture lying before him, he would remain undisturbed, and I would escape as quietly as I could.

"Doubtless this awe of him in his study—a darkened little room, with Bibles, and *Missionary Heralds*, and ancient-looking volumes of divinity lying around—was owing more to my imagination than to anything stern, or severe, or catechetical in this little man whom people called reverend. In other and proper places he enjoyed a laugh and was as jolly as the youngest of us. Nevertheless, I was not able to get rid of the awe that that quiet study and its dark-coated occupant inspired.

"Rev. Johnston Eaton was not a man possessing those qualities that attract the admiration and secure the noisy applause of men. He was quite without

worldly ambition. Modest and unpretending, he was yet a bold advocate of the truth, and fearless in defence of what he believed to be right. By his high personal character, his purity of life, his open condemnation of all laxity of principle, and all forms of immorality and whatever tended thereto, as well as by his preaching the pure Gospel of the grace of God, he exerted a vast influence for good upon a wide-spread community—an influence that still continues to be felt in many churches and in a thousand homes: So that in truth, 'he being dead, yet speaketh.'"

The mother of Dr. Eaton was entirely worthy of such a husband. Her father had died when she was a child, and with four other children, three sisters and one brother, she being the eldest of the family, her training and education had fallen to the care of a faithful and God-fearing mother. She was the first to marry and leave the quiet and pleasant farm-house in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, that had been her only home—resolutely saying like Rebekah, when asked by Isaac's messenger if she would go to the far off country and be the wife of his master, "I will go"—though it involved hardship and self-denial, beginning with a journey on horseback of many days through a wild region of country, and ending in making her home in a log cabin with a poorly paid minister and among people who had just begun to cut out for themselves little farms and make for themselves rude homes in the woods. A few years afterwards her sister Martha, ten years her junior, came with her to the Lake Shore region when she had been back to

the old home at the foot of the Laurel Hills on a visit; and thereafter remained with her till, in 1818, she married Andrew Caughey, whose father was one of the earliest settlers in Erie County (1803)—the young couple establishing their home seven miles nearer the town of Erie than the minister's house was. Thereafter the sisters were a great comfort to one another, and regrets for the old home grew less and less as the years passed on and family cares and pleasures increased.

Mrs. Eaton was of a cheerful disposition, full of charity and good deeds. She looked well to the ways of her household. But she was not of the kind that worry and fret. Her trust in God was strong and unfailing. If at any time the larder was almost empty, and the meat barrel reduced to nothing but brine, the Lake, swarming with excellent fish, was not far off, and the forest just at the door was full of the finest game, which even the minister could bring down with his old flint-lock fowling-piece. There was always some resource; and "The Lord will provide" was a text seldom absent from the hearts of these faithful servants of God.

While the mistress of the humble parsonage was not anxious, she was careful and thoughtful; and not only provided for the physical wants of her growing family, but was even more careful to look after their spiritual interests, and practically to follow St. Paul's rule, and "bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." She was also a woman of refined taste. She made her home attractive with

flowers, of which she was exceedingly fond, and with pictures and such articles of decoration as with her slender means she could command. She believed in the power of home influence, and acted on the principle that

"Home makes the man, and woman makes the home."

Of her it could be said with entire truth, as of every true home-making woman:

"Her care, her patient toil, her blithesome ways;
Her gentle teachings in our infant days—
Her pleasant words, her sunny smile, her face
Of beauty or of goodness, and her grace
In manner and in mind—these are the spell
That draws our willing hearts at home to dwell.
For she and home are one, and ne'er apart
Can one without the other fill the heart."

Under the care of such a father and mother, and in a home—primitive and plain indeed, but made attractive and helpful with the purest and best things—did Mills Eaton grow up to manhood, watched and taught and cared for, and supplied with all the elements of training and influence that serve to form the noblest and best character in a Christian man.

CHAPTER II.

HOME AND SCHOOL DAYS.

Mills Eaton was intellectually bright and quick as a child. He had learned to read before he was three years old. Although active and playful like most children—taking delight in out-door sports; wandering through the thick woods that were not far from his father's door; racing over the fields among the half burnt stumps and logs, chasing the red-squirrels along the fences, or setting cage-traps for the wild pigeons; he was yet for the most part a sedate and thoughtful child.

He soon knew why he had been baptized Samuel John Mills; and the fact that he bore the name of that brilliant and devoted young Missionary, who had been called to his high reward at so early an age, made a deep impression on him. Like Timothy, "from a child" he had "known the Holy Scriptures, which," as in the case of that young minister, St. Paul's "own son in the faith," were not only "able to" but, as we have reason to believe, actually did, even in his childhood, "make him wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

He soon began to read the Bible in course; for we find him noting, while a student in College, that at a certain date (May 14th, 1843), he had "finished reading the Bible in course for *the fifth time;*" adding devoutly to the record, "O how love I thy law!"

From infancy, even from the time when the drops of baptismal water fell upon his forehead, he had evidently been dedicated to God by his parents as a minister of the Gospel. As one of his older brothers says of him: "I cannot tell at what age his religious experience commenced; but it seems to me he was always a Christian." He was conscientious and truthful, and by his personal character and conduct more than by his words he was influential for good—it might almost be said, "a means of grace"—to other members of the family. And one of them, turning her thoughts back to these early days at home, says: "When a little girl I feared to do anything that was not just right before him more than before my father. Not that he would reprove me more severely; but the sad, or rather the sorrowful look that he would give me, went to my heart at once."

While quiet and serious, and much given to reading, he was by no means a recluse. He was a pleasant-tempered boy, and members of his family do not remember his ever using a harsh word to his father or mother, or to his brothers and sisters. If sometimes crossed in his desires or plans, or nettled by word or deed of others, as must have happened now and then in so numerous a family of active and healthy boys and girls, he must have early learned to repress resentment and curb his tongue. Though not given to frivolity, he was often witty and humorous. He was quick to see the ludicrous side of a thing, and enjoyed a laugh as much as his less sober-minded brothers and sisters; and this trait remained with him throughout

life. He knew from childhood that he was to be a preacher; but this did not lead him to set himself up as Sir Oracle, or incline him to play the pharisee, or to put on any I-am-holier-than-thou airs.

He was ingenius in mechanism, and in carving figures in wood of men and animals. He had a talent for drawing which served him in good stead in after life. He had also his mother's taste for flowers and gardening; and altho' never much inclined towards work or bodily exercise, he was skillful in devising and in making plans for others. In matters of proportion and artistic form he was seldom at fault.

He acquired the rudiments of education at his mother's knee, learning to read quickly. But when still a child he went to school, with his bigger brothers and sisters, in the school-house that stood for many years on the Ridge Road near what is now Fairview village. It was a walk of nearly two miles from his father's house to this small unpainted wooden building; and here he would sit for six mortal hours, divided into two equal sections by an extra hour at noon for play and lunch, his little feet and legs dangling from a bench placed in front of one of the desks assigned to the larger scholars; and then trudge back over the two miles of mud or snow or dust to his mother's much-loved sitting-room. This primitive way of acquiring an education was gone on with day after day for five or six years, and the "three R's," with geography and grammar, and a dip into algebra, were pretty thoroughly mastered.

An incident of his early school-going days, which shows the beginning, or out-cropping, of that which became the master passion of his life, *the study of the Bible*, is related by his younger sister Elizabeth, the wife of Rev James W. Dickey: "He was attending school (at the school-house already mentioned), and had advanced far enough to be able to read the Bible; and he wanted father's small Bible to take to school to read in. As father had only one small Bible, which he used himself, he was unwilling to let him have it. But Mills would not go without the Bible, and could not be turned from his purpose either by persuasion or punishment, but lingered by the way until he got the book. And I often heard mother say it was ever after his guide and companion."

He began to teach a country school when but a stripling—well furnished so far as a knowledge of the branches to be taught was concerned, but with little or no training calculated to make him "apt to teach." The public school was at that time in its most primitive condition, especially in country districts. The "big boys" were generally a pretty rough set, and the well dressed and quiet young "school-master" who was placed over them and their equally rude but perhaps not quite as "rough" sisters and sweet-hearts, must employ great tact and patience and self-control if he escaped the not uncommon fate of being "barred out" by these ruffians, and compelled to purchase his entrance by a bushel or two of apples and the corresponding quantity of cider; or even *carried out* into the woods and compelled to abandon his school.

Young Mills Eaton met with no such dire experiences as these in his first school at "Neff-town," Erie county; but his three months' term of teaching, at $12 a month, in that back-woods neighborhood, was by no means a happy period in his life. He could "mend" quill pens; sit down beside a stupid boy or a pretty girl and "do" the hard "sums" in Arithmetic for them; "hear" great blundering fellows read in the "English Reader;" teach "Kirkham's Grammar" and "Olney's Geography" and "Daboll's Arithmetic." Yes, and he could hold "Spelling-Schools." This was a style of instruction in the difficult accomplishment of learning to spell English words, in high vogue in those days. For the school-boys and school-girls of half a century ago were—at least many of them were—accustomed to receive daily doses of hard spelling out of a book now doubtless for many years out of print and out of use, namely, "Cobb's Spelling-Book." And it seemed to have within its covers more hard words—that is words with more "silent" and useless letters in them—than any other book designed for the affliction of youths and maidens in their efforts to learn how to spell. Much time was occupied during school hours in acquiring this accomplishment; and then an evening was given almost every week to a contest among the scholars of the school, or with some neighboring school, in spelling. And the boy or girl who could "spell the school down" was accounted worthy of the highest honor—a very champion of scholarship.

These various duties of the country school-master Mills Eaton was able to perform with satisfaction to all concerned,—meantime "watching" the mischievous or idle or wicked scholars, and keeping them in order through the fear or infliction of rod or ferule,—with the necessary expenditure of nervous power and bodily strength. But when the day's work was over, he was homesick and most unhappy. For he was obliged to "board around," as it was called. First there was a walk, whatever the weather and the state of the roads, often of from one to three miles. Some of the houses in which he was entertained were very uncomfortable and the people primitive and rude in their manner of living. What he saw and endured was often unpleasant; but at the same time the ludicrous or fun-loving side of his nature was touched; and many was the strange and often laughable story that he had to tell to his mother—whom he always made his confident—when he would get home at the end of each week, of his peculiar trials and experiences as a pedagog. One amusing incident among his "boarding 'round" experiences may be worth relating. During one week he was entertained in the house of a German family. When he arrived on Monday evening, the mistress of the house showed him into the awful "best room;" and having in due time placed a roasted goose upon the table for his evening meal, she "left him alone in his glory." And all that week the "chief of his diet" was roast goose—or at least as long as the goose held out.

His next school was in the village of Manchester, as it was called, at the mouth of Walnut Creek, the same spot where his father began to preach some thirty years before. His experience here was much more pleasant than in the half German settlement of "Neff-town;" and then he was but two miles from home, and would often trudge over the muddy or snow-coated road through the woods, after his day's toil was over, that he might spend the night at that place dearest to him on earth, his father's and mother's pleasant home.

It was while teaching in this school that he fully made up his mind to become a minister of the Gospel. His mind had been tending to this determination, as we have already seen, even from a child, and he knew that it was the great desire of his parents that he should devote himself to this sacred work. But the actual consecration had not yet come; and it was not without great hesitancy, and after weighing thoroughly and prayerfully the question of his fitness for the work, and whether or not he had been called to it, that he finally resolved to enter upon the needed preparation. His notion of what constituted the "godly call" seems to have been a very exacting and positive one. Providential leadings, inclination and desire, natural talent, his own unwavering faith in the Savior of sinners, the manifest wish of his parents—any one or all of these considerations did not seem to have sufficient weight to bring his mind to the final irrevocable determination.

His sister speaks of his process of reaching it as "a long struggle." Introspection, or self-examination,—indeed the most unflinching *self-inquisition*—was one of the strongest traits of his spiritual nature, which we shall see more fully developed during his career in College and Seminary. We have no history of the progress of the "long struggle," or of the elements that entered into it—the prayers and searchings of the Holy Word, and the "strong crying and tears to Him who was able to save." We only know that he did finally resolve with God's help to go forward and enter upon the long period (eight years) of preparation for the great and glorious work.

It was after his second term of teaching in the Manchester school that he left home to begin his preparatory studies. The Erie Academy had then (in 1839) as now a high reputation as a classical school, and Mr. Eaton the elder had no hesitation in entering his son in that institution in order to his preparation for College. James Park presided over it at that time as principal. He was a man of striking and peculiar traits, both physical and mental. One of his pupils,* in an article contributed to a school paper called "The Academy," published by the boys of the school in 1870, thus describes him: "He dressed in solemn black, with straight dress-coat, large pantaloons, and low shoes. His complexion was sallow, face smoothly shaven, hair brushed forward at the sides, and straight up in the center.

*Isaac Moorhead.

" . . . . . He was very stern and exacting—not without a quiet humor of his own; but still he seemed to stand upon an elevation, and we never got quite near him. He used to say to us: 'The Bible is the best book, and then comes Ross's Latin Grammar.' He never seemed so well pleased as when hearing classes in the languages. He fairly revelled in Cicero, Sallust and Horace, particularly the latter; and after the lesson was over he would read page upon page for the edification of the class. . . . . Mr. Park was a thorough disciplinarian, and made his mark upon his scholars, mentally and physically."

Another teacher, who came later in Mr. Eaton's career as an Academy student, made a lasting impression upon him. This was John Limber, afterwards a preacher of the Gospel. He also was a man of very peculiar traits—a fine scholar, but not, so far as discipline and management were concerned, a very successful teacher. But Mr. Eaton himself has drawn a picture of this strange man and of the school over which he presided, in an "Old Academy" article contributed to the same paper mentioned above. It is a fair sample of his ability as a writer in this lighter vein, and at the same time presents his teacher vividly to our view:

"I think I see John Limber now as he appeared "when principal of the Academy. He was about five "feet eight inches in height, slender and erect. In- "deed he was very slender in form; with black hair "and I think hazel eyes, and a calm, mild counten-

"ance. He often looked pleased, but never frowned. "There was a peculiar nervousness about him that "seemed to render him unhappy. At least I thought "so. He never sat down—was everywhere about the "room in school hours, and was often seen when out "of school taking solitary walks.

"He loved a good student, and to assist such he "spared neither labor nor pains, in school or out. A "mischievous boy was to him a pest and a plague. "He could not punish him, he could not frown him "down; and as a general thing left him in possession "of the field. Mr. Limber had a most lovely dispos- "ition. He was meek and quiet and humble as a "child. There was not the most infinitessimal grain "of selfishness in his nature. He would divide his "last dime with you, and most likely follow you and "force his half upon your acceptance.

"He was a most conscientious man. Shrinking "from all public duties, his conscience forced him for- "ward until his life was a constant crucifixion. After "he left the Academy he became a Minister of the "Gospel. And yet in some of its aspects the work "was a positive agony to him, for it brought him in "contact with society, and placed him in a conspicu- "ous position. Once when a brother minister had ob- "tained from him a promise to preach, he went into "his room a short time before the hour of service and "found him walking the room and wringing his hands "in agony. On another occasion the agony utterly "overcame the poor man, and he fled from the house

"and from the town, and was seen no more for "weeks."

Notwithstanding his natural defects as a teacher, there was much in the character of this slender and nervous man to impress and influence his pupil, still under the spell of the quiet home of a country minister. When the teacher was distressed and perplexed by the ceaseless pranks of the idle and mischievous big boys and hoydenish girls, who made up a large portion of the school, he found a ready sympathizer in the studious Mills Eaton. His patience, gentleness, and forbearance in trying circumstances, were a constant lesson to the young student in the practice of those Christian virtues; while in his studies the latter could not have found an assistant better or more helpful. Many an hour, either in the class or out of regular school hours, the willing teacher spent with the eager student in guiding him through the pleasant gardens of Latin and Greek literature, as well as along the easier paths of English learning; and to this faithful teacher, as well as to the more energetic and positive James Park, is owing much of the ease and grace of style shown by Dr. Eaton both in his writings of a secular character and in his pulpit discourses.

It must have been while a student of the Academy that he devoted himself to God in the following solemn CREED AND COVENANT, found in his handwriting since his death; for it bears date of the year preceding his entering College:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, eternal "and invisible, the Creator of all worlds, the God of "Angels and of men: And in Jesus Christ his Son "our Lord; and in the Holy Ghost our sanctifier— "three distinct persons and one God, co-existent and "co-equal: In the imputation of Adam's guilt as a "federal head to all his posterity; the entire and total "depravity of the human heart, and its utter inability "to do anything good; the divine influence alone of "the Spirit can prepare the heart of fallen man to re- "ceive the truth: In the regenerating influences of "the Holy Spirit, and that without a change of heart "there can be no hope of happiness. I believe in the "resurrection of the dead, the communion of the "Spirit, and the life everlasting

"And now, O Lord Almighty, the Creator of "heaven and earth, the Judge of quick and dead, "would I, a sinful creature, a worm of the dust, in "view of divine majesty, approach into thy presence, "and in humble reliance upon divine strength, make "this covenant to be the Lord's. O Lord, thou "knowest that I am a weak creature, altogether de- "filed by sin. Yet in humble reliance on the merits "of Jesus would I approach unto thee and hope for "reconciliation through his blood. I would come be- "fore thee just as I am, poor and miserable and blind "and naked—utterly estranged from holiness and "incapable of good. I would abhor myself on ac- "count of sin, and repent in dust and ashes.

"And now in the presence of the heart-searching "God, do I covenant to be only his. I give myself

"soul and body, time and talent, all I am and all I "have, unreservedly unto his service; for they are all "his. I am not my own, but bought with a price, "even the precious blood of the Son of God. I com- "mit my spotted soul into the hands of Jesus, to be "washed and regenerated in his own good time and "way, to be used in his service here, and to be placed "hereafter among his beloved.

"O Lord, thou knowest that I have desired to have "part in the ministry of reconciliation; that it is my "heart's only earthly wish; and thou knowest wheth- "er thou hast ought for me to do in the work. O "Lord, if thou sendest me among the heathen to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, there would "I live, there would I die. I desire nothing here be- "low but to do thy holy will, to enjoy the light of thy "countenance, and the comfortable evidence of my "acceptance through Christ. Be thou my guide thro' "life, and my everlasting support in death.

'Here Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.'

SAMUEL MILLS EATON."

Erie, June 13th, 1841.

Mr. Eaton early began to keep a record of his thoughts and experiences in the form of a "Journal and Diary." The earliest one that has come to light is designated as "No. 3," and the first entry is under date of July 25th, 1841. He was at this time at home from school for a few weeks "for various reasons, health, recreation, &c." He at once took his place in

the harvest field; but remarks: "I still get my 'tale "of bricks' in Latin and Greek—study at night, 'while "all around are sleeping.'" Here and there an extract will be given from this Journal which will serve to show the current of his thoughts, and also his progress and prevalent characteristics as a student. His conscience seems to have been very tender at this time —as indeed it always was—and the thought of his duty and his relations to God was always uppermost. "What is in the future?" he suddenly asks in the midst of a record of a day,—and answers, "O Lord, "*thou* knowest, and sufficient this is for me." Once in a while he disguises some thought or occurrence of a particularly private character in words of the Latin tongue, which he was then becoming acquainted with, as "*Ambulam in societate cum M. . . . claro occulo,*" &c.

"But the friendships of the world are vain," he adds. "What are they compared with the love of "God, and having a friend in Jesus? O that sweet "inward peace which the world knoweth not."

At this time he had a longing to become a Missionary to the heathen. "Surely," he writes, "the "'fields are white already for the harvest,' and the "Lord of the vineyard is by his providence making "the appeal, 'who will go for us?' O Lord, here am "I, send me! . . . . . Often admonished by "a cough that this tabernacle is mortal, living or dy-"ing may I promote thy glory. Let me be up and "doing, for time is hasting away."

On the 11th of August he makes record of a terrible calamity, which many of the oldest inhabitants of the city of Erie, after almost fifty years, still remember with a shudder: "Heart-rending intelligence has "just reached us that the steamboat Erie has been "burned, and nearly two hundred lives lost." "August "12. News confirmed of the disaster. Supposed to "be one hundred and seventy-five lives lost—all hur- "ried to an untimely grave and a dread eternity."

By the 23d of August he was again at his studies in the Academy. "Commenced Virgil," he says. "Like it much. How sweet and smooth—exceeds "anything I ever read." On the Sabbath following he attended the "Seceders' Church" (now United Presbyterian). He notes hearing the distinguished Dr. Pressly* of Pittsburg in the Synod then in session. "He is quite an interesting man, rather be- "yond middle age, tall and graceful, with a thin face "full of expression and animation; and certainly a "model for a speaker in debate."

On one Sunday he notes having "attended meeting "six times,—at 9 o'clock young men's prayer meet- "ing, at 10 o'clock Sabbath School, at 11 Presbyterian "Church, at 1 p. m. the same, at 3 Episcopal Church, "and in the evening the Seceder Church." Being highly commended one day by his teacher he veils the fact in Latin-English phrase thus: "Got *magnam* "*laudem* to-day *e meo domino.* I like to read Virgil

*Father of Rev. Joseph H. Pressly, D. D.. for many years the beloved pastor of the United Presbyterian Church, Erie.

"very much indeed. Some most beautiful and lovely "ideas. Sitting surrounded by my books the question "came to my mind, 'Lovest thou me more than these?' "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I desire to love thee, "but O how weak. Strengthen me by thy almighty "power." Some days afterwards he writes: "I thought of a departed friend who, when dying, said to "me: '*Something tells me that you will be of service in "the world.*' O that it might be so. But 'Thy will "be done.' I think I desire nothing here but to do "the will of God. *All, all* for Christ. How precious "is the Cross!"

The words that follow, taken from the record of a day, seem more like those of an aged Saint "ready to depart and be with Christ," than those of a buoyant and ambitious student in the midst of his preparation for College and Seminary and forty years of valiant service on the battle-fields of the Church. "O blessed "hope, full of immortality!" he exclaims; "when "shall 'this mortal put on immortality?' When will "the unclouded regions of heaven dawn to this low "estate? Then shall we be free from the sufferings "and calamities of this life. But better still we shall "be free from sin (blessed hope!), be perfect in holi- "ness, and see the Savior as he is—cast our crowns at "his feet, and be permitted to ascribe all to his free "and sovereign grace alone. . . . . May I "daily be washed in the sanctifying blood of Jesus "Christ, which cleanses from all sin."

During the months of October and November (1841) he remained at home, but devoted himself faithfully

to his studies—reading on some single days, as he notes, three hundred to four hundred lines of the Æneid. Early in December he returned to Erie and commenced teaching in one of the public schools. He speaks of it as "not very large—all boys, which "makes it rather lonesome. I think a hard set of "boys to get along with." Being troubled with a cough he writes: "Perhaps the Lord may see fit to "summon me from life ere I have completed many "more years or months. O Lord, thou knowest how "I have desired to be a missionary to the dying "heathen. But though sad and bitter the disappoint-"ment, I desire —— O Savior, help me to say, '*Thy "will be done!*'"

On the last day of the year (1841) he makes the following important record relating to his religious experience: "I trust that the past has been the most in-"teresting year of my brief existence. I humbly "trust that in the past year, through the free grace of "God, *I have found the 'pearl of great price.'* To "God be the glory, for I have done nothing."

His cough continued and became very severe, and he finally surrendered his school for a time and returned home. About two weeks later he writes in his Journal: "I feel much better, almost recovered. To "God be the praise and glory. Perhaps the Lord "will yet send me to the dying heathen. 'Behold "thy waiting Servant, Lord.'" A few days later he returned to his school, and was able to carry it on successfully till the end of the term in April.

It was during this period that the great "Washingtonian" Temperance movement was sweeping over the country. Starting with seven drunkards, who, after a debauch in a tavern in Baltimore, pledged themselves to each other in a solemn promise of total abstinence from all that could intoxicate, the good cause extended in all directions, with these seven reformed men as the Apostles of the crusade. Temperance meetings were held in every town and village, and almost every school-house was the arena for Temperance orators. Students in the Academy who had some gifts of eloquence had frequent calls here and there in country neighborhoods, and were willing enough to air their oratorical accomplishments in advocacy of so good a cause. Mills Eaton and some of his fellow-students were among these, and were ready to make Temperance speeches in churches and school-houses in the neighborhood of Erie. Of his first effort of this kind he says (March 31): "Last night went with R. to a "Temperance meeting to make our maiden speeches. "I was enabled to speak with confidence and bold- "ness. An unseen power sustained me. 'Not unto "me but unto thee be the glory, O Lord my God.' I "felt confused at first; but the text, 'Commit thy way "unto the Lord and He will direct thy steps,' came "to mind, and then I felt easy and calm."

He attended several other meetings, and seems to have been quite successful as a Temperance advocate.

In a letter to one of his brothers written about this time, he speaks of a literary society of the town with which he was connected, called "The Adelphic." It

consisted of forty members and had gathered a library of 200 volumes. "We have a mighty project in "view," he says, "which will astonish the 'natives' "when it becomes public,—provided it does not die "in the bud." The writer then branches off into a humorous account of a high function which he had been called to perform the evening before as the presiding "Judge" at a "colored" debating society, with George K. and Ralph K. sitting on either side as assistants. "And such a debate—such eloquence! O "Demosthenes! . . . . . I happen to recollect "the exact language of one eloquent speaker. Speak- "ing of the wrongs of the Indian he said: 'De "Ingen is in a state of grievancy. He is droven off "to de Rocky Mounting, whar nothin' but de bar and "de panter and de pokepine and oder unfortunable "animals can stay.'—They keep up their debates reg- "ularly once a week. The following is a specimen of "the way they do business. One member got up and "said, 'I motion and second the question for next "evening be: Which are the most beneficial to com- "munity, Stores or Taverns? All who are in favor "of the cause manifest it by saying aye.'"

Our young student, who doubtless devoted the hours of the day deligently to his school studies, found his evenings fully occupied with engagements either of a literary or religious character. He thus describes the after-night occupations of one week: "Monday "evening, elocution class; Tuesday, 'Adelphic' and "prayer meeting; Wednesday, prayer meeting at our "house; Thursday, 'Athenaeum'; Friday, prayer

"meeting; Saturday, sometimes one thing and some-
"times another."

James C. Reid, of Erie, a recent graduate of Jefferson College, and a man of superior attainments, was at this time a teacher in the Academy. He took great interest in matters of science; and Mr. Eaton in one of his letters speaks of "a splendid variety of Miner-
"alogical and Geological specimens which Mr. Reid
"had just received direct from Greece and Rome—no
"less than three or four hundred specimens, each
"neatly done up in paper and labeled—Crystals,
"Quartzes, Carbuncles, &c. But what is more valua-
"ble, especially to the antiquary, is a number of
"relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum,—among
"other things, a piece of gilded plastering from a
"house in the former city, whose tenants have been
"sleeping with the dead nearly 2,000 years. Also a
"fragment from the temple of Diomede, of the finest
"marble; various specimens of lava from Mount
"Vesuvius, &c. They were brought by a son of
"Capt. Knapp, who is a midshipman in the Navy,—
"so that they are genuine."

The religious controversy in the Presbyterian Church, which had led recently to a division of the Church, and had caused separations and heart-burnings among the members of individual churches, was then still in an inflamed state. The Erie Church and its pastor had sided with the "New School" branch, while the Fairview Church and "Father Eaton" threw in their lot with the "Old School." Our Academic student and incipient clergyman sided strongly,

as he naturally would, with his father's views. Of course he attended the Presbyterian Church, and most of his friends belonged to families of that church; and he early learned, if it was not a part of his nature, to "follow the things that make for peace." His convictions were strong, but he was not given to controversy.

Yet to be silent at all times was not easy. In a letter to his father, in August, 1842, when near the close of his Academic course, he speaks of his troubles in this respect: "My own situation here," he says, "is "not very pleasant in some respects. They are con- "tinually requesting me to point out the difference be- "tween the two parties (Old and New School), or "draw the line of demarcation; and this you know is "not always an easy matter—especially to those whose "theological knowledge is rather limited, and who are "not very anxious to arrive at the truth.

Although hard at work in his studies during the summer—digging among tough "Greek roots," and reading the satires of Horace—"I am not fond of Horace," he says; "love Virgil much better. Sweet "Virgil how I admire you!"—although deeply engaged in these and other studies in his final preparations for entering College, he seems to have given more attention than formerly to physical exercise, and to have borne his part in the social enjoyments of the town. But "these things of time and sense"—when he comes to make note of them in his Journal—"these "things are unsatisfying. They do not afford a por-

" tion for the soul. There is a void which nought but " faith in the Son of God can fill."

He left the Academy at the close of the school year in September, thoroughly equipped in the studies he had pursued, and ready to enter, as we shall see, the Sophomore Class at College.

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE.

As the young student drew near the close of his course in the Academy, and began to look forward to that paradise of opportunity and delight, as it appears to the imagination of every earnest and ambitious student, College Life, he found no difficulty in settling upon the place of his future studies. Aside from the wide-spread reputation of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, as an institution in which thorough and broad scholarship, coupled with the practical inculcation of sound Christian principles, was the end aimed at, two reasons were of great weight with the parents of Mills Eaton in fixing his destination for that College. The first was that it was the institution in which his father had completed his education forty years before—graduating in the first class that was sent out from its homely walls. The second reason was that his mother's name, Canon, rested on the little burgh in which the College was located.

Moreover, with its sister and friendly rival at Washington, seven miles away, it had been for nearly half a century the very fortress and heart of that advanced and thoroughly Christian education in which the sturdy Presbyterianism of the rapidly growing West and South West took pride.

His preparatory education had been thorough. He was not only a conscientious and faithful student, with a quick apprehension and an excellent memory for facts and principles, but he was an enthusiastic one. He was especially fond of the ancient classics—though later in his educational course he developed a strong talent for mathematics. He pored over his Virgil, Cicero and Horace, his Xenophon and Demosthenes, seeking out the exact and exquisite meanings hidden in the pages of those ancient authors, with the devotion and single-hearted earnestness of one who searches for hid treasures. And then he had a poetical temperament, and a taste for what was beautiful, expressive and musical in language. His translations were therefore models of pure, vigorous and rhythmic English.

This was the student, with such mental qualities and equipment, sanctified by the unwavering faith and the earnest consecration of the practical Christian, who presented himself, in November, 1842, at the door of Jefferson College, for admission into the Sophomore Class. He found no difficulty in passing the required examinations and was duly matriculated —finding himself in a class of over forty members. He made a fine impression on his class-mates and fellow-students. One of them writing about him forty-seven years afterwards says: "I remember Dr. Eaton as a brilliant student, especially gifted in mathematics and metaphysics—gentlemanly in his manners, very modest in his deportment, kind in his disposition, and popular in class and society." The same writer adds:

"He was several years my senior, and he sometimes assumed a paternal air towards me, but it was always so kind as to completely win my heart. There were few in the class whom I esteemed more highly, and it gives me pleasure now to remember him among my most cherished College mates."

During the three years he was in College, and also during the period of his Seminary life, Mr. Eaton kept a "Private Journal" of facts and experiences, making it especially a record of his thoughts and feelings. In a previous Journal, designated as No. 3*, he had noted his arrival in Canonsburgh, on Oct. 31—adding to the record: "I cannot write farther. My heart is full." Next day he was "lonesome, sick, miserable, wretched." The examinations are mentioned, and the entering upon his duties as a student, and the dragging of the heavy, dark, dispiriting November days—homesickness working its worst upon him. His first entry in his new Private Journal is of November 21, 1842—and runs as follows: "Yesterday I heard the Rev. Mr. Smith of Erie Pres-
"bytery preach. It seemed like seeing a brother to
"see one from near home. 'Home, sweet home!'
"What enchantments cluster around the word! For
"in an instant it brings to mind mother and sister,
"now far distant.

'For never till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls oppressed,
Learn we to prize that holiest home,
A loving mother's breast.'"

*This he had kept while a student at the Academy. The first and second of the series have not been found.

"Yet would I not let these earthly ties, strong and "intense though they be, interfere with duty. For "the Savior says, '*He that loveth father or mother more "than me, is not worthy of me.*' The Lord is often "kind to me by revealing to me glimpses of Heaven "above."

The plodding of his large Class, numbering 44, in studies that are easy work to his quick and well-disciplined mind, makes him restless. He is anxious to get on. Three years of this hum-drum work with mates many of whom are lazy and indifferent students, who are in college at all only because their hopeful parents have put them there, seems a long look ahead. So early as the 24th of November, but three weeks after he had entered College, we find him saying: "I "am in doubt whether to content myself in the "Sophomore Class, or to make an effort to overtake "the Juniors. If I do the latter, I fear it will be at "the expense of my scholarship; and visions of glory "(earthly glory) sometimes cross my mind." These visions he resolutely thrusts aside.

But the thought of lingering idly and uselessly on the way comes back to him. He is in his 23d year. If he is to be three years in College and then two years more in the Theological Seminary, he cannot enter upon his life work as a minister of the Gospel till he shall be well nigh thirty years of age. So he returns to the subject in his record of his thoughts and aspirations: "I have a strong desire," he says, "to finish my course of study as soon as possible.

"But"—reason and conscience now begin to speak—"I wish to do what is right. May a kind providence "direct me in the path of duty." Then, devout Calvinist that he is, the thought of God's all-controlling power and wisdom comes in, and he adds: "But "perhaps things are destined otherwise,—for

> 'God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.'"

At this time, when college life is still new to him, and he has a sense of isolation and loneliness, his records continue to have a sad and melancholly cast. He bemoans his feelings, and laments his spiritual state. But he adds, "Would I feel so if I cared not "for the things of God? 'By the grace of God I am "what I am.' 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasten-"eth.' If the Lord indeed loves me, then is chastise-"ment no longer grievous, if it fit me for his service. "But wo be to me if I improve not by it!"

A few days afterwards he expresses himself as well contented with College life in some respects, yet it "'wars against the soul.' In general, the situation of "a person at such a place is unfavorable to the growth "of grace in the soul. There are very few tempta-"tions to vanity here as far as outward appearance is "concerned. 'Dandyism' is unknown. This is well. "Yet sin prevails. Vice abounds, and I fear 'the love "of many waxes cold.'

"How lovely and pleasant it would be if all of the "young men gathered here from all parts of the "Union were bound together in the bonds of Christ.

"Then indeed would this institution be a living foun-
"tain, whence would issue streams of righteousness
"which would 'make glad the city of our God.'"

From a record made on the last day of the year (1842) we learn that a year before he had thought himself very near to death. He had given up all hope of life and was resigned to God's will. "But in "mercy," he says, "the Lord has brought me to see the "close of the year upon which I was then entering, in "the enjoyment of a reasonable degree of health and "strength. I have endeavored to take a review of "the past year, and in every line have read the mercy "and love God. But oh the sins, the fearful sins! "How much need of the efficacy of atoning blood!"

He continues these reflections, calling upon the all-wise and all merciful One from henceforth to be the Guide of his youth, his strength and his Redeemer. At 12 o'clock, as the New Year looks in upon him in his sombre little study, he writes: "Where shall I "be when the next year dawns upon me? It matters "not if I be found in the path of duty, doing the will "of God, promoting his honor and glory. Let me "hear the still small voice: 'Fear thou not for I am "with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God.'" And then in earnest words, that meant to him just what they expressed, he adds: "I would renewedly "consecrate myself, soul and body, all I am and all I "hope to be, to his service, my Savior and my God. "Be thou my all in all."

The most notable thing about these records of his early College days, after their strongly religious char-

acter, is the spirit of sadness and loneliness that pervades them. He seems to be isolated and solitary,—in the words of the Psalmist, he is "as a sparrow alone upon the house top." So far in his Journal he has mentioned by name no acquaintance he has made among his fellow-students. He seems to have shut himself up to his own thoughts and musings, and among his books in his own little room.

For one who was so cheerful and companionable and such delightful company in his later years, it would seem that his trouble must have been physical rather than mental or spiritual. Who among the intimate friends of Dr. Eaton, during the last thirty-five years of his life, could have believed that he was capable of making such a record as the following concerning himself and his feelings when at College, in his twenty-third year, had he not set it down in black and white?

"My heart is heavy—like lead within me. My "spirit is in bitterness,—the first relapse since I over-"came the first gloomy month of my residence here. "Alas, I feel miserable and wretched. The bitter-"ness of human life! I feel persuaded that unless I "can overcome this painful, aching sensation it will "undermine my constitution. Yes it is undermining "it *now*. Solomon says that 'by the sadness of the "countenance the heart is made better.' But O it is a "blistering, corroding operation. Why is it so? My "bosom is bursting with anguish. Father in Heaven, "pity thy desponding, suffering creature, who fain "would cast his burden upon thee! Thou hast said,

"'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will an-
"swer thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' O Lord, thou
"art my hope and my trust. O hear me!"

There is much more in this vein—the record of thoughts and feelings that evidently arise from the state of his health, together with that killing malady, homesickness, rather than from any real mental or religious trouble. He even says in this pouring out of his sorrows, "Not that I have any particular darkness "of soul—but a heavy sadness—a brooding melan-
"choly. . . . . I know not how these feel-
"ings were first induced. They may be constitutional.
"Certainly they have always been a 'thorn in my
"side.' And this reminds me of the 'Apostle to the
"Gentiles:' 'For this thing I besought the Lord
"thrice,' &c., and the answer he received, 'My grace
"is sufficient for thee.' O may it be the case with
"me! May his grace be sufficient for me."

It seems altogether proper that this record of his painful experience at this period should appear in a sketch of his life. For it was a part, and a very important part, of the discipline thro' which he was passing in preparation for the great work of ministering to others in which he was to spend his life.

But the sore trial passes. Two weeks later he writes: "Last evening I had a delightful season at "the throne of grace—felt peace and pardon thro' "a crucified Redeemer. I felt as though my hope "was firm, on the 'Rock of Ages.'" But again the "messenger of Satan" returns to buffet him. And

he cries out: "Alas the canker of sin! When shall "sin be unknown? Lord Jesus, set me free!

'I long to lay this *painful* head
'And aching *heart* beneath the soil;
'To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.'

"But I am too despondent. Perhaps it is sinful "thus to give up. Something whispers,

'—Live! Thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.'"

The home-sick student, with his constant introspection to ascertain his spiritual state, and many a cry to God for help and strength, followed by an inflowing of the light and joy of God's favor, at length came to the end of his first college term. College Life had not been to him quite what fancy had painted it. Altho' diligent in his studies and faithful to all his college duties, he seldom makes mention of these in his Journal. At length the "winter was over and gone," and April days were at hand with bright suns and springing grass and budding trees, and the Spring Vacation began. For in those early days the College sessions ran throughout the year, with the exception of a month's release in the spring and a little longer vacation in the autumn.

The term closed with "Exhibitions" of the two Literary Societies, the "Philo" and "Franklin;" and then with anticipations of pleasure and relaxation, the released student sets out on "a jaunt to spend the vacation." There were no steam cars then to whirl him over the streams and among the lofty round-topped

hills of Washington and Allegheny to smoky Pittsburgh; and the stage coach, at the season when the winter frosts were melting and frequent rains falling, was little more than a mud-boat on wheels, sure to get to its destination in safety if you gave it time enough. But motives of economy as well as speed ruled his thoughts. He therefore set out on foot, and on the evening of the second day, March 31st, he is able to make the record: "At Pittsburgh, after a "wearisome journey of eighteen miles on foot, from "motives of health and economy. Wet and muddy. "Feel rather dull and cold in the concerns of my "soul"—as well he might after such a tedious and wearisome journey. He had not yet learned to trace spiritual feelings to physical causes and conditions.

Visiting at various places among congenial friends in "happy Christian families," where he received a cordial welcome; travelling about, now on foot, now on horseback with a jolly party ascending a mountain or dashing over the level spaces; anon on board a steamboat on the river, in the midst of the whirl of business and travel; visiting his mother's old home at "Laurel Hill" in Fayette County, and also at "Uncle Paul's," where he found a plenty to eat, well trained horses to ride, and young lady cousins as companions, —he was ready at the end of a month to start back to College in far better health and spirits then he was when he set out. On his return journey he again employed the natural powers of locomotion that he himself controlled.

Leaving the little town of "Monongahela City," on the river of the same name, he made the distance to Canonsburgh thro' rain and wind and over "roads not very good," during the hours of an April afternoon; "arriving at dark," he says, "glad and thankful to "the Giver of all good for all His mercies."

At the opening of his second term as a Sophomore he left his domicil in town, and established himself in the country, at "Fort Campbell," as it was called in College parlance, a mile and a half from the College. "Motives of health and economy" again ruled him in making this change. College duties do not seem to have been very pressing at this time. For on the fourth day of the session he makes the record: "Not doing much these few days—reading 'Breck-"enridge's Tour,' 'D' Aubigne's History of the Re-"formation,' with an occasional glance at Gray's "Poems. I love poetry yet, though I have ceased to "be a poet in practice." And then he adds—for thoughts of his spiritual state are never long absent from his mind: "I think it will be for the good of "my soul to live here in the retirement of the "country."

He complains much of ill health during this session. May 13th he "felt very unwell—violent head-ache." June 1st. "Not well yet." June 18th. "Un-"well, very—listless, dull, wretched. Been unwell "for several days, taking medicine." O that they had had foot-ball, base-ball, rowing matches, gymnasium exercises,—not to the wild excess of the present time, but enough for the better health and spirits of

such quiet students as Mills Eaton. July 1st. "This "session is remarkably unhealthy. Quite a number of "the students have gone home from ill health. Mem- "bers of the Faculty all complaining too of languish- "ing. I fear that there is a corresponding languish- "ing in spiritual affairs." About this time a preva- lent "influenza" seized him, and then the mumps, which served to afflict him severely for two weeks.

One of these weeks, apparently in honor of the great national event, the Declaration of Independence, was allowed to the students for a vacation. But our faithful student seems to rejoice that vacation time and his sickness were coincident, for he writes: "Fortunately we have now a vacation of one week in "College. Yet this will not suffice for me to re- "cover."

Notwithstanding sickness, and frequent risings and fallings of his spiritual barometer, he finds "the ses- "sion is rapidly gliding away. '*Tempus fugit*' in joy "or grief, in prosperity or adversity."

The rare sight of a familiar face from near home, in the middle of the session and at the heart of the dog-days, filled him with keen delight. It was "like "seeing a brother almost in the land of strangers," is his note on the fact of James C. Reid of Erie call- ing upon him.

The session now runs rapidly to a close. Ten days before the "Commencement" he moved back into the town, giving no reason in his Journal for the change; but remarking: "I think upon the whole boarding "in the country has been of service to me."

The first "Commencement Exercises" he witnessed were of course a great novelty to him, and he gives a graphic account of them in a letter to one of his brothers: "Unless it be a 'Contest,'" he says, "there "is nothing more exciting and animating during the "College year than the Commencement. The day "was fine, and one of the densest crowds you have "ever seen under one roof was congregated in the "College Chapel. . . . A committee of eight is "appointed from each society to keep order—called "'the *dog Committee.*' The Faculty, Trustees and "Students proceed to the College, form in procession "and, with a band of music, march into town and in- "to the chapel. The ladies having previously assem- "bled, the men are kept out till the last. . . .

"The Latin and Greek salutatory is always spoken "by the individual who received the first honor of "the Class. The Latin is an address to the Trustees, "the Greek to the Faculty. The English Salutatory "is to the audience. Then come the speeches, and "last is the Valedictory. It was a glorious perform- "ance. . . It is a standing rule for the ladies to "cry during the delivery of the Valedictory, and he "who can draw the most tears is the most successful "performer. After this is the ceremony of conferring "the degrees on the class. Then follows the Bacca- "laureate Address. After a recess, the annual ad- "dress is delivered to the two Societies."

We have thus followed Mr. Eaton through the ups and downs, the joys and sorrows, of his first year of College Life, making him in the main his own histor-

ian. The story has shown his fidelity, his persistence of purpose, his sincerity with himself, especially in all matters pertaining to soul-culture, the state of his heart, and his daily life and conduct.

We have found him an unrelenting inquisitor in all matters relating to himself; and although it is evident that his feelings were affected, to some extent, by the state of his health, and by the home-sickness natural to a home-loving young man when he finds himself for the first time far from home and among strangers; yet there is the tug of spiritual conflict. Like St. Paul, he could say, "I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." This conflict he endured bravely and manfully till at length he was able to say with the struggling but triumphant Apostle, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

After a five weeks' vacation, spent for the most part among friends in and about Pittsburgh, our student, now a Junior, enters upon his second year, apparently in improved health and spirits. He is glad to be at work again. "We are so constituted," he writes at the opening of the session, "that we need some incite-
" ment to urge us onward, and during vacation this
" incitement is wanting. I have not even read much
" that is of account—light reading and writing and
" loafing have constituted the sum total of my labors."

The earnestness of his religious life has not at all abated, although the cloud of melancholy, which had often in the past year rested upon his spirits, seems to

have lifted. "I feel as though God"—thus runs one of his first records at this period—"has blessed me for "some time past. The smiles of his love have been "granted unto me. How much I wish that a deep "feeling of the presence of God might ever remain "with me I believe it is a duty, incumbent on every "child of God, to grow in grace, to improve in piety. "Not that any one can do this in his own unaided "strength. Alas, no! But, 'Faithful is He that "calleth you, who also will do it.'"

His impatience to get on with his studies again breaks out. "Two years more to complete my "course," he exclaims. "Shall I ever graduate! 'O "Lord, thou knowest,' and that is sufficient for me."

He is living at this time on the College premises, and has a room to himself. He likes this because it is "more quiet and better calculated for study. But the "most important advantage is that the duties of pri-"vate devotion are not interfered with. Prayer is the "life of the soul."

He mourns over the lack of home news. The home magnet has lost none of its power to him. "I "have not heard from home for two months," he says to his confidential little Private Journal, apparently the most intimate friend he has at College. "My "other correspondents are very faithful. I love an "animated correspondence, where there are 'thoughts "that breathe and words that burn.'"

Shortly after this time he notes the receipt of a letter from his father. "All well at home," he tells his Journal. "This comforts me." It appears to have

taken ten days, in those slow-coach times in Post Office business, for that letter to reach him from its date at Fairview on November 8th, 1843, and the energetic Department charged 12½ cents—"a shilling"—for carrying it. This letter receives from the dutiful son an almost immediate answer—one of the few letters to his father that have survived the vicissitudes and wreck of nearly half a century. It is mainly occupied with home and college matters. He returns many thanks for a remittance; and adds reflectively that "though the *love* of money may be a '*root* of evil,' "yet the *possession* of a little is occasionally a great "convenience."

The subject of Temperance was then as now one of the burning issues of the day, at least in the churches; for speaking of a relative of his father's, a minister of the Gospel, who was about to give up his charge, he says: "He has been influenced to the step by several "reasons. The reason he gives the church is inade- "quacy of support. But his chief reason is, he thinks "his Session are not with him. A majority of the "Session are hostile to Temperance,—among them "your *quondam* class-mate Dr. P. The whole Session "are much behind the times both in feeling and "action."

He gives an inside glimpse of College matters in the following paragraph: "This session our Class "numbers forty. Our studies are Young's Trigonom- "etry and Philosophy (Natural). . . . . We do "not study Philosophy after the old plan, but mathe- "matically. In fact there is almost as much mathe-

"matics in our Philosophy as in the mathematical "text-books themselves. We have a respectable ac- "cession of new students this session—upwards of "fifty; and a majority of them enter the regular "classes. The 'Ohio University' has lately become "defunct, and we have ten or twelve of their students. "The consequence of all this is that Dr. Brown "*preaches* better than usual. For his sermons de- "pend in a great degree on the state of the College. " . . . . . Our two literary societies are just "now engaged as if in a death struggle, electioneering "among the new students I do not yet know which "will get the most. I will do your society the justice "to say that they have a few the *most* members at the "present time, though without saying anything about "the *quality* of the members,—our society lost so "many in the last Senior Class, as two-thirds of them "were 'Philos.'"

To those who have seen and heard the veteran Chinese Missionary, Dr. Happer, in meetings of the General Assembly, or on other occasions, it will be interesting to read this note in the Private Journal under date of November 20th, 1843—forty-seven years ago: "This evening heard an address from *Mr.* "*Happer*, a young minister who is soon to go to "China as a Missionary. His subject was, 'The "Chinese Empire—its moral condition and prospects.' "It was good to hear him. His appeal to the students "was affecting and constraining. He is willing to "leave all and go far hence. He told us his trials "and struggles and hopes.—O Lord, what wilt thou

"have *me* to do? I fear I have of late lost sight of "the subject too much. Once it was my delight and "my prayer to be a Foreign Missionary. I pray God "to direct me in the right way. Send me where thou "wouldst have me to go. O let me know what is duty, and give me strength to perform it."

A few weeks after another young minister, the Rev. Hugh Brown, who expected within a few months to go as a Missionary to China, preached in the chapel. This stirred his earnest Christian heart anew, anxious to know what the path of duty was for him. Must not the inheritor of the consecrated name of Samuel John Mills honor that name by entering upon the same great work in which he had laid down his life? "I do not feel easy on this matter," he writes, Feb'y 19th, 1844, after listening to Mr. Brown. "It seems "at times I hear the inquiry, 'Who will go?' I trust "I am willing to do what is duty. I pray the Lord "to make the path of duty plain before me. Let me "in this short life labor for God, for I can do but lit- "tle at best. Let me keep my vows sacredly. The "work of a Foreign Missionary is a laborious work, "and needs men of strong constitutions and persever- "ance. I trust these considerations would not deter "me, *if I thought the Lord called me.* Even the "martyr's crown is a tempting reward of faithfulness."

The winter session runs rapidly along to its close. Faithful study, spiritual anxiety, or anon rejoicing, literary recreation with his pen,—for he had been for several years a contributor to one of the newspapers near his old home—waiting upon a sick class-mate,

reading, writing letters,—all intermingled with the distractions and exactions of student life, fill up completely the faithful student's days and nights.

Another vacation is upon him. Shall he spend it in the quiet cloisters of the deserted College? Or shall he make a pilgrimage to his loved and longed for home on Lake Erie, and breathe its fresh breezes once more, and kiss his dear mother, and spend a few days among the friends and delightful scenes of his boyhood? Or shall he again roam over the hills of Washington and Allegheny?

He endured the loneliness of the deserted campus and empty halls for two or three weeks, and then set out for Pittsburgh and Armstrong county. After ten days spent "comfortably and agreeably" among his friends, he returned to Canonsburgh—"glad to see the old College again."

At the beginning of the summer session we get another inside look into College life in his day, through a letter to his youngest brother Isaac.

May 22d, 1844.

" . . . . . The College is again " in successful operation. Things look as of old,— " the loafing propensities of human nature are smoth- " ered, and the *ennui* of vacation is forgotten. Al- " most all the students have returned, and a much " larger number of new ones than usual are on the " ground. Last spring we had twenty; now we have " between forty-five and fifty. The consequence of " this is that Dr. Brown is on his high-heeled boots. " I hope he has received such an impetus as will keep

"him in a respectable humor all session. He serves "as a kind of Collegiate barometer. From his tem- "per and feelings you can easily determine the state "of the institution.

"The engrossing business of the session thus far "has been electioneering for 'Society' interests among "the new students. The destiny of the nation is "nothing compared with this. The members of each "Society say that they can tell from the appearance of "a new student what Society he will enter. The "'Franks' say that every fop and southerner is sure to "enter the 'Philos.' The 'Philos' say that every "greenhorn, and every Mercer and Butler county "man, is a proper subject for the operation of Frank- "linism. There is one good effect that this election- "eering system has, namely, more attention is paid to "new-comers; and thus the bitterness of the stranger's "lot is in some measure softened. Every kindness is "lavished upon the new candidates, until they connect "themselves with the Jews or Gentiles—when 'the "love of many waxes cold.' This is the way with "the world. This accursed spirit of selfishness will "insinuate itself into all our affairs, and even mingle "with our pleasures."

After speaking of many things of a more especially personal and private character, he says in conclusion: "I shall look anxiously for the close of this session; "for then, if nothing interferes, I shall set my face "homewards. It is not because I do not care for "friends and home that I have not been that way be- "fore this. Even though I had not a friend on earth,

"my natal soil would attract me thither with as re-
"sistless an impulse as that of the needle to the pole.
"It was kind in our Maker to give us such ties to
"mollify and sweeten life's pilgrimage—to encourage
"us on our way over this world's 'broad field of bat-
"tle.' If man were a solitary, isolated being, where
"would be his ambition? What would stimulate
"him to exertion?"

The summer session passes without any notable incident. Now and then in his Journal he makes report of the spiritual conflict in which he is still engaged, now triumphing in faith and hope and "rejoicing in the Lord," now defeated and despondent and filled with doubts and fears. "Finished reading "the Bible through in course the sixth time—yet I "fear I am lamentably ignorant of its sacred con-"tents," is his record on June 23d, 1844. "Without "the assistance of the Blessed Spirit," he adds, "all "is vain. Lord, teach me and lead me in the way "everlasting!"

A visit during the brief mid-summer vacation to friends near Braddock's Field, on the Monongahela River, including a ramble over that famous battle-ground, brought him to the beginning of the hot home-stretch in his second year at College. His talks with his little Private Journal are few during this term. Reticence and privacy were characteristics of his religious life at this period. He would make no show of his religion, but kept it veiled in the presence of on-lookers. Hence we find him saying, "My great-"est sin this session is that I restrain prayer. I have

"a room-mate, which destroys my privacy, and too "often affords me an excuse for putting off this boun- "den duty. Prayer is the Christian's armor, and not "only his armor but his very life. Why then do I "neglect it? O my God, forgive me that I neglect "this most precious privilege. O for more holiness of "heart—a more humble, teachable disposition! I "wish I could hate sin more, and love the world less."

Near the end of this second session of his Junior year falls another letter to his youngest brother, which tells of his necessary economy in College, and other matters of interest in the microcosm of College Life. "I have tried to be economical this session," he writes; "to what purpose you must judge. But in "order to judge with correctness, you must come here "and stay a year. You will read in the Catalogue "about living on Fifty or One Hundred dollars a "year. Now Dr. Brown is not fair about this matter. "He means simply boarding and tuition for ten "months, leaving out vacation, books, and the thous- "and and one little *et ceteras*, which are not only con- "venient but necessary. Many a poor soul is most "wofully '*drawed*,' as they say here, by coming on "and expecting to live on faith and expectation; but "instead he finds his calculations fall short by more "than one-half. This is one of the first lessons learn- "ed on coming here."

The "Senior Examination," with the "honors" bestowed, and the one month's vacation following, was the thing of greatest moment at this time, and as a Junior he feels at liberty, in this home letter, to give

his views freely on Seniors, the worth of College Honors, &c.: "There will be a grand 'spree' after "the examination closes and the 'honors' are award-"ed. It is considered one of the perquisites of a "Senior after his examination to get excited,—if not "naturally, then by artificial means.—The first honor "this fall will be taken by Monsieur Elliott, of "Clarion County. The Valedictory will likely fall to "a Steubenville man. These honors may seem trifling "to you, but there are enough to grasp at them and, "if successful, to wear them as a proud trophy. Yet "on the whole they are an empty thing. They will "not extend beyond the walls of the College, and will "not raise a man more than one round on the ladder "of fame even there."

There began to be talk at this time about changing the time of the vacations. "If it should be accom-"plished," he says, "our class will graduate next "July. I hope it will be brought about. It has been "adopted in almost all the Eastern institutions. The "plan will be to have a short vacation about New "Year's, and then one of two months in July and "August. This would be grand!" But the change was not inaugurated in his day at College, nor for several years afterwards.

At last the first day of the Fall vacation dawns, and Mills Eaton turns his face Northward and sets out for his long waited for visit home. A continuous absence for almost two years has not weakened in the least his attachment for the spot where he was born, or for the mother and father and other dear friends

there. In no simulated words, or merely rhetorical phrase, does he make the record in his Journal, on the 26th of September: "This afternoon, with feelings of "O how much joy, I left for HOME. I always wish to "write that sweet word in letters of gold. There are "sweetness and rapture in its sound—there is magic "in its spell—there are feelings and emotions in its "contemplation akin to those of Heaven. Heaven is "called 'the home of the righteous.' O if through a "miracle of sovereign grace it should be my home, how "sweet will be my rest! There will be no sundering "of ties there—there will be no longing after home—"there will be no farewells to be spoken."

Leaving Pittsburgh by stage-coach, after a weary rocking and pitching for forty hours, as if on a muddy ocean, he came in sight, as the lumbering vehicle gained the summit of famous "Nicholson's Hill," of the blue Lake of his boyhood, stretching along the whole Northern and Western horizon. They rolled quickly over the three miles of smoother descending road intervening, and were deposited at the entrance of the Reed House in Erie. A few hours later he had made his way ten miles further west over what was called the "Great Eastern and Western Ridge Road"—famous still as one of the finest thoroughfares in all the land,—and was *at home!*

His pleasure in this first visit home since setting out for College two years before was very great. He simply says briefly, "My feelings and emotions I will "not attempt to describe." He found his father, however, much changed. His health had given way, and

"his mind had suffered with his body; yet in all his "religious exercises there was so much of fervor and "deep engagedness that it was good to hear him."

The vacation ran to its end very rapidly. Every hour seemed one of deep enjoyment, spent in the dear home of his childhood and boyhood.

He returned to the College through Ohio, stopping at his brother Johnston's on the way, and reaching Canonsburgh on the 8th of November, "glad to see "the old place and old friends once more." He makes few notes of experiences and happenings during the session. There is a stir of interest in the early days of February, when Dr. Breckinridge of Kentucky arrived for the purpose of looking over the ground with a view of taking charge of the College as its President. "He is doubtless"—runs the record our "Senior" makes concerning him—"one of "the greatest of living divines. I was very much "disappointed in his appearance and manner, though "the disappointment was an agreeable one. He is "about five feet eleven in height, and strongly made; "and were it not for the sweet, calm cast of his coun- "tenance, he would have more of the brigand in his "appearance than of the minister. He preached "some sweet discourses for us."

In a pleasant letter to his brother Johnston, dated May 29th, 1845, the student, now well entered upon the last session of his last year at College, tells of an excursion into the mountains of Fayette, taken during the April vacation, for the purpose of exploring a cave nearly a mile in extent. Equipped with twine,

candles, matches, &c., he and his comrades set out apparently in high spirits. But there was one omission in their outfit which they had reason to regret before their excursion was over. Perhaps the "Pic-nic" had not yet been invented.

Having set out early, they expected to complete their exploration and return in time for dinner. Mountain excursions are often deceptive as to the amount of time and labor they involve. "We found "the cave," says the writer of the letter, "after some "difficulty, spent some time in its subterranean "caverns, and then set out to return. We soon lost "our path and wandered through bushes, scaled "rocks, precipices and hills, right in the heart of the "mountains, until we were about to give up conquer-"ed. When about dusk some good angel led us out. "We arrived in town by dark, our horses nearly worn "out with fatigue, and our stomachs in an extremely "dilapidated condition. We discussed the merits of "some shad, but one day out of the water, with appro-"priate 'fixings,' and then retired to dream about the "genius of the woods and the mountain fairies that "had imperceptibly led us astray."

He notes in the same letter the fact that Dr. Robert J. Beckinridge was to take charge of the College as its President at the opening of the next College year.

Two pages of the little Private Journal proved sufficient for his records from February 3d to September 28th, 1845. So meagre are these that he feels obliged to apologize to the little book for his neglect of it. "I hardly know why," he writes—and this was near

the beginning of the session; "but of late this Jour-
"nal has had but few entries. Not because I have
"had nothing to write, certainly; for life's little lines
"have been checkered as usual with clouds and shad-
"ows, as well as the tints of hope and love." Later he writes: "This session, with the blessing of God, "will be my last at College. Not that I am weary of "College Life as such, but because I am anxious to "attend to something else."

On September 28th he makes a final record; and we can almost hear him shout as he writes the words, "Eureka! Eureka!! The goal is won. I am free.— "Leaving, borne down with the weight of a *Diploma.*"

"Yes, my college days have now closed, and I am "to go forth upon the tide of a restless world. I have "seen my class-mates for the last time, and bid them "farewell. Many of them I shall meet no more until "we all meet before the bar of God."

"I have felt very sad at the prospect of seeing so "many dear friends no more. But this is a world of "sundered ties and broken bonds. We only meet to "part. We only rejoice in order that we may weep "the more bitterly. In heaven we shall *meet never to "part.*"

It seems hardly credible to learn, as we do from Mr. Eaton's statement of his expenses, that the entire cost of his College course of three years was but $575, "which includes everything," he says, "after I left "home the first time—clothing, traveling expenses, &c." Less than $200 a year for all the outlay of a college course! What would some of our Yale, or

Harvard, or Princeton bloods think of that in these days?—and most of them carrying away less in their heads than did Mills Eaton and others, his faithful fellow-students.

On the day following his graduation he takes a brief retrospect of his career while at College, which may fittingly close this chapter of his life:

"Thus have three years of College Life passed. It "seems, to look back upon it, like a long golden "dream. True, it is a life of labor and vexation and "toil; yet it is full of romance—full of gay and "gaudy images of enjoyment. Many an intellectual "feast have I enjoyed at 'old Jefferson.' Many ar- "dent friendships I have formed, and O, I thank my "God! but few enemies have I made. One student "in another class below me alone was not my friend "—on speaking terms. This I regret; but for it I "solemnly say, now when free from passion, that the "blame was wholly with him. May his and my "Maker forgive him his bitter and foolish wrong."

To the last day of his College Life he was still tender in conscience and anxious about the state of his heart, and deeply mourned, as he writes, that he had not lived more near to God. "There is so much ex- "citement, scheming and planning, which seems neces- "sary too. . . . . So much company and so little "solitude are dangerous to the life of the soul. But "now, O Lord," he devoutly pleads, in closing this chapter of his life—"'from henceforth wilt thou not "be my God and the guide of my youth?'

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak but thou art mighty—
Hold me by thy powerful hand.'"

Since Dr. Eaton's death a letter, written by one of his College friends,* has come into the hands of the writer, giving so just an estimate of his qualities as a man of taste and literary culture, that it may be appropriately added to the sketch of his College Life:

"Dr. S. J. M. Eaton was my college fellow, but not class-mate, at Jefferson College. I entered the Junior Class in October, 1844. He graduated in September, 1845. Not being class-mates, and our boarding places being widely separated, our opportunities for intimate personal acquaintance were limited. What acquaintance I had was formed at the weekly meetings of the Philo Literary Society of which we were members, and where I learned to know and esteem him for his high accomplishments and many virtues. As a writer of taste and elegance he held a first rank among his associates, among whom were a number of brilliant stars. We parted at the Commencement of 1845, and I did not again meet him until June, 1885, at the Commencement of Washington and Jefferson College, whereat I had the honor to address the Alumni, and then took occasion to express my high estimate of Dr. Eaton.

"After the lapse of so many years, and our acquaintance so limited, I do not feel able, or competent,

*Judge W. H. West, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

to give any sketch of his character worthy of place in his annals, without resorting to fancy, which I am sure would not be desired. One of the honorary positions conferred by the Literary Society was that of Historian, the duties of which required the bringing up of the history of the Society from its foundation, and was always conferred on the member whose classical and literary attainments were regarded as of the first rank. The honor of preparing an historical sketch of the Society was bestowed on Dr. Eaton; the duties of which he discharged with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his fellows.

"An amusing anecdote might be related of him when presiding officer of the Society. Plagiarism was, by a law of the Society, regarded as a misdemeanor, punishable by censure. A young member read a most elegant essay which bespoke for him great promise. Unfortunately, however, Mr. W. of Virginia, happening a day or two later in the room of the member, discovered a periodical published in Cincinnati which contained the essay verbatim. He was reported, arraigned, duly tried and convicted. It devolved on the presiding officer to administer the censure, which Dr. Eaton proceeded to do with amusing gravity, concluding with the admonition, "Young friend, go and sin no more."

"Since our meeting in 1885 some of our noted fellows have fallen, not the least distinguished among them being Dr. Eaton. To me intelligence of his death brought a peculiarly poignant sorrow. He was especially active in 1885, without solicitation or expec-

tation on my part, in procuring the highest honorary degree of our venerable college to be conferred on me. The surprise was not greater than the gratification, and bound me to Dr. Eaton with hooks of steel. Accept from me this, my expression of sorrow, as the only reward I can now render him." W. H. W.

CHAPTER IV.

TEACHER AND SEMINARY STUDENT.

Although in haste to reach the goal of his hopes and plans, the Gospel Ministry, and chafing, even during his first year in College, as he took the long look ahead and saw the space that lay before him, Mr. Eaton now finds, as he goes forth, "borne down with the weight of a College Diploma," that he must pause for a while to strengthen, as it were, "the sinews of war." The home resources had been closely drained. Aid, which he had received from the Board of Education in the earlier part of his course (money which in after years he fully refunded), was relinquished at the beginning of the year 1845. He must do something to provide funds for the two years' course in the Theological Seminary which still lay before him. So with regret that he must turn aside from the straight path to the pulpit that for many years he had seen stretching on before him, yet, with a resolute heart, he put himself to the task of providing the means for his further and necessary preparation.

The great resource of all such bright and scholarly young men—and in those days it was an almost unfailing one—was *teaching*. A graduate of Jefferson or Washington College, if his character was good and his scholarship thorough, was quite sure to find a

school among the staunch Presbyterians of Kentucky, or in one of the States further south or south-west. Such a position had come to the knowledge of Mr. Eaton during his last College term. Writing to his father in June he sets forth some of the advantages to himself, beside the important pecuniary ones, of pausing in his career to teach for a year or two. "It "would give me," he says, "a better knowledge of "the world and of human nature, as well as improve "me by reviewing my studies. Somehow I feel as "though I needed something to give more *stability*, or "manly dignity. I feel too boyish and student-like "for public life. On the other hand I would be a "year longer in obtaining a profession"—he means of course the Gospel Ministry; for he had thought of no other profession. "I am almost old enough now to "enter a profession,—I mean old enough according to "the measure of years, however I may be in other re-"spects. Looking at it in this light I have no time "to lose."

He then speaks of the situation which he finally accepted, in a family where he would have six pupils, with a salary of $300 a year—board, washing and all such necessary things being provided. The location was very desirable, being on the Ohio River, a few miles above Maysville, Ky. He was influenced the more to accept the position because he would have much leisure time which he could employ in the study of Hebrew and Church History—the principal studies of the first year in the Seminary; and this he thought might still enable him to graduate in two years.

After pondering the question of his duty deeply, and consulting with ministerial friends belonging to the Erie Presbytery, he resolved to accept the situation. The day after famous Commencement Day, on which he bore his part with conspicuous honor, he left the old college town, where he had spent many pleasant and not a few sad days, with something of the same tugging at the heart that he felt on leaving home three years before. For "locality," as the phrenologists call it, was strongly developed in him—a trait that is strongest in the finest natures. It has its cruel fruit of homesickness, when the tie that binds must be severed; but all our affections must bear a similar pain when their object is withdrawn beyond our reach.

He took the steamer at Pittsburgh and reached his destination, Vanceburgh, Ky., a hamlet on the Ohio River, 80 miles above Cincinnati, on the 7th of October. It was a private school that he was to take charge of, as we have already seen; and the family in which he resided were kind, and made their house a real home to him. He was taken ill with a fever shortly after entering upon his duties, which were consequently interrupted for several weeks; and he has occasion to record "the parental kindness and care" bestowed upon him by the father and mother of the family. Thereafter he devoted himself conscientiously and faithfully to the work of his school, which proved of great benefit to himself as well as his pupils.

It is very interesting to take up some of the letters of this observant and thoughtful student and teacher, penned nearly fifty years ago, and pick out here and there facts and suggestions about men and things in that early time, and to think how God was quietly leading him on and preparing him to enter that broad field of usefulness in the church which he afterwards filled so faithfully and so well. After a visit to Cincinnati, which he could easily reach by steamboat at any time, he writes to his father of what he had seen and learned:

"It is truly a great city—population estimated at "90,000. I spent the Sabbath there. Attended the "church of Dr. Rice the great debater.* I was much "pleased with him, though he is by no means an ora-"tor. His style is perhaps too argumentative for a "popular preacher. Not but that argument and logic "are absolutely necessary to good preaching, but if "they are carried *too far* they weary the attention of "the common hearer. . . . . .

"Cincinnati is a far handsomer city than Pitts-"burgh; but it has its scenes of suffering and trouble. "It is said that contact with the world has a harden-"ing influence upon the sensibilities. But it is not "the case with me. The more I see of the world and "its misery, the more am I inclined to pity and "relieve."

*The reference is to the debate, quite famous at that time, between Dr. Rice and Alexander Campbell on Baptism, &c.

He incidentally refers in one of his letters to the character of the mail service in that ancient time. He had sent a communication to a newspaper in Erie which he had been accustomed to favor occasionally with the products of his pen. "I mailed it," he says, "on the 18th of December, and it was not received "till two weeks after the proper time; so that it must "have been wandering through some part of infinite "space for about four weeks." . . . . . "What do you think of the Oregon matter?" he says in a letter to his father.—This was in the days when "Phifty-Phour-Phorty-or-Phight" was a party slogan for political effect. "It is a pity," he says—answering his own question—"it is a pity that some of our "Congressmen could not have a little fighting to do "on their own account."

Always thinking of others as well as himself, and concerned for their welfare, he says of one of his cousins who was going to school: "I am glad to hear "that A. is still attending to his studies. I would "like to see him go to College. He can graduate at "an earlier age than I did, and being rather a quiet "boy would not run much risk of being spoiled. No "one ought to dream of going to College *before he is* "*eighteen or nineteen.* I understand those matters."

This is a remark well worth heeding by those who have sons whom they intend to send to college. Let them wait till the gristle of character and good habits begins to harden into bone. It *pays to wait,* however bright and forward the boy is.

Mr. Eaton missed greatly while at Vanceburgh the church-going privileges to which he had been accustomed all his life. Speaking of hearing Dr. Rice preach while on his visit to Cincinnati, he remarks: "It was the first sermon I have heard for the last "three months. Truly this is a barren land!"

He found time hanging rather heavily on his hands, at times, on this large Kentucky farm, with few and distant neighbors; where corn was raised by the thousand bushels, and hundreds of "grunters" strolled about or wallowed in their styes, with nothing to do but to "eat and grow fat" for the Cincinnati market. There was company with the five or six active boys, his pupils, when off duty, if he wished to go rabbit-coursing with them in the season; or paddle a boat on the river which flowed by the door, and try for fish; or ride a horse at break-neck speed around the farm; or watch the negroes as they lazily lounged about, or as lazily hoed the corn and mowed the grass and chopped the wood for the winter fire.

And there was home-like comfort in the family where he resided, and agreeable society on an occasional visit to a neighbor's, where there were young ladies —one plain and matter-of-fact, and the other "poetical as a spring morning;" with visiting cousins from Virginia, who claimed relationship by a collateral branch with the "Father of his country." There were these amusements and social enjoyments, that made his isolated life less unbearable. Yet home-sickness would seize him, and *ennui* afflict, and the longing for the end of his preparatory career come

back upon him with renewed power; and he would be almost driven at times to board the first boat going Northward and return to the land of his nativity. But he persevered—resolutely keeping himself at work, studying and teaching and thinking and reading, and time passed on, though at a pace slow and heavy enough.

His Private Journal is still continued, but at dates few and far between. He makes a record of gratitude to God for his goodness, on New Year's day, and again on his Birth-day, April 15th; but in both instances there is a tinge of sadness in the retrospect. The Fourth of July he spent in Maysville, where there was a celebration, and then visited the "Blue Lick Spring"—"the most classic and interesting spot "in Kentucky," he writes, "as well as a very fashion- "able 'watering-place.' This Spring has been the re- "sort for man and beast for long ages—perhaps ever "since the deluge. The soil is literally worn away by "the tread of beasts, coming from all quarters to par- "take of its waters; and this for miles in all directions. "It was the scene too of the most sanguinary battles, "which have given to this State the name of 'the "dark and bloody ground.' . . . . . "I was highly delighted with my short stay "at Blue Lick, and felt that I could have remained "there a whole season without becoming weary.

From the "Blue Licks" he went to Lexington, which he pronounces a "beautiful city, surpassing for situation and appearance" all other towns he had ever visited. Of course when at Lexington he did

not fail to visit "Ashland," the home of Henry Clay, then just past the meridian of his greatness as an American Statesman. He had the pleasure of meeting him, and found him "a plain and unostentatious "*farmer.* In this light he is equally as worthy of " honor as though he were presiding over the destiny " of a nation"—referring to his defeat two years before as the Whig candidate for the Presidency.

He is glad as the time approaches for leaving his school and turning his face Northward,—and delighted that his pocket is heavier by nearly three hundred dollars than it was when he came a stranger into the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Ranson.

His trip Northward was not dangerous, but tedious in the extreme; an account of which he gives, a few weeks afterwards, in a very pleasant letter from the Seminary at Allegheny to his brother Isaac. "As I reached my " native State," he writes, "I felt almost like the " ocean-tossed mariner after a voyage of storms and " perils as he sets foot upon *terra firma.* Kentucky, " with all her scenes of grandeur and glory—her " rocks and vales, her gorgeous sunsets and silver " moon-lights, her chivalrous sons and almost ethereal " daughters, is not sufficient to win me from home and " the land of my birth. But this is not what I want- " ed to talk about. I left my friends in Kentucky on " the 24th of September, and took steamboat at Mays- " ville. We had a long and tedious voyage to this " place,—nearly five days, owing to the low stage of " water. We were thirty-six hours coming from " Beaver up,—ran out of fuel and provisions. Freez-

"ing and starvation, you know, are not elements of "happiness. We sent to Pittsburgh for supplies.

"I arrived home on the 29th, and was not long in "establishing myself on this famous hill. I have "been on my lofty perch for two weeks and am com- "fortably fixed. I will not say this was the case from "the beginning, for 'the blues' annoyed me no little. "This is one reason why I did not write sooner. I "feared it would have been like the old Prophet's "scroll—'filled within and without with lamentation "and mourning and woe;' for I am so much the crea- "ture of habit that the breaking up of old associations "and habits and the forming of new is anything but "agreeable to my feelings. Now, however, it is all "over, and I am at ease. In the absence of Dr. Mc- "Gill our only study is Hebrew, and Dr. Green is "our Professor. When Dr. McGill returns we shall "take up Archæology and Homiletics."

And thus he has entered upon the second great stage of his work in preparing for the Gospel Ministry. He seemed deeply moved, as intimated by the record in his Private Journal, on entering the "School "of the Prophets—replete with every means of im- "provement both intellectual and spiritual."

He had long looked forward to this day. The pulpit was the ultimate goal; but might he not well look upon himself as entering the vestibule to that sacred place when he passed the portals of the Theological Seminary and found himself really a student of divinity, a learner in the school of the prophets? "Wo be to me," he writes solemnly, "if I neglect the means

"of improvement here provided. O my God do thou "bless, do thou keep me, or I cannot succeed! In "thee is my trust."

It required some time for him to get to feel at home in this new place. It was very different from college life. An air of seriousness pervaded the cloisters, as they might well be called. There were no light-hearted, rollicking college boys rushing here and there with boisterous glee, playing their pranks, and stirring even the most sober-sided Seniors out of their constitutional gravity. Longing for a little taste of the old College life he took advantage of a brief vacation about the first of January, and paid a visit to Canonsburgh, "to see how things looked at old Jefferson." He was disappointed. Even a year had wrought quite a change. "Strange faces," he says, "have taken the "places of the old familiar ones, and I did not feel at "home. 'Thus passes the world away.'"

Some glimpses of Seminary Life are given in a letter to his father about this time: "Our Class (Junior) "have waded through the Hebrew Grammar, and are "now reading in the first of Genesis. . . . We "number about sixteen; the other two classes about "the same. We pay $1.50 per week for board, and "get pure *Grahamic diet* at that. Room rent is $10 "per session. They tell us that the furniture is free "of rent; but as the rooms have been furnished after "the model of the 'Prophet's chamber on the wall,' "it would not amount to much if we paid it. There "are about fifty rooms furnished in the Seminary, but

"they are not all occupied, as many of the students "room in town."

Speaking of the distinguished D. D. in Allegheny whose church he usually attended, he says: "He is "decidedly the best preacher in the two cities—I mean "among the pastors. Still there is a great deal of the "*foggy* in his sermons, and I do not believe his con- "gregation can follow him in more than half of his "metaphysical excursions to cloud-land. But I would "rather see a preacher think obscurely sometimes than "*not to think at all.* Drs. Green and McGill preach "occasionally in the churches, and when this is the "case they cause a shaking among the dry bones.

"We shall sustain an irreparable loss when Dr. "Green leaves us, which will be the first of February "next. As a Biblical critic he has not his superior, "and as an orator he is the first in the West. We re- "cite Hebrew to him, and also study the Epistles "exegetically. We take our Greek Testaments to "class, prepared either to criticise the translation and "give a better, or explain the meaning both as to "sense and doctrine, as he may see fit to require.

"There is work here for twenty-four hours study "every day. Not in the Class studies, but in reading "divinity collaterally. I never knew my ignorance "of theology till I came here. I do not read as much "as I would like for fear of taxing my poor system "too severely. I never expect to feel right well as "long as I am *exclusively* a student. I would like to "attend the spring meeting of Presbytery to be ex- "amined on my college studies and Hebrew, and if

"they think best, have a subject assigned me for "exegesis, in order that things may go on grad- "ually."

This was his last letter to his father, to whom he was devotedly attached, and on the lines of whose instructions and saintly example he seemed to have modeled his own life and character. A short time afterwards he received the painful intelligence of his dangerous illness, and in the latter part of February started home to visit and attend upon him. He found him very feeble, and unable at first, through a partial failure of his faculties, to recognize him. The time passed on and still the saintly pastor of a single church for over forty years, lingered on the borders of the two worlds. The paralysis which had seized him, and which affected his mind as well as his body, was relaxed for a time. In May, three months after Mills had returned home, the devoted son makes the record that his "father's health was improving somewhat, "and his mind clearer, and that he seemed to enjoy "the comforting presence of Jehovah." It was at such a time, when the mind rose superior to the weakness of the body, and faith in the Savior of men became a living and lifting principle, that he said to the friend at his bedside: "It is not what you or I can *do* that will save us. It is Christ's work alone. We can do nothing to justify ourselves; it is the work of the Lord Jesus Christ alone."

Within less than a month after this note of improvement in the aged sufferer's condition the end came. "This morning (June 17, 1847)," says Mr.

Eaton in his Private Journal, "at one and a half "o'clock, father breathed out his spirit into the hands "of his God. It is a solemn thing to stand by the "dying bed of a beloved friend and witness his de- "parture from earth. It is a solemn thing to die, but "yet it is 'to the weary rest,' if faith be an active prin- "ciple in the soul. I feel that now I must be with- "out an adviser. I must look to God. From hence- "forth be thou my Father and the guide of my "youth."

A sketch of the character and work of Mr. Eaton the elder has been given in the first chapter of this memoir. But it is fitting to reproduce here in part the minute with regard to him placed on the Records of the Erie Presbytery, at a session held at Greenville but a week after his death:

"He was uniformly meek, gentle and forbearing, generous and hospitable. As a preacher he was clear, logical, instructive and evangelical, and eminently sound in the faith. In his death, the Boards of our Church, and the cause of benevolent efforts for the salvation of a perishing world, have lost a devoted friend."

Although the meeting of Presbytery occurred so soon after his father's death, Mr. Eaton was present to be examined in his College studies in order to his advancement towards licensure. He also read at this time a Latin exegesis, his subject being "*Quomodo peccatores justificantur;*" and a critical exercise on Romans 9: 1-5, both of which were "sustained."

At the same time there were assigned to him for a future occasion Rev. 2: 1—6 for a Popular Lecture, and Rom. 5: 18 for a Popular Sermon. He then returned home where he remained several weeks for the comfort of his desolate-hearted mother, and because he loved to linger about the dear old home of his boyhood. His affection for his mother was peculiarly strong, and to leave her now in the midst of her sorrow, although her youngest son Isaac and her daughter Elizabeth were still with her, was a sore trial to them both.

Some time before this his brother John, older than himself by some twelve years, had gone with his family to reside in Franklin County, Penn.; and before returning to the Seminary to resume his studies he paid them a visit, which he speaks of afterwards as "remarkably pleasant." "I visited many pleasant places," he says, "and saw many pleasant sights from mountain top and in the 'caves of the earth.'" He was a true lover of nature. Mountains and deep gorges, wild grottoes and mighty rivers and the restless waters of the great Lake, near which his early years were spent, never ceased to delight him. And so whether it be the "Laurel Hills" in Fayette County, overlooking the early home of his mother, the "Blue Lick Springs" of Kentucky, the "Gorges of Elkcreek" in his native county, or Lake Erie's "heaving waters blue"—whatever the scene that comes before his view it finds in him an entranced admirer, and a poet ready to depict in glowing terms its beauties or its grandeur. Many a picture of such objects in nature is found among the writings of his College and Seminary days that found

their way into print in some obscure newspaper of his native county. So Franklin County, with its rugged mountains, and winding rivers, and "caves and dens of the earth," was not long in finding in him a deeply interested explorer.

But he found something more interesting than were caves and mountains at this new home of his brother, near Chambersburg. It was the spot where his father was born and reared. And more than that, he actually saw a man on that old farm, on which his father lived as a child during the dark days of the Revolution, "who had seen his great-great-grandfather when he "was upwards of a hundred years old." That "man" was a veritable *find*. Through him, as a single connecting link, he felt himself joined in his ancestral line to the times of Wm. Penn, or even possibly to the days of Cromwell and the "Siege of Derry." What a thrill it gives one to talk with such a man, and feel yourself in touch with the great events and actors of generations gone!

But this delightful visit soon came to an end, and on the 15th of September he finds himself again in his solitary cell in the sombre building on the hill. And his first record is a prayer: "The Lord be with me "and baptize me anew with the spirit of his grace. "O God, thou God of my father, thy blessing be upon "me through the coming session! May I have "strength, but especially the influences of thy grace.

'Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Savior and my all.'"

He did not spend his whole time on the studies of the Seminary curriculum, nor in religious and theological reading. "A man's *taste*," he remarks in a letter "to one of his brothers, "needs to be cultivated, and a "little time must be spent in reading works of Poetry "and Belleslettres. The intellect, too, must be whet-"ted up occasionally by a glance at languages; and in "addition to these, a little time given to mathematics "has an admirable effect in balancing the mind and "improving the reasoning powers. But I must con-"fess I have not looked into a mathematical work "since I came here.

"So you perceive that if one discharges his duty to "himself he has not much time to waste. Still a "great deal of time is consumed in *loafing*, and neces-"sarily, in so large an establishment. But some can "do this with much more *sang froid* (as Elizabeth "would say) than others."

As the time approaches for his entering upon the work of the ministry he begins to have fear and trembling. "*Nisi Dominus frustra*," he writes; and adds: "I do most solemnly feel that except God be with me "in a most signal manner I must fail. O God, give "me more grace—more love to thee and to thy cause. "Yea, bathe me in a sea of love! Poor wretched sin-"ner that I am, how can I do anything for God? "But thou 'hast given this treasure in earthen vessels, "that the power may be of God and not of us.'"

The short vacation at the time of the Holidays this year (1847-8) he again spent among his friends in Fayette county. He felt that "the time was drawing

"near when vacations would no more occur, and when, "like Peter of old, he would no longer be able to "'gird himself and go whither he would.'"

He had begun of late to take better care of his health. Sanitary regulations during his time as a student were not so much regarded as now; and there can be little doubt that the headaches and other bodily ailments to which he was subject were largely owing to lack of sufficient exercise, and to want of care in diet, ventilation, &c. On his return to the Seminary for his last session he makes this note—in a letter to his brother Isaac: "I have been trying the virtues "of the shower-bath this winter, and think it has "benefitted me amazingly, in bracing and energizing "my nerves. I have invented one, fixed up in my "room; and every morning, before day-light, I jump "out of bed, and get under the cold shower. It is "hard on the feelings I must confess, but I intend to "persevere in it all winter, and perhaps it may cure "me of the headache. In fact it has prevented it in "a great many cases."

In his readings he fell in with the memoirs of that saintly Scotch minister, McCheyne; and in his usual spirit of self-condemnation he says (in his Journal): "I felt how immeasurably I fall short of his con- "scientiousness in private duty. Have felt much of "late my utter unfitness for the great work of preaching "Christ. O for a renewed baptism of the spirit!"

For more than two months, from January 5th, 1848, to March 9th, he seems to have been too much occupied with study, reading and sermon-writing, to have

resorted even once to his little "father confessor," the Private Journal. On the latter date he says: "In a "few days I must leave the Seminary for the great "world. Next week, God willing, I expect to be "licensed to preach the Gospel. I feel the responsi- "bility to be great—crushing and unbearable save in "the Lord Jesus. I would desire to know nothing "but Christ, and him crucified. I feel that I can lean "upon God in Christ, and my spirit feels peace in "this confidence. O God give me grace!"

On the 13th he bid farewell to the Seminary; and over wretched roads, in the midst of storm and cold—part of the way in a rough wagon instead of the usual stage-coach—he arrived after two days in Meadville, where the Presbytery was in session.

In the evening of the same day, March 15th, he preached his "trial sermon" from Romans 5: 18—"*Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.*"

His sensitive and self-distrusting nature shrank from the ordeal of appearing before this body of grave and critical divines, and preaching on so deep a subject as that presented by his text. "Had not much free- dom," he remarks in his Journal, and "felt deterred "by the fear of man that 'bringeth a snare.'" The next day he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and three days afterwards stood in his father's old pulpit —"in our own old church of Fairview," as he ten- derly calls it.

And thus he was fairly launched into the work of the Ministry. A sermon on the 19th of March in the presence of his former school-mates and old friends, on the 21st he was called to the discharge of another ministerial duty in the performance of the marriage ceremony in behalf of his friend Rev. John K. Cornyn and Miss Eliza J. Frost, of Girard. Mr. Cornyn was at this time the pastor of the church of Sturgeonville (now Fairview)—the Western portion of the old Fairview Church. The other or Eastern part of that congregation, having removed the common church building to West Millcreek, five miles west of Erie, retained not only the property but also the organization and the name. A few years later the old name, by the permission of Presbytery, was dropped and that of Westminster substituted. When the Old School and New School Churches of the village of Fairview were brought together they took the name of Fairview Church.

CHAPTER V.

LITERARY RECREATION.

A true biography of any man ought to show him just as he was. Not only the great lines of his character ought to appear, but the lighter shadings should also be sketched in; not only the main work of his life be fully set forth, but what he did in play, or for relaxation, or following the natural bent of his mind, should not be silently passed over in the chronicle of his career. The great lines of Mr. Eaton's character and life were those of the earnest student, the conscientious Christian, and the faithful, self-denying, practical pastor and preacher.

But he had also a purely literary vein in his nature —that which, but for his religious training and temperament, would have led him to devote himself to a purely literary career. The love of literature for its own sake drew him frequently aside in the midst of his usual and serious occupations to recreations in which he allowed his fancy to run out into poetical and fictitious composition—apparently from the mere love of it. He had great fecundity of thought, and great facility in expressing his thoughts, and never was happier than when dashing off some fanciful sketch for the press, or writing some light verses for the album of a lady friend.

In the later period of his life this love of literary production took a more serious direction, and resulted in the writing of a number of valuable books, mainly historical. These will be treated of in a chapter by themselves. But what he wrote in a lighter vein took the form of short articles which appeared from time to time in the newspaper press.

He had written a number of articles, mostly of a descriptive character, for one or other of the newspapers of his native County, while a student of the Erie Academy—articles that attracted attention and showed unmistakable literary ability. But while at college he gave a freer rein to his fancy, in successive series of sketches which were printed in various newspapers. To the earliest of these he gave the title of "Sophomore Sketches." Another series he called "Vacation Rambles," and still another "Recollections of the Past," which ran to twenty numbers. There is enough of these various short tales and sketches to form a volume of considerable size. Selections are given below as samples of his quality as a writer in this lighter vein.

The first extract is taken from one of the "Sophomore Sketches," giving an account of a vacation visit —founded in fact, no doubt, but built mainly of materials furnished forth by the imagination. It bears the title of

THE VACATION.

"Dreading the monotony and *ennui* of a vacation at college, I accepted the invitation of my chum to spend a few weeks with him at his home. After the usual

ceremony of leave-taking, we turned our backs upon the now almost deserted halls of the college, and with light hearts talked of the way we would murder time in the course of the following weeks. Plans innumerable were discussed and dismissed respectively as wanting in interest or originality. The next day found us seated in my friend's quondam study, philosophically discussing our future plans.

"The family I had never before seen; but from my intimacy with my friend I had formed a very good idea of its members. But of one of these members I had *not* formed a correct opinion. My worthy chum had spoken of her as his 'sentimental sister,' and I supposed her to be some 'Juliet' of modern romance; but I was deceived. She was not the being of my imagination, but still was an object not less interesting.

"She had that light, sylph-like form so much envied by her sex and admired by ours, with that deep transparency of countenance, that is always the signet-stamp of the spoiler—that same redness of lip, and sparkling, spiritual eye, which strangers recognize as the inheritance of the tomb, but which friends cannot believe. Her face was the mirror of purity—so devoid was it of guile. I have seen many of the daughters of loveliness. I have worshipped in the temple of beauty, and have seen faces more beautiful and resplendent than that of this fair being; but never such a countenance of purity. Such faces are precious as the leaves of the Roman Sybil. Hers was spiritual. I tried to believe that she was not in the power of that subtle disease which preys so fearfully on northern beauty;

but it was written too indelibly on that brow of alabaster to be mistaken. . . . . .

"As the intimate friend of her brother, she treated me with more frankness than I was entitled to receive. This gratified me, as I was anxious to learn the qualities of her mind. The casket was lovely—what was the jewel that it contained? It was pure, it was chastened, it too was lovely. Often when the sky was clear and the air was serene, would we sally forth on an equestrian excursion. The scenery in that lovely vale was of the most inspiring kind—grand, and frowning, and wild. It was then that I loved to listen to her thrilling remarks. Her soul partook of the romance of the country. 'This earth,' she would say, 'has been called a vale of tears; but still it is beautiful. There are so many things connected with it that are poetic, and wildly romantic, that they make it interesting. So that in this respect it is not wonderful that

'Earth's children cleave to earth,'

for we are poetic beings. Our own souls are such strange, mysterious things that poetry is congenial to them. We delight in the beautiful, the sublime, and the grand; and these always cause poetic feelings in the soul. . . . .'

"Her knowledge of the poets, especially of the old school, was extensive, and I observed that in all her copies she had scored in pencil passages that had pleased her fancy. In reading over with her some of her favorite authors, her remarks were often beautiful and poetic in the extreme. We were examining a copy

of Moore. 'Who,' said she, 'can read the rich numbers of Moore and not think of the banished Peri without the gates of Paradise? Now rolling along like the flow of a gentle brooklet, all sweetness and melody, now in accents low and mournful as the evening song of the turtle.'

"Some *maiden aunt* will say that my own peace was in danger. Nonsense! I was but a boy, a 'pale-faced sophomore.' Besides, who would think of loving an angel, for almost as such I looked upon this sweet child of the vale.

"We were out one day on a riding excursion, drinking in the rich, deep poetry of the woods and wilds. And well does the exercise of riding give relish to such delight. Suddenly the heavens were overcast with blackness. A deep sable pall seemed at once to have been cast around the world. To one accustomed to those hills and mountains this was not strange, and we knew the windows of heaven would soon be opened. To redouble our speed was in vain. The storm was upon us. The dense masses of cloud opened, and the rain descended, not in torrents, but in entire sheets. The next day she was a sufferer. The blood was rushing in hot and fitful currents through her veins, and her delicate form was scorched by a fever.

"I saw her not for days, when one evening I received an invitation to visit her. It was in the same little parlor where often before we had read from the same page and admired the same beauties of sentiment. Her fever had disappeared, and she was the same spiritual being of former days. She spoke of my depart-

ure. 'You are going to rejoin your class-mates, and our little circle will be broken. The time has passed pleasantly since you have been with us, but we will never meet again. I feel it, I know it. I am going hence. This clay tenement must soon be resolved into its original elements. But I shall not remain in the dust. The spirit has no affinity with clay—it has a higher destiny, a nobler goal. I feel and know that there is an existence beyond, of such glory and expansion as the mind in its loftiest aspirations has never yet contemplated, an existence beyond the flight of time and mortal change, where expansion will succeed expansion, until the sweetest lute of angel will be too humble for the weakest saint. I know, too, that my Redeemer lives who has given me a "hope which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," the hope of an immortality of bliss.' . . . . . I saw not that fair friend again, nor shall, until the graves give up their dead. In the course of the session I received a letter from my quondam chum filled with mourning and lamentation. It closed thus: 'I know you will weep with us. The loved one has left us, and our hearth is desolate. Gently her life waned away,

> 'And set as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven.'"

From No. 15 of the series called "Recollections of the Past" is taken the sketch entitled

LOST AT SEA.

"Some forms of the departed, were passing before my spirit's vision to-night, causing me to think of one I knew in the glad season of youth, who left the world amid the wild commotion of the winds and the waves. Musing upon his tragic fate has led me into these dreams of ocean and his prey.

"We were boys together. We attended the same school, and often sat in the same church, and worshiped the God of our fathers in company. It seemed as though he would be 'a man of mark' in his day, for he was destined by his friends to occupy a high position in the church of his fathers, and had the natural gifts, as far as human foresight could distinguish, to enable him satisfactorily to accomplish his mission.—In order for a full preparation to fulfill his high behest, a sojourn was projected in Europe. An indomitable desire sprung up within him to tread the land of our fathers, to look upon the scenes that have been immortalized by England's Orators and Historians and Poets, and to muse amid those grave-yards that are strewn with the monuments of the world's heroes. He longed to take 'the Pilgrim's staff and sandal shoon,' and see the beauty and grandeur, as well as the despotism and tyranny of other lands, and to gather materials for after thought, when entered fully upon the arena of life. That young man left his friends and his native land, with a heart of hope

and anticipation. His countenance beamed with joy, as he set out upon that pilgrimage that was to end so tragically. Well is it for mortals that the future is within the cloud. Well that we cannot see into the book of coming events, else but little joy and happiness would be ours upon earth.

"The ship sped on its journey without accident until land was descried in the distance. Night closed in with more than usual darkness. A light appeared in the distance, that was taken for the light-house on the head of Kensale, and the ship was navigated upon that supposition. Soon the wild foam of the breakers and the heavy plunges of the ship, convinced the officers of their error. But it was too late. A fearful concussion, a dead recoil, and the noble ship was a complete wreck, and in a very few minutes went down, with all that was mortal of her passengers.

"A part of the crew only were rescued from the grave of waters. They had been lured to their ruin by a false light upon an iron-bound coast, on the south-west of Ireland.

"There was a desolate house on the banks of the Ohio. A tender mother had been bereaved of her heart's idol, and refused to be comforted. In her waking moments visions of wrecks and sore disaster were before her. In her slumbers, she heard the roar of the waters, the wild wail of the tempest, and the groans of the dying, and sleep departed from her eyes.

"If none can fathom a mother's love, let them know that a mother's anguish for the loss of a beloved child is equally deep. It may be softened, but can

never be removed. A mother never forgets the child that has been pillowed on her bosom, and if that child has met with an untimely fate, a wound has been inflicted in that bosom that can never be healed. It will be all powerful and sensitive, until the dust is placed upon it in the grave.

"But, doubtless, all is right. He who rules the winds and the waves, had his own wise purposes to bring about, and is able to bring good to his creatures, even when all seems to be evil. In our blindness we may not be able to see this at the first, but the opening purposes of Providence may soon convince us.

'His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'"

The following from a later series of Mr. Eaton's sketches, bearing the title of "Heart Memories," is a description of the

"BLUE LICK SPRINGS."

"O fons Brundusiæ splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus."

Horace.

"How beautiful is the doctrine of *compensation*, in all God's works! Light and shade, cold and heat, storm and sunshine, are found in grateful variety. When many evils force themselves upon our attention, they are always compensated by alleviating circumstances.

"Glance at New England. Her rude, rough soil, is, in places, almost barren. Her rocky hills find

their counterpart only in the stern, massive hearts, and souls of unflinching integrity, of her primitive settlers. But these objectionable features are compensated by a climate of matchless healthfulness; and that rude, rough soil, prompts to habits of patient industry—themselves the secrets of health and carefulness.

"Go to the El Dorado of the West, where the gentle rains of Heaven are restrained for months by the clouds so prodigal of their stores to other sections, and we might suppose its sultry glebe unendurable. But earth is there prodigal of her mineral treasures, such as might tempt even Mammon himself—'Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven.'

"This world is not all unmitigated evil, nor is it all unchanged perfection. The good and evil mingle and neither predominates as yet; for at present, earth is the grand battle field, on which sin and holiness are contending for the mastery, and they will continue to mingle in the fight until earth's jubilee arrives, and darkness is banished to its primeval home.

"A solitary bright spot on the page of memory has induced these reflections. There are many such bright spots, as I turn over the leaves of that pleasant book, but of this one would I speak particularly.

"To the Pilgrim of many lands, who has noted his 'Wanderings beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc,' or the 'Jungfrau Alp,' or with 'sandal shoon' and staff has dreamed away a delicious summer on the Rhine, I doubt not many strange and romantic scenes have appeared. But I also doubt whether a more ro-

mantic prospect has been visited, than one found in our own country. I refer to the 'Blue Licks of Kentucky.' There exist both romance and reality. What led me to think of the doctrine of compensation, in connexion with these springs, is their peculiar location.

"Imagine an immense barren tract of country for many miles in extent, as destitute of vegetation as the Desert of Lybia, variegated only by gentle elevations of land, and small fragments of stone, and you have an idea, faint and shadowy, of the visible surroundings of the Blue Lick Springs. Neither tree, nor shrub, nor bush gladdens the eye, save a few stunted cedars, that only add to the sense of desolation. It is gloomy and desolate as the place of graves.

"But the Springs make ample amends for all this barrenness and sepulchural gloom. A living fountain bubbling up from the bosom of the earth, in an immense volume, makes the heart glad, and throws a feeling of cheerful solemnity around; for it is impossible to separate other feelings and sensations from one of sacred awe.

"There, in the deep loneliness of the dell, one looks upon that gushing spring, and involuntarily thinks of the poetic fictions of Antiquity. Dryads and Nymphs throng the vision,—one feels upon holy ground. Like the old Patriarch of Horeb, one feels like doing homage to the presence of God.

"The view of these Springs by moonlight is most entrancing. All around is in deep repose. No sound agitates the air, save the bubbling of the bright

waters, as the gas arises to the surface and mingles with the atmosphere. The moonbeams, as they fall upon the water, are broken by its gentle undulations, and linger in evanescent beauty upon its surface.

"That moonlight scene is now before me. I see with strange particularity the octagonal structure which encloses the principal spring, with its open sides, in the form of an Indian Pagoda, arising in its graceful proportions and surmounted by its tapering spire. I see the graceful wreath of mist that rises up and floats gently away, like a cloud of incense from some Grecian altar, sacred to Beauty and Harmony. I see all these to-night with most vivid distinctness, and it makes me feel once more like the dreamy sentimental student of bygone years.

"The Spring is of the octagonal form, and in the remembrance of its grateful and exhilarating coolness, I almost forgot that its atmosphere is all too redolent with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Of yore, I loved to sit by the hour at the bubbling fountain amid the dreamy fantasies its presence naturally inspires.

"By that same fountain the red man had sat and dreamed long before his hunting grounds were molested, or even dreamed of by the white man. Of its healing water he had doubtless often drank, when disease invaded his system, and by its margin, too, the gentle Indian maiden had often performed her incantations, when bowed beneath the power of an inauspicious love.

"But we should gather instruction from everything around us. We should 'find books in the running

brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' That resplendent fountain tells me that like all things earthly it will fail; that the time will come when it will be swept away amid the convulsions of earth, and bids me drink from those undying waters that flow from the Fountain of Life. That Fountain will never fail—he that drinks shall be athirst no more."

One of Mr. Eaton's sketches while a student in College, under the head of "Vacation Rambles," is a description in a pleasant vein of an old-fashioned

APPLE PARING.

"It matters not how it was brought about, but certain it is, that we were in the interior of one of the counties of Pennsylvania, during an autumnal vacation. It would not do to be more explicit than this, lest the charge of personality might be incurred, as we were only a looker-on in the scenes about to be described.

"It was on the afternoon of the first day of our sojourn at the comfortable farmhouse, that we were informed by the worthy mistress of the mansion that they were to have an 'apple paring' in the evening, when we would have an opportunity of seeing some of the 'young folks' of the neighborhood. Accordingly, as evening began to set in, the 'young folks' began to assemble until they numbered about twenty gentlemen and ladies, or *boys* and *girls*, as they called each other.

"Bonnets, shawls and hats being laid aside, they were all soon seated around the room. A bright fire

threw its cheerful light around and heightened the ruddy glow upon the cheeks of the company. Scarcely a word was spoken. It seemed as though some mighty spell had thrown its influence around the company. Even the ladies forgot their usual volubility, and remained motionless as statues in an artist's studio, as they sat with arms folded formally before them, and gazed with most tenacious resolution into the fire.

"This to our uninitiated fancy gave but little prospect of entertainment. But presently we were invited by the lady of the mansion to walk into the other room. Here at a single glance we had a view of the field of action. In one corner of the room were several huge baskets of the finest apples, whose fair and rosy covers were destined soon to be removed by fingers equally as fair and rosy. Chairs were arranged around the room, and the company soon seated in a very sociable manner, arranging the preliminaries, before commencing operations. This consisted in removing the outer covering and dividing the apple into four equal sections, depriving each of its portion of core, when they were in readiness for stringing.

"Two damsels, whose very appearance was a practical commentary on that line of Longfellow—

'Art is long and time is fleeting,'

were unanimously elected stringers. We heard a mischievous wight whisper as we passed him that 'these same' had strung apples on such occasions for the last twenty years.

"Our position was in the neighborhood of these Hebes to assist in the stringing and remove the columns when completed to a neighboring nail.

"If silence reigned in the former part of the evening with unbroken sway, it was entirely banished now. It seemed as though the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and conversation flowed 'like the rushing of mighty waters.' Perfect discord reigned, and yet it was welcomed, for it served to prevent the company from noticing our attempts to entertain the fair stringers—a task to which we found ourself wholly incompetent. In fact, we felt ourself to be an *imaginary quantity*, about that time, in spite of our good nature.

"The hours were whiled away in this manner, varied by an occasional twirl of a full-length apple-paring over the shoulder of some anxious swain to see what letter it would form. This letter was said to be the initial of the name most dear to him. At length 'the object of the meeting,' at least as far as regarded the apples, was accomplished. The last shining cover was removed; the last long row of denuded quarters was suspended in its appropriate place; and to our own unspeakable delight we were released from our position as the *attache* of the only two odd ladies in the circle.

"The second act of the drama now approached. Two large brown mugs of cider were placed before the fire, their tops thickly powdered with ginger, as a kind of presage of what was to follow. It is strange how this same business of eating and drinking enters into

all our arrangements for business or amusement. The first course consisted of lozenge-shaped dough-nuts, done perfectly brown, and cheese luscious enough for the banquet of Pan himself, all prepared by the hands of the fair sisters of the household. This was succeeded by a large dish of 'shell-barks,' not like those mentioned by good John Bunyan—

'Whose shell do keep the kernels from the eater,'

but with shells partially removed by cracking. When ample justice had been done to these necessary accompaniments of human enjoyment, preparations were made for the last act of the evening. This was to consist of those games and plays in which our fathers and mothers delighted in times 'so long back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.'

"While these preliminaries were being arranged we took occasion to pay our respects to the kind hostess in the adjoining room, fearing that our success in such matters would be similar to that which attended our attempts to entertain the worthy apple-stringers. We feared, moreover, that we might again fall into their hands, and again be victimized. We therefore took advantage of that first law of nature, self preservation, and retired from the arena.

"The first scene consisted of that venerable old game of blind man's buff. This was pursued with such gusto and loud acclaim as to call us of the adjoining room to the door to witness it. The blindfolded youth, looking for all the world like the picture of Fortune in the fable book, was making desperate passes at his desired victims, but oftener grasping

airy phantoms than real flesh and blood. Long and loud rang the merry laughter when he succeeded in capturing some bashful nymph, and on recognizing her name exacted the usual tribute.

"'I reckon that college chap, with the suspenders at the wrong end of his pants, does not know the fun he is missing by not being here,' said the quondam blind man during a short respite in the play. 'Readin' old musty books aint a patchin' to this, the way I look at it.'

"'Blame this book larnin' after all,' said another. 'It aint the right stripe for me. My head wouldn't bear it.'

"These objections were, however, set aside by a lass, with eyes deep as wells, saying, that 'if it was not for college larnin' old minister Green could not preach such long sermons, and explain the Catechism so cleverly.'

"The company were again called into action. One amusement succeeded another with such rapidity that all were in a glow of excitement. The youngest boy in the room had taken the precaution to remove the pendulum from the old-fashioned brass clock, which stood in the corner, early in the evening, so that the party broke up at a random hour.

"It was, however, past midnight when the ladies appeared in the hall equipped for the walk home. Then many a hopeful youth was to be seen scrutinizing the circle, determined to be bold, yet the tremendous thumping at his ribs half restraining him from showing his boldness.

"Judging from appearances, the different groups did not return home in the same order in which they arrived. Brothers and sisters were exchanged for companions more agreeable at that particular time. This exchange appearing to be satisfactory to all parties, the whole matter passed off pleasantly."

Dr. Eaton had the feeling and temperament of the true poet, and he also possessed great facility in versification. Had he devoted himself to the fostering of the poetical gift that was in him—"the vision and the faculty divine"—and to the cultivation of the art of verse, he might have attained distinction. As Dr. Holland once said, in reviewing a volume of poems by a young aspirant to the honors of the Muses: "No man can succeed who does not thoroughly comprehend the fact, that he must lay every faculty of his soul upon the altar of his ambition."

Dr. Eaton had no thought of doing this as a poet. He could think, and utter fine sentiments in numbers that fell sweetly and pleasantly upon the ear. But this was only for pastime; or it was the striking off of a little poem for the pleasure of a friend; or it was the composition of a Hymn for a special occasion. A specimen of his poetical ability when a student of the Academy (1842) is the following—taken from a poem entitled "Elijah at Mount Carmel."

"Deeply the prophet's face was veiled with gloom,
That stern old prophet of the iron nerve,
Before whose frown vice quailed with coward face,
And guilt, confounded, sought the shades of night.

With solemn steps and brow of anxious care
He took his way along the winding path
That led to Carmel's calm and peaceful top.
There in a lone and barren spot he bowed,
And poured his soul into the ear of God.
Three weary years the heavens above had ceased
To yield the fertilizing shower. The dew
No more distilled amid the folds of night;
The thirsty earth was parched as though
The deep sirocco's breath had passed around;
The fruitful field was now a barren waste,
And meagre famine stalked throughout the land.

"'Gehazi, go and look toward the sea!'
Meanwhile beneath the deep horizon's verge
The elemental strife was raging fierce—
The winds were marshaling in their ocean caves,—
For at the throne Elijah's prayer was heard.
Thrice did the servant mount the highest cliff,
And look intently o'er the distant sea. . . . .

Another peal terriffic as the first—
The heavens are opened, and the rains descend
In solid sheets, as though the deeps above
Their secret fountains would at once exhaust,
And in a second deluge bathe the earth.

. . . . . .

"Be this the lesson taught the wayward heart:
The prayer of faith avails to move the hand
That moves all nature in its silent course."

Another short poem, entitled "Eve at the Dead Body of Abel," seems to have been written at about the same time as the preceding one:

"Calm and serene the sleeping martyr lay,
Locked in the dreamless slumber of the grave;
His manly beauty seemed in deep repose—
Each rounded limb and muscle unrelaxed;
A gentle smile wreathed round his countenance,

As tho' in sleep some gentle thought were near,
Or radiant dream were nestling on his heart.
His form was such as Phidias would have loved
To etch in marble for immortal fame.

. . . . . .

Sad vision this to meet a mother's eye—
A son too much beloved, cold in death!
Thus bursts she forth in melancholy strain:

"O bitter scene, and strange
Mysterious coldness on a brow so fair!
Had stern disease but placed his signet there,
I could have feared thy change.

"And when thy end was nigh,
I could have watched thy dying moments number,
And laid thy beauty in its dreamless slumber
With scarce a heaving sigh—

"And in the early spring,
I could have come amid my loneliest hours
To wreathe thy grave with thy beloved flowers
In their first blossoming.

"All this I could have borne;
And when at dewy morn, or shut of day,
I knelt beside thy lonely grave to pray,
My heart had ceased to mourn.

"But by a brother's hand
Thy young existence in its opening spring
Is crushed to earth, and plumed thy spirit's wing
To seek the spirit land.

"And when I think of thee,
Although my faith shall see thee richly blest,
Thought of thy brother's sin shall cause my breast
To thrill with agony.

. . . . . .

Night closed, and left the mother with her dead—
The first sad trophy of that mortal sin
That since has thickly strewn our world with graves."

Mr. Eaton, when the poetic mood was upon him, seemed always at his best in descriptive passages, especially when scenes and objects of nature were the subject. Here, for example, is a selection from a poem which he committed to print when in his second year in college. The subject is the peculiar features and changes of the seasons, with accompanying reflections:

. . . . "The Spring with all her smiles
Has passed away, bedecked with roses sweet
And charmed with notes of heaven's aerial choir—
Gone, gone in the midst of all its lovliness.
The Summer, too, with all its sunny skies
And gorgeous drapery of sun-tinged clouds,
Like wings of seraphs coursing through the air,
Has gone, gone with its fruits and with its flowers,
Its warbling groves and all its glittering wreaths;
Gone with its shady walks and moss-clad grots,
Inspired by deep devotion's magic spell,
Or rendered sacred by affection's tie.
And Autumn, too, like matron in her prime,
Enriched with solid gifts, but with a tinge
Of care upon her brow, has passed away—
Autumn, the image of our fading joys,
Yet of our brightening hopes, has passed away
To silence and the land of mortal dreams.

"The year has flown, and with it too have gone
Rich freights of human hopes and golden joys,
Swept 'neath the tempest on life's troubled sea.
Young hearts that erst were light as angel's thoughts,
And leaped rejoicing as the balmy breeze
That sweeps from ocean's isle, are cold and still.
The fair young girl, with brow as pure as snow
That gleams on Iceland's polar hills, is now
The lone companion of the hall of death.
He who had bowed at beauty's shrine, and drunk
The sweetness of love's deeply witching words,

Till, like a harp attuned by seraph's touch,
It breathed forth heaven's etherial minstrelsy,
Is now at rest beneath the springing vale."

Dr. Eaton was often very happy in the composition of Hymns for special occasions in connection with his church. A considerable number of these were written and used from time to time. The hymn following, sung at the Dedication of the new Church at Franklin, in 1869, is a fair sample of his skill and ability in this species of lyrical production :

I.

Oh Lord of Hosts ! Eternal King,
Our earnest tribute here we bring
To thy most worthy praise ;
Oh send thy Holy spirit down,
The fulness of thy work to crown,
As we our voices raise.

II.

Though in the high and holy place,
Beyond the utmost bounds of space,
Thou hast thy blest abode,
Yet here, on earth, thou dwellest too,
In love and mercy ever new,
A covenant-keeping God.

III.

And so, this temple made with hands,
The fruit of prayer and effort stands,
Through sovereign mercy free ;
And now our humble offering,
With glad and earnest hearts we bring,
To dedicate to Thee.

IV.

Accept the gift, and here abide,
And o'er our worship still preside
Till worship here is o'er,

And our unwearied feet shall tread
The everlasting hills of God,
To worship evermore !

V.

Here may thy people still be fed,
And humble souls to Christ be led,
For life and health and peace ;
And here on earth we'll give thee praise,
And loftier notes in heaven we'll raise
To thy victorious grace.

A sweet little poem is the following, entitled

LINES ACCOMPANYING A DRAWING.

I.

Gaily those little birds,
Upon the fountain's brink,
Are warbling forth their honeyed words
While bending down to drink.

II.

Life seems a pleasant dream,
Nor care, nor grief they know,
While gazing in the limpid stream,
Or list'ning to its flow.

III.

Thus, may your heart be light,
And golden all your hours--
Thus, may your path be always bright,
And strewn with sweetest flowers.

IV.

And when this life is o'er
And earthly fountains cease,
May you find rest, and thirst no more,
In the sweet realms of peace.

FRANKLIN, March 18th, 1854.

In the summer of 1884, at the close of the first ten years in the history of the famous Chautauqua enterprise, an appropriate celebration was held on the grounds, and the following song, written by Dr. Eaton, was sung to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne.*

THE DECADE SONG.

We join to-day, a sacred band,
In prayer and sweet acclaim,
To celebrate our first decade
Of work in Jesus' name.
Ten years have passed since first the groves
Their whispers welcome brought;
And all their months, in joy or grief,
Have shown what God hath wrought.

Chorus:—Our first decade in joy we sing,
With thanks for mercies given,
And breathe a prayer for all our band,
In hope of rest in heaven.

Few of our band are gathered here
To join in song to-day.
The field is large—the harvest ripe,
And some are far away;
And some with gather'd sheaves have passed
Up to the throne above,
Where kings and priests anointed stand,
Before the God of love.

Then with a heart of faith and trust,
We join anew to-day,
In consecration to the work,
As we together pray:
That richer sheaves may crown our toil
As evening shadows fall,
And we at last at Jesus' feet
May crown him Lord of all.

CHAPTER VI.

PASTORAL LIFE.

The preparatory work was completed. Samuel John Mills Eaton, the inheritor of a name, both Christian and patronymic, that was in itself a stimulus to high endeavor, had finished the prescribed course of literary and theological study in Academy, College and Seminary, and had been duly commissioned by the proper authority in his church to preach the Gospel. It would have been well if he could have taken a period of rest, after the long stretch of seven or eight years of study, in order that his tired brain and worn body might become thoroughly recuperated. He often spoke of this in his later life, and said if he could only have had a year's rest, before entering upon pastoral work, he would have been stronger, and more firm in health, and able to bear up under the burdens that came upon him.

But at the time he seemed to have had no such thought. Indeed, as we have seen, he had been impatient to reach the end of his course of preparation ; and, like his Master, who would never spare himself, but "must be about His Father's business;" so he was eager to enter upon the work that was set before him to do.

After his licensure, he was at his old home for a little time, and only now and then. There were empty pulpits to be supplied; and he was always ready to obey the call, "Go preach the preaching that I bid thee." Like Moses he might be diffident—self-distrustful,—but he was not a coward like Jonah. When the summons came he went forth in the strength that Christ gives to all who, with willing hearts, devote themselves to His service.

During the spring and early summer he supplied, whenever called upon, churches in the Presbytery that were without regular pastors—often going long distances on horseback, and submitting to the various trials and privations that usually fall to the lot of the frontier missionary. But he was at home for a time early in July; for on the 11th of that month he makes this record in his Journal: "Left home in company "with mother and Mrs. P. for Mansfield, Ohio, to "visit sister Elizabeth" (the wife of Rev. J. W. Dickey). He had a "very pleasant visit," as he says, of two weeks. July 27th he writes: "Reached "home this evening from Mansfield. Next week I go "to Franklin."

He had preached in Franklin for the first time in April preceding; and after filling a number of appointments in the small churches that had sprung up in the midst of the sparse settlements of Western Pennsylvania, and making the visit home already spoken of, he returned to that town on an invitation to act as a "stated supply" of the church there. Under date of August 5th, he makes this entry in his Pri-

vate Journal—a little volume that his busy pen now seldom visits: "This evening arrived in Franklin. . . . . "I have now consented to supply the "churches of Franklin and Mount Pleasant until the "first of January—the two-thirds of my time here, "the balance in Mount Pleasant."—And thus he was launched into that which was to be his life-work; for Franklin was to be thereafter his home, and the church of Franklin to be centre of his affections and of his labors in the Gospel for nearly thirty-four years.

He was at this time in his 29th year. He did not consider himself in robust health, though he had great power of endurance, and was able to accomplish an immense amount of labor in the ministry. In person he was rather above the medium height, and well developed physically—with a large head and strongly marked features. His countenance was kind and benevolent, but with a cast of deep thought and earnestness. He had mild blue, or bluish-gray eyes, hair a dark brown, becoming somewhat silvered before he was sixty. He wore a full beard during most of his later life, but without a moustache. His voice was flexible, strong and deep, with a tone of solemnity and pathos in it. In his attitude as a speaker he was not inclined to stand erect, assuming a careless and easy posture, and was often energetic in his gestures. His diffidence gave him a rather deprecating or embarrassed manner.

Such was the man who, on the first Sunday in August, 1848, stood before the small congregation of

the church of Franklin—soon to become their pastor, helper, and friend for almost the full period of his remaining years.

The town was at that time an unpretending little one of less than a thousand inhabitants; but it was the county seat of Venango county, and noted for the number of prominent men whom it had produced, or nurtured into distinction in the State and Nation. Built on the right bank of French Creek, at the point of its junction with the Allegheny River, it was a place of considerable local importance. And it had a history reaching back into the times before the Revolution—a history glorified by the presence of the youthful Washington as commissioner to treat with the French authorities, who had occupied this point as one of their "coigns of vantage" in the chain of forts they were constructing from the Lakes to the Gulf. This early history Dr. Eaton treated of in his later years somewhat at length, in his own pleasant style, and with pains-taking accuracy;* and there was romance enough about it to quicken and delight his imagination.

The church of Franklin was organized in 1817. It was re-organized in 1821, and at that time had but nine members. The Rev. Thomas Anderson was ordained and installed as the first pastor of the church, September 19th, 1826; and at about the same time the church was transferred from the Presbytery of Alle-

*CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE, a sketch of the History of Venango County. Also the article Venango County in Dr. Egle's History of Pennsylvania.

gheny to that of Erie. Mr. Anderson remained with the church for eleven years. After his release, in 1837, the pastorate was vacant for nearly three years. But on the 12th of June, 1840, the Rev. Cyrus Dickson, who afterwards became distinguished as an eloquent and successful preacher, and especially as the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, was ordained and installed as pastor of the church. He resigned in March, 1848, and five months afterwards Mr. Eaton became a "stated supply;" and on the 7th of February, 1849, was ordained and installed pastor of the church, in connection with that at Mount Pleasant, already mentioned—two-thirds of his time being given to Franklin.

Mount Pleasant was a country charge, and the members few and scattered. It required a ride of ten miles to reach the meeting-house, and over roads always bad excepting for a time in the summer. The young minister was rather discouraged at first in regard to this portion of his work; for during a considerable period, when there had been no regular preaching in the church, many of the people had been drawn away to a Methodist connection—the result of a camp-meeting effort in the neighborhood. "Nearly one-"half of my usual congregation," he writes, "has "been enticed away."

He had come into Franklin with but few of his books, and he soon found the need of them; so, as St. Paul, when at Rome, wrote to his "son Timothy" to "bring with" him when he came "the books, but especially the parchments," we find Mr. Eaton writing

back to his brother at the old home: "I miss my "books sadly—have nothing even by way of reference. "When Mr. Cornyn" (the clergyman in Girard) "comes out here, I must get him to bring me some of "them. By the way, I wish you would put my large "trunk in trim by the time he comes. It needs some "repairing. I will give you a list of the books I "would like: *Dick's Theology*, two volumes; *Hal-"dane on Romans; Barnes on Hebrews; Dick on "Acts; Eastburne on Philippians;* the 5th and 6th "volumes of *The Comprehensive Commentary; Greek "Testament; Offices of Christ; Reformed Pastor; "Confession of Faith*, and *Junkin on the Prophecies.* "These will be as many books, perhaps more than he "will like to bring.—What things are in the trunk "send with it, including the portfolio, &c." This last item seems like St. Paul's "especially the parchments."

He thus explains how he came to leave behind these necessary tools of the ministerial workman: "I was "in such a hurry and confusion when I left that I "forgot all about these things; for I did not feel very "light-hearted. In fact I felt something like Jonah "when he was commanded to preach against Nineveh. "I felt almost disposed to 'flee to Tarshish.' But "with the promise to Moses, beaming almost as "brightly as the pillar of fire, '*My presence will go "with thee and I will give thee rest,*' I came on, and "hope it may not be in vain that I have come. It is "vain to work against the designs of Providence, and "I hope Providence has sent me here."

He was again like St. Paul in his wants; for as the great Apostle directed Timothy to "bring with him the cloak" that he had "left at Troas with Carpus," so the young Franklin pastor says, in the letter already quoted: "It will be a good opportunity to *send my* "*cloak*, although I shall not need it for some time "yet."

In those slow days, when steam cars and telegraphs were unknown—at least in Western Pennsylvania—it took a long time for the young minister to get the things he greatly needed sent to him. More than a month after he had asked his "Timothy" (his brother Isaac) to send him the "cloak" and the "books" and the "portfolio," he was still without those necessary articles; and in a second letter he says: "I am labor-"ing under great disadvantage for want of my books; "but it is so very inconvenient getting anything "brought here, that I must, for the present at least, "make a few of them answer my purpose. Be partic-"ular, in packing the trunk, to have it full, and well "protected with papers, for Mr. Cornyn will *shake it* "*to its very centre* before he gets here." We are not to suppose that this anticipated terrible shaking would be through the careless or Jehu-like driving of the clerical Mr. Cornyn; but the remark gives us a very strong hint of the kind of roads over which he was to pass.

But at length the trunk with its precious contents arrived. His saddle-horse, which had been in trouble from too much untimely oats on one occasion, had recovered the free use of his limbs. The winter was

setting in, and the young pastor had settled down to steady work, and was able to say in his Journal, "I "think I begin to feel more the spirit of preaching— "less fear of man, and more of a desire to glorify God "in the conversion of souls."

The churches which Mr. Eaton was serving as their "stated supply" had, after a few months, become so "well satisfied with his ministerial qualifications," both with his ability as a preacher and his fidelity as a pastor, that a call was put into his hands, early in the year 1849, to become the pastor of the united congregations of Franklin and Mount Pleasant. At a *pro re nata* meeting of the Presbytery of Erie, held in the Franklin Church on the 7th of February, 1849, he was duly ordained and installed. He preached a sermon, as part of trial for ordination, from 1 John 3 : 9 —"*Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.*"

In the services of the ordination and installation, the Rev. Joseph T. Smith, of Mercer, now pastor of the Central Church, Baltimore, preached the sermon, from 1 Cor. 1: 23—"*We preach Christ crucified.*" The Rev. Robert Glenn delivered the charge to the Pastor; and the Rev. James Coulter presided, offered the ordination prayer, and delivered the charge to the people. The services were to the young minister no mere ceremony. He was deeply moved, and his consecration to the great work upon which he had fully entered was complete. "In God's name I determined," he says in his Journal, after the completion of

the great transaction, "not to know anything among "them (the people of his charge) save Jesus Christ "and Him crucified. May God smile upon the union "and give me souls."

In a letter to one of his brothers, a few days after his installation, in speaking of the permanent settlement of one of his clerical friends, a near relative, over the church to which he had been called, he expresses his own views of the tenure of the pastoral office: "I look upon the pastoral relation," he says, "as "something sacred—by far too much so to be dis- "solved upon light grounds. In relation to Franklin, "I must now consider it as my home; for I think "duty called me here; and as duty demands my stay, "I shall be content to live and die among this people

He at once entered earnestly into the work. It was not only his nature to do thoroughly whatever his hands found to do; but there was an additional stimulus in this case. His immediate predecessor, the Rev. Cyrus Dickson, was no ordinary man. He had the energy of a Paul, and, when at his best, the eloquence of an Apollos. For eight years, from 1840 to 1848, he served the Franklin Church with great zeal and corresponding success. He was not only a great preacher, but a most lovable man. His social qualities were of the first order, and he was always welcome as a visitor in the homes of his parishioners. It was with great reluctance that his congregation consented to give him up when he asked to be released to take charge of the Second Church of Wheeling, Virginia, (now West Virginia), to which he had received a call.

It was hard to follow a man of a character so high both as preacher and pastor, and so greatly beloved. But it seemed to put the new pastor on his mettle—and he was not found wanting. Of fine scholarship, a faithful student of the Bible, a man of prayer, earnest, conscientious, pure in life, never sparing himself when duty called to action, with unwavering faith in God, he went straight forward; and the people soon acknowledged that they had found in Mills Eaton a worthy successor to Cyrus Dickson.

It was a small church, yet not a few of its members were faithful, ready to stand by their new minister in all his work and labor of love. As usual, the godly women were the reliable element in the church; and though they might not "lead in prayer" (Presbyterian usage forbidding), yet if they had been absent from the prayer-meeting there would have been a "beggarly account of empty benches." But whoever were present in the little meeting, or absent from it, the minister was always there; and he never came without a goodly supply of the "well-beaten oil of the sanctuary" with which to feed the flame of devotion and Christian love.

What Dr. Eaton said in his "Memorial" of Dr. Dickson in the early years of the Franklin pastorate of the latter, may be taken as fairly descriptive in a general way of the condition of things in the early as well as the later period of his own ministry in the same church.

"The church grew slowly during the first years of his pastorate in the quiet little town. During the entire work, however, there was the gradual healthy increase that makes the pastor's heart glad. Sometimes the young came to him inquiring the way of salvation. Sometimes the strong man or woman came to confess Christ and take up the duties of the Christian life; sometimes the aged at the eleventh hour came acknowledging the Redeemer of sinners, and testifying to His love and faithfulness. And the records of the church show that, with an occasional season of revival, the additions were regular and constant, showing a healthy condition of the church, an encouraging feeling in the congregation, and testifying to the impression that was making in the small church of Franklin."

Mr. Eaton's first visit to his old home, after taking charge of the Franklin Church, was in the June following. We can imagine how greatly he would have enjoyed it, in the midst of all the brightness and beauty of the early summer, had the occasion not been a very sad one, namely, the very dangerous illness of his dear mother. She lingered for many days between life and death, and was watched over and cared for by him with the most tender solicitude. "We had no "hope of her recovery," he notes in his Journal after returning to Franklin. "But God was good. Her "mind was calm—her faith fixed on God. She could "say, 'Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.'" She lived for many years after this, in a good degree of health, and with her faculties unimpaired, to the great comfort of her son and all the other members of

her numerous family; and died, in 1872, at the good old age of 92 years.

In Dr. Eaton's story of "Lakeside," in which he sets forth very pleasantly, in the garb of fiction, the home life of his father and mother, he gives a brief sketch of the mistress of the country parsonage, which seems to find a fitting place here:

"When she came to Lakeside she was slender in person and gracefully formed, with soft blue eyes, a wealth of brown hair, and a soft, musical voice. She was kind and gentle in her manner, and fitted by nature and grace to adorn any station in life. She brought up her children carefully, and followed them always with her prayers and earnest anxieties, until she saw them all gathered into the visible Church.

"Not only did the heart of her husband safely trust in her, but the entire congregation reverenced and respected her as their friend and counsellor. In sickness and trouble they always expected to see her and receive her sympathies and counsel. And often to the neglect of her own personal affairs did she engage in these missions of comfort and sympathy. Her own children never forgot her counsels and entreaties in her endeavors to lead them to Christ and the great salvation."

The time and thought that Mr. Eaton gave to the private reading of the Bible is well worth noting. We have already seen that a year before leaving College he had read it through in course six times. In the midst of his absorbing work in the Seminary he still continued the practice of the systematic reading

of the precious volume; and now, with the care and labor of two churches on his hands, he still gives many hours every week to the same delightful task. For we find him recording on the 14th of February, 1850, this: "Finished reading the Bible in course the *ninth time;*" and just two years afterwards, "Fin-
"ished reading the Bible through the tenth time in
"course."

This means for an ordinary 12mo Reference Bible nearly two pages a day, or twelve pages a week, if the reading was at a uniform rate. But at whatever rate, it was not done, we know, thoughtlessly, nor on the gallop, but deliberately, carefully and in the fear of God. Such a man, with such a memory as he had, and such a cultivated mind and heart, could not but be "mighty in the Scriptures."

While widely read in the best literature of his native tongue, and keeping abreast of the times in science and general learning, and in his acquaintance with the progress of events, political, social and religious, in his own country and the world at large, he was yet in the best sense "the man of one book," and that book the Bible.

As a rule, and unless prevented by circumstances of an imperative character, Mr. Eaton was very regular in his attendance at the various meetings of the Presbytery and Synod of his church. He was in this as in all other respects a true Presbyterian. He held that if it was right that such judicatories should exist and should hold meetings from time to time, it was the duty of the ministers and elders that constitu-

ted them to attend and bear their part in the proceedings. Whoever therefore might be absent, he seldom failed to be present to answer to his name at the opening of the session, and to perform to the best of his ability whatever duty devolved upon him.

But he was never a great talker in such bodies. He was strong in his convictions, clear-headed, sound in judgment, but never inclined to urge his opinions with undue zeal, or overbearing pertinacity—much less was he given to quibbling, or raising fine points, as the manner of some is, in the course of a discussion. He was calm and thoughtful, watching the progress of any question that might be occupying the attention of the body; and when the time came, he was ready to express his opinion deliberately and earnestly; and when he did so it usually carried weight. His fairness, his fidelity, his calmness, his dignity, his knowledge of parliamentary and Presbyterian law, soon made him a leading man both in Presbyterial and Synodical meetings; and for the greater part of his ministerial career he was the Stated Clerk of the Presbytery, and for nine years of the Synod, to which he belonged. How well he performed the duties of these responsible offices, and with what satisfaction to his fellow Presbyters, will appear more at length in another place.

The first meeting of Synod which he attended after becoming Pastor of the Franklin and Mount Pleasant Churches, was held at Beaver, Pa., in the latter part of October, 1849. Although both duty and inclination led him to go, the fact that it was not far from

the home of his old friend, the Rev. Cyrus Dickson, his predecessor at Franklin, whom he could thus have the opportunity of visiting, made the duty a still more pleasant one.

He was fond of letter-writing, and always wrote delightfully and with an easy and graceful pen. After his return from the meeting of the Synod at this time, he rattled off a hasty letter to his home keeping brother Isaac, from which a brief extract is given below:

"October 29th, 1849.—I have just returned from "Synod—tired, sore, sleepy and stupid. I most hear- "tily eschew stage travelling; but when it assumes the "form of a miserable old wagon drawn over rocks and "gulfs and stumps, it is past endurance. We had a "pleasant meeting of Synod; but we had to go over "rather too much of Beaver County to find lodgings. "This last infliction of course would fall most heavily "upon 'young men without families.'

"The Synod met on Wednesday. I remained un- "til Saturday noon, when I took a boat and went "down to Wheeling to see Mr. Dickson, my 'illus- "trious predecessor.' He is doing very well there. "They have a fine church almost completed. The "night I got to Wheeling I was almost sure I was "taking the cholera." [That direful disease was then prevalent in the country.] "Indeed I believe a fit- "ter subject never entered into the city. I remained "in Wheeling until Wednesday morning. But the "river had fallen so low that I was obliged to return "by stage through Washington, Canonsburg, &c. The "meeting of Synod was peculiarly pleasant to me, as

"it afforded me the opportunity of seeing so many "of my old fellow students."

Things passed on quietly in Franklin during the winter and spring of 1850. He occupied the house of Hon. John W. Howe (his future father-in law), who was absent with his family in Washington, attending upon his duties as member of Congress from the Venango District. He kindly offered Mr. Eaton the use of two rooms, or as many more as he desired. It was a large and elegant house for that day, with a beautiful flower garden in the rear, and a large yard surrounding it, in which stood many shade trees. It was really a delightful place, and here Mr. Eaton lived like a prince so far as lodgings were concerned, but like an ordinary mortal in taking his meals in a common boarding house across the street.

In July of this year he was seized with a violent attack of dysentery, and brought very near to the grave. But the disease was stayed, and he began slowly to come back again to life. "The Lord spared "me," he writes devoutly; "and doubtless he has "other work for me to perform. I would like to be "more faithful in the future. But without grace from "on high I shall not be able to do my part in the "great vineyard."

Many persons, who had become greatly attached to Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, were deeply concerned for him during his dangerous illness, and rejoiced in his happy recovery. But there was one in particular, who felt a deeper interest in the oracular utterances from day to day of the attending physician, than any other of his

many friends, unless it might be his mother. Who it was that felt this deeper interest in the preservation of his precious life, is revealed to us in the following note, appearing in Mr. Eaton's Private Journal only three months after his recovery: "Nov. 5, 1850. "This morning was married to Miss Clara T. Howe. "The future looks all golden. With God's blessing I "shall be happy—I *know* I shall."

Thus the most momentous thing that can come into the life of a true man, be he minister or layman, his marriage with a noble-hearted Christian woman, had come into the life of the young Franklin pastor. He lived and labored for nearly forty years after that bright 5th of November, 1850, when

> "The solemn vows were spoken
> That never could be broken;"

but he never saw the day when he did else than rejoice that he had received from the Lord as a wife one "whose price was far above rubies."

He became acquainted with Miss Howe in 1842, while he was a student in the Erie Academy, and she attending the Young Ladies' Seminary in the same town. It was kept by the Rev. Mr. Fuller and his wife in what had formerly been the "United States Hotel"—a large brick building on the bank of the Lake, near the foot of French street. Although an excellent school, the town was not large enough at that time to support it. It was therefore closed in the autumn of 1844, after an existence of two years. Meantime Mr. Eaton had become a student of Jefferson College, and she who, years afterwards, was to become

his wife, went to Troy Female Seminary to complete her education. They were thus separated, and did not meet again till the young minister took up his residence in Franklin as pastor of the Presbyterian Church there. The acquaintance was renewed, and soon ripened into an attachment and intimacy, resulting in their marriage, as already stated, in the fall of 1850.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Glenn, and the happy pair started immediately on their bridal tour. It was not a trip to the Eastern cities, nor to Europe, nor even to that paradise at that period of the newly married, Niagara Falls. After the wedding breakfast, they set out for Fairview, Mr. Eaton's old home, in a two horse carriage. It was a delightful and balmy Indian summer day, and the roads, though usually at their worst in November, were in excellent condition, and the jaunt over the hills and through the shady woods proved to be a delightful pleasure-trip.

Mr. Eaton was to preach and administer the communion in his home church on the following Sabbath; and so duty and pleasure were united in making this primitive wedding journey.

After their return to Franklin Mr. and Mrs. Eaton took up their residence in the house of Mr. Howe, already spoken of, where they remained two or three years. After Mr. Howe sold his house, they lived in a part of Mr. Bowman's house—occupying the same rooms that Dr. Dickson had occupied when he first

came with his bride to Franklin. Here they remained till the parsonage was built some years later.

It would be impossible, within the limits prescribed to this memoir, to follow Mr. Eaton year by year in his history as the pastor of Franklin Church. To do so would involve much of the history of the town itself; for he bore a part not only in the religious movements of the community, but also in all its educational, literary and charitable enterprises, and in whatever was undertaken for the advancement of the best interests of all the people. His character, intelligence, zeal, and self-denying labors, became part of the wealth of the town—property that could not be estimated in dollars and cents.

Moreover, the sources of information for many years after the period of his marriage are not definite. The recorded data are few. Either his letters from this time forward were less frequent, or they have not been preserved. His Private Journal also comes suddenly to an end. There is but one principal entry in it after the 5th of November, 1850, and that tells of his going as the Commissioner from his Presbytery to the meeting of the General Assembly at St. Louis in May, 1851—truly an honor and a mark of high regard for one so young in the ministry and so recently become a member of the Presbytery. It was a very formidable trip to take in those days, the route being by water—the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers—all the way from Pittsburgh. Returning he came by steamer up the Illinois River, and thence, making his way to Chicago, he took one of the magnificent Lake steam-

ers of that day to Buffalo. He then fulfilled a long-formed purpose of visiting Niagara Falls—returned by steamer to Erie, and thence to his Franklin home, having been absent from his people for four Sabbaths.

More than ordinary success attended Mr. Eaton's labors in his small church. Beginning with a membership of seventy-one, in 1848, he left it, in 1882, with over three hundred—more than seven hundred persons (including those deceased or removed) having been brought into the church during his pastorate of thirty-four years—an average of nineteen each year. The growth of course was not uniform; but his fidelity, activity, and prayerfulness were constant, and constantly bore fruit; and he could say, looking back over the history of the church in his time, that there had been but one communion occasion during his entire pastorate when there had not been some added to the church. To the very last seals were set to the faithfulness of his ministry. On the occasion of the final communion which he held in the church, after he had resigned his charge, in 1882, six young people from the Sabbath School were admitted as members of the church,—bringing gladness to his heart in the midst of the pain he felt at the severing of such tender ties.

But he did not ignore or condemn special efforts for the arousing of the church. He knew that the people, church members and all, would grow cold and indifferent towards the preaching of the word from Sabbath to Sabbath, however faithfully the message might be presented. So he watched for periods of unusual interest in the church, and, with the assistance at times

of his neighboring brethren in the ministry, held special and continued services at several different periods. Many were thus awakened and brought to Christ—on one such occasion, in 1867, over one hundred were added to the church.

In the earlier period of his ministry, Mr. Eaton was accustomed to write his sermons and commit them to memory. In later years he would write and read his morning discourse, but in the evening would generally preach without notes. His pulpit labors were always strongly reinforced by personal work among his flock. After devoting the forenoon uniformly to study, and supplementing this with an hour or two after dinner (which was always promptly at noon), he would spend the remainder of the day till tea-time calling on his parishioners. And this was not now and then, or spasmodically, but *every day*, unless prevented by special circumstances. The sick and the infirm he visited most faithfully. His evenings he passed at home; for he fondly loved his home and his wife, and delighted in the quiet pleasures of the domestic fireside. He was also a very kindly host; and nothing pleased him and his wife more than to receive their friends, and especially the young people of the congregation, in their own house, and to entertain them at their table.

The social side of Mr. Eaton's character was—if one may be allowed to say so—all around him. He was most approachable at all times, and his geniality and warmth radiated out to all who came near him. This arose from his intrinsic kindness of heart and

disposition, made sunny and sweet by the graces of the Divine Spirit. He was, without qualification, a true Christian gentleman. He had dignity without pride or pretence, condescension without affectation, kindliness without seeming officious. One never thought his pleasant words were born on the lips, or that his genial smile was the silver edge to a sneer.

He was genuine through and through; and for a man with positive convictions which he was not afraid boldly to express on all proper occasions, it seems impossible—and yet it is true—that he made no enemies, and sowed no seeds that grew to weeds of bitterness. Sensitive to a fault himself, and often suffering keenly from the inadvertent remarks or thoughtless acts of others, he never retaliated, and never allowed the barbed arrow to rankle in his heart. He plucked it forth with whatever pain, and soon the wound was healed and the scar forgotten.

On the subject of the social side of his character, a gentleman who knew him intimately for forty years has kindly furnished to the writer the following well drawn estimate of him:

"He was the most accessible of men. His pastoral duties, however absorbing and burdensome they might be, did not prevent him from frequently visiting the members of his congregation. His social intercourse was not, however, confined to the membership of his own congregation. He was the friend of all around him, irrespective of creed or station in life. His genial presence in many a home; his words of sympathy and comfort to those in affliction or distress; his unas-

suming ways and innate kindness, left the impression upon all who knew him that he was a friend as well as a pastor.

"These loving characteristics will keep his name a 'household word' long after the remembrance of his purely intellectual qualities is dimmed or lost altogether. As a man of great and varied learning, he was esteemed; as a sympathetic counsellor and friend, he was loved."

He took great interest in the young people of the church. He never failed to be present in the Sunday school, and taught the Bible Class. At the Wednesday evening meeting, he lectured upon a portion of the Scriptures, taking the Bible in course; and the portion thus presented was the lesson for the school the next Sabbath. This was before the International Sunday School Lessons came into use. He went through the entire Bible in this way, and it took twelve years and six months to complete the course.

His whole heart was in his church work. It has been said of him that "he loved his people almost to idolatry;" and his choir was to him as the very apple of his eye. He was never suspicious of any one, and it was very hard to make him believe evil of one who had been his friend.

He was fond of company; and although he could not be called a great talker, he was by no means a silent man. He was genial and full of information—had good ideas and expressed himself fluently and easily. He was naturally diffident, and had a mannerism of voice and bearing that was not always

agreeable to strangers. But all this disappeared on closer acquaintance. Nor did he confine his goodness of heart and deed to the members of his own congregation. The whole town knew him, and the whole town loved him.

He had great self-control. If he had a "temper," he never let it show itself in action or speech, at home or elsewhere. He was always cheerful, kind, and thoughtful for others. He was touched by any kindness to himself. Once, after two of his congregation had been in to see him, he seemed greatly affected, even to tears. When asked what they had been saying or doing, when he could speak he said they had given him money to take a vacation.

The salary paid him during the first few years of his ministry was very inadequate, but $500 a year. But he was able with his wife, by great economy, to subsist on this meagre sum. But his health had become impaired, and his eyes much affected; and these reasons, added to the consideration of his insufficient salary, induced him, at the close of the year 1856, to tender his resignation as pastor of the church. His people were very reluctant to unite with him in asking a dissolution of the pastoral relation; but they did not feel able at that time to increase his salary. They therefore, at a congregational meeting, deploring the causes which compelled a separation with their beloved pastor, adopted the following Resolution: "That this congregation grant the request of Mr. Eaton, and unite with him in asking Presbytery to dissolve the happy connection which has for more than

eight years existed between us." The Presbytery at its next meeting granted the request.

But Mr. Eaton continued to preach in the church during the winter, and the next summer took a trip into the "far west," as it then was—the Minneapolis region. The journey proved very beneficial to his health, and especially to his eyes, which he feared were giving out. While there, he was invited to take charge of a church at St. Anthony's Falls, now a part of Minneapolis. But he declined the call and returned to Franklin. He found his attachment to the church and the work was too strong to be easily thrown aside. At a meeting of the congregation held in January, 1858, he was invited to again take charge of the church, and he agreed to remain as stated supply on the condition that the congregation would erect a suitable parsonage during the year, and subsequently increase his salary. This was agreed to and the parsonage was built. Mr. Eaton had the privilege of planning the house to suit himself and his wife, and it was made exactly to their liking. It was very convenient in all its appointments and arrangements, and was to the faithful pastor and his wife, for a quarter of a century, a veritable "little Paradise."

Mr. Eaton was subject at times to attacks of severe nervous headache, but in spite of these afflictions he never flinched from duty, nor failed to keep his appointments. In the earlier part of his ministry he indulged in no vacations, but worked on for years night and day, and by the time the mid-summer heats would come he would simply be obliged to take to his bed

for a time. In later years, however, through his own sense of duty to himself and his church, and at the urgent advice of friends, he would seek rest and recreation away from home—by the seaside, or in the mountains, or at ever delightful Chautauqua; and thereafter he escaped the severe illness that, in previous years, had usually come upon him.

MOUNT PLEASANT CHURCH.

In 1855 Mr. Eaton had become strongly impressed with the thought that he must give up his church in the country. The distance of the Mount Pleasant charge from Franklin, the bad condition of the roads during most of the year, and the laborious character of the work itself in a sparse settlement, all conspired to bring him to the conclusion that he must ask to be relieved from the care of that church. There were many things in connection with the charge that made him reluctant to surrender it. He was attached to the people. They were kind to him and evidently were well pleased with his ministrations; and considerable success had attended his labors. But the church of Franklin was constantly growing in numbers and importance, and was sufficient for the careful oversight —*the bishoping*—of one man, and he felt that he could accomplish more good by concentrating his thoughts and energies upon the one work. The Presbytery therefore at his request released him from the care of Mount Pleasant.

But the six years he spent there, although giving but one-third of his time to the work, were not spent

in vain, and he is still remembered with great affection and esteem by the older people in the church. Some reminiscences of his ministry among them have been pleasantly recalled by a lady who was one of the "young people" in that early time, and she has kindly communicated them to the writer. "I can truly say," she writes, "that whatever is necessary to make a faithful, godly minister was exemplified in Mr. Eaton's daily life; and years after, when he occasionally came among us, it was only necessary to announce that he was going to preach for us to insure a larger audience. Both old and young would come to see and hear the pastor we all loved and honored so much.

"To me his sermons were always full of the very marrow of the Gospel. He always aimed to bring his hearers 'very near to the Master'—as he once said to me when we talked together after one of his inimitably precious sermons. How well I remember his first sermon preached at Mt. Pleasant forty years ago, from the text, '*For as by one man's disobedience,*' *&c.* Rom. 5:19.

"In his preaching he was never aggressive, but always striving for 'the things that make for peace.' So far did he succeed in this that persons of all denominations esteemed and honored him. There was a steady ingathering into the church during the period of his ministry. Of all that were connected with it at that time but five remain. He remarked on one occasion that all his old congregation were 'out in the church-yard.'

"One thing must not be forgotten—his perfectly blameless life. There was no neglected duty. No foolish jest ever passed his lips; and especially did he dislike jesting on sacred subjects. Although grave, he was most fascinating in conversation."

The following pleasant incidents in Dr. Eaton's Mount Pleasant experience are furnished by the same hand:

"Even at that time (1849) there were some of the old-fashioned log houses with but one room; and sometimes our good pastor must accommodate himself to circumstances not the most pleasant. He was of course expected to visit all his people without distinction, and then as now some would be offended if not visited. In one of these families there were a number of sons and daughters, some of them nearly grown up; and if our good minister found it embarrassing to *retire* to the bed pointed out to him as his place of repose, it was a much more delicate matter to make his toilet in the morning, in the presence of the family—especially of the young ladies, to whom no amount of yawning and fussing suggested the fact that Mr. E. would like to rise and they had better leave the room for a few minutes. But as the breakfast was nearly prepared—table spread not far from the bed—he saw no other way but to turn out, a rather difficult thing for a modest young man like Mr. Eaton. But the amusing part was yet to come. After donning his garments, a tin cup of water was given him, with a motion of the hand to a stump out in the door yard,

on which was a wash-basin which had been used by the whole family.

"I will relate another incident which will serve to show the stuff our minister was made of. Late one Saturday evening, as Mr. Eaton was wending his way towards Mt. Pleasant, where he was to preach on the Sabbath, as he rode along, by mistake he took a road that led him into a wood-chopping, where timber was cut down and made into charcoal for a furnace near by. Well, Mr. Eaton got in but he couldn't get out. While investigating the situation he observed a light not far off and concluded to call for help, which he did without success. But after another call, which he said was a 'regular Indian whoop,' a man came to his relief and very kindly took him to his own home—another 'one-roomed' house. A few moments after entering he was asked if he had had the measles; for there in that one room lay six children sick with the measles. I suppose he had already experienced that malady, for he remained.

"After supper his host inquired if he would like to retire. Mr. E. was willing, but told him that it was his custom to have prayers before retiring for the night. The man thereupon very willingly produced a Bible from the shelf, and the minister, after reading a chapter knelt with the family, and commended them and himself to the care of their Heavenly Father—perhaps the only prayer ever offered in that house. Arrangements were then made for a bed by bringing bedclothes down a ladder from a loft above; and there on the floor a bed was made for him, on which he rested

his tired frame till the morning, when, after breakfast, he hastened on to fill his appointment."

Dr. Eaton held a communion service in Mount Pleasant Church in October, 1888. There was a large attendance on the occasion. The lady who has communicated the facts and incidents given above says of this communion season: "I well remember, at the close of this last precious service held by this honored servant of God, that he requested all who had known him in the long ago to come forward that he might take them by the hand, although he might not remember them personally. Many presented themselves, some of whom must have been little children in the years when he was pastor of the church. Yet it did them good, so cordial was his greeting to them; and how honored I felt to have him for our guest during this last visit."

CHAPTER VII.

PASTORAL LIFE—Continued.

In 1861 Mr. Eaton was again a Commissioner to the General Assembly. This was the Assembly at which the Resolutions, offered by Dr. Spring, in support of the Government in its contest with armed rebellion, were adopted—resolutions which created intense interest throughout the Church. He stood firmly with those who gave their influence and votes for the Government in this crisis in its history.

Subsequently he gave the same loyal and unwavering support to the cause of his country, whenever a fitting opportunity was offered. In 1864 he volunteered his services in the "Christian Commission," which at that time was rendering an immense service to the soldiers in the hospital and on the field. Although the actual time that he spent in this service was not long, yet it was such an episode in his life as a pastor, and afforded such experience in dealing with men in their time of greatest need and suffering, as seems to deserve to be treated by itself, and is therefore reserved for a short chapter further on.

No small part of Dr. Eaton's valuable service to the people of Franklin was that rendered in his character as a teacher of the Classics, and of the higher branches of an English education. In the earlier days of his

residence in the town the schools were not what they now are; and it was a great benefit to the ingenuous youths and maidens of the place to find a scholarly gentleman like Dr. Eaton not only willing to direct them in their studies, but abundantly competent to become their teacher, and their guide along the paths of polite learning. It was of course at much sacrifice of valuable time that he could render this service to his young friends; yet he did it heartily, and evidently took pleasure in the work. A lady, one of his pupils of those early days, has been kind enough to give a sketch of Dr. Eaton's valuable service as a teacher—written in a style that still shows plainly enough the effect of the careful culture then received. The sketch is copied below:

"It was my privilege to have Dr. Eaton as a teacher of the higher branches of education, which were not then generally taught in the schools of Franklin.

"His desire to be helpful in every way to those under his pastoral charge, led him to place his own scholarly attainments at the service of those whom they might benefit, notwithstanding his delicate health, and fully occupied time. The number of his pupils seemed not to enter into his account. There were only two of us at first. In a few weeks or months one and another applied for a place under his care; and looking back, half a score or more rise before my mind who were for a longer or shorter time his pupils. All these owned in after years their indebtedness to the good Doctor for culture and development of the highest faculties of mind and heart.

"Scholarly himself, he set a high value on learning and literature; and he had the faculty of making them attractive to those with whom he came in contact, and imbuing his pupils with something of his own enthusiasm for high attainments in letters.

"In his nature refined, in his aims pure and noble, his influence was elevating; and they who cared only for advancement in letters and philosophy, received from him a higher gift unconsciously.

"As a teacher he was thorough, and maintained a high standard for the pupil's attainment. Yet he was patient and willing to explain difficulties until all was clear. His evident satisfaction in a good rendering of a passage in the classics, or a clearly stated solution of a difficult problem in mathematics, was a full reward for the effort made in the preparation of the lesson.

"Dr. Dickson, when visiting Franklin, probably at the time of the dedication of the Presbyterian church, spoke to me very impressively of Dr. Eaton's good work for the young people of this place to whom he had been an instructor. Praising, in his charming way, the intelligence, correct judgment, and good taste of those he had met—grown from childhood to young manhood and womanhood since his own departure—he attributed much to Dr. Eaton's careful work as an educator, to his superior scholarship, and to the refinement of his ideal of character. He trusted we would set a high value upon our advantages in having such a man with us.

"And, surely, if we did not always hold these in as high estimation as we ought, we learned with the coming of more thoughtful years to appreciate them; and added years only increase the feeling. Happy man! ever more loving and beloved. Blessed work! more and more beneficent and highly prized."

In the year 1866-7 it began to be thought that the plain old "meeting-house," that had served the unambitious Presbyterians of Franklin for forty years or more, had become too strait, and unmistakably appeared too mean, for a congregation that had grown so large, and—through the prosperity that had come to the town by the great development of Oil—so abundant "in this world's goods." So they resolved to build a new church; and in those "booming" days resolving was but a prelude to executing.

A Building Committee was appointed without delay; and the pastor, energetic and willing to work for the good of the church wherever placed, was made the Chairman. He kept a careful eye to all the details—the preparation of the plans and specifications, the character of the materials employed, the excellency of the work done, and the prices paid; and he was careful throughout that the workmen engaged should receive their wages promptly. Not a Saturday night passed without their receiving the money due them. If there was not money enough in the treasury on any pay-day, he would advance it from his own slender means—saying, "It is better for us to go without than for them."

The new church was at length completed—a beautiful and graceful brick edifice, with a Sunday School and conference room and a pastor's study in the rear. Before leaving the plain old house of worship, around and within which clustered so many memories, a farewell service was held within its walls on the 7th of March, 1869. The pastor preached an appropriate discourse from the text: "*One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.*" The occasion as well as the text suggested a review of the past history of the church. He spoke of his predecessors in the pastorate; then of the elders—ten in all who had served the church during its existence of fifty-two years—"five of them are upon the earth and five we hope with God." Speaking of the "passing away" of the generations of members of the church, Mr. Eaton remarked: "The administration of the three "pastors will divide the history of the church thus far "into three periods. In the first, Mr. Anderson at his "coming found 32 members in the church. Of these "but two are now in the church and six now living. "The second pastor, Dr. Dickson, found at his "coming 42 members in the church, of whom "twelve are now living, but only eight at "present in membership in the church. The third "period is under the present pastor. He found at his "coming a membership of 71, of whom thirty-five "are now living, but only eighteen in present mem-"bership."

The good pastor never let an opportunity pass without speaking a good word of the choir—which "dur-

ing all these years," he said, "has been worthy of all "praise, and an especial feature of the church, and the "subject of frequent compliment from strangers." At that time the choir had no leader;—but, "all are "leaders and all are governors, yet they conduct their "affairs with great harmony and propriety."

The new church was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the first of April, 1869. A year passed prosperously, and still another was well on its course, when it dawned on the minds of the people of Franklin church that their pastor—church-builder and preacher and pastor and helper in every good work—might well feel the need of a period of rest and recuperation. They resolved that he should have it, and in their generosity—their sense of duty and justice rather—they gave him a vacation of five or six months and a liberal sum of money with which to assist him in making a visit to Europe and the Holy Land. It had been the desire of his life that he might sometime tread the ground his Savior had trod while on earth; and he was beyond expression grateful for the kindness of his devoted people. This was in 1871. He left home in February and returned in July following,—giving full time for a satisfactory visit to the principal cities of central and southern Europe, the land of Egypt, Greece, Turkey and Palestine. He joined himself to one of Cook's parties; and one of his personal friends* from the days of his College and Seminary life was, much to his delight, in the same company.

*Rev. Wm. F. Kean.

This trip, like the episode of his service in the Christian Commission, will be spoken of more at length in another place. He utilized every moment of his time while absent, took notes of all he saw, and wrote frequent letters for the benefit of his Franklin friends, which were published in one of the local papers.

Dr. Eaton's service as Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Erie for many years (he was elected in 1857), and also as Stated Clerk of the dissolved Synod of Erie, deserves special mention in a sketch of his ministerial career. It was not a burdensome work, especially to a man of the methodical habits and easy carefulness of Dr. Eaton. But to do the work well, attending to all the details of printing what was required, sending out notices to ministers and churches, accurately transcribing the minutes, &c., &c., required time and labor, and was just so much more added to a life of labor and care that was already full to the brim. One of his early friends,* writing of him in regard to this special service rendered to the church, says: "I only know what is known to every member of the Presbytery, and to all members of the dissolved Synod of Erie (especially the former; for he was Stated Clerk of Presbytery many years), that he was, as Stated Clerk, careful, pains-taking, accurate, attentive, and courteous to all. No one could have been found who would have excelled him—few who would have been his equal. It was an office for the work of which he was peculiarly well qualified by reason of his extensive

*Dr. John V. Reynolds, of Meadville.

and exact knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs, including laws and government, and decisions by superior judicatories; as also by reason of his industrious habits. All his brethren in the Presbytery, knowing these things, had very great confidence in his opinions and in his judgment.

"It will be no easy matter to fill his place. For to his natural and acquired qualifications in other respects he added, during the later years of his work, the advantage of a large experience."

Dr. Eaton's last work as Stated Clerk of his Presbytery was done at the meeting held in Warren in April, 1889, and in engrossing the minutes of that session. Within three months thereafter he had appeared before a higher judicatory than any on earth, and doubtless had heard the approving judgment of the Head of the Church, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In 1869 Washington and Jefferson College honored itself by bestowing on Mr. Eaton the honorary title of D. D. We may be sure the title was not sought, and was received with reluctance. Colleges have often been charged, and perhaps sometimes not unjustly, with being too liberal and easy in bestowing their favors on their sons, and even on strangers; and a member of the Board of Trustees soon discovers that one of his most useful functions is that of being the medium of bringing an obscure but worthy friend to the knowledge of his fellows on the Board, and securing for him a coveted title. It would be well if all

who receive titles were as worthy of the honor as was Dr. Eaton. He certainly was thoroughly instructed in the doctrines and polity of his church, and was a sound and able theologian, and was therefore, as St. Paul says, "able to teach others also"—the primal qualification for being a "*Doctor* of Divinity."

As to the character of Dr. Eaton's preaching, it was first of all thoroughly evangelical. Although keeping himself fully acquainted with the advances of science, and with the new phases of religious thought; taking a deep interest in all the great movements of the day, educational, reformatory, and political, and holding decided opinions on all great questions that were occupying the public mind, he still made the Gospel of Christ the great theme of his preaching; and this he presented with as little admixture of mere human philosophy as possible.

A man so thoroughly spiritual, so filled with the knowledge of the Bible, which he had made, as we have already seen, his life-long study, and so imbued with the Spirit of Christ, could not but make his preaching evangelical and spiritual. Of course he would now and then preach a sermon for the times, on Thanksgiving Day or other such occasions; but this was the rare exception. "Christ and him crucified," "Ye must be born again," "Mortify therefore your members," "Jesus Only," "Night of Toil," "Following Christ; When?" "The Great Gift," "Directions for the Way." "The Power of the Unseen," "Unbelief and Ridicule," "The Bible God's Book"—such texts and topics were the constant

themes of his preaching. His aim never was merely to catch the popular ear, or to tickle the fancy, or to make a show of his learning.

Like all successful preachers, Dr. Eaton had his own peculiar or individual style of sermonizing. Indeed there are almost as many styles of sermons as there are men who preach them. The Theological Seminaries teach Homiletics, or sermon-making, as they also teach Theology, Church History, &c. But the Theology is not iron-bound. The Church History is true as to the main facts, but the sources are various, and the writers were subject to bias through the influence of imagination and prejudice. So sermon-making is not according to any fixed and invariable model. Each preacher gets what he can out of the schools and the books and from his observation of other preachers; but after all, if he is a true man, with force of character and with originality, he will make his sermons on his own plan, and preach as conscience, and taste, and the character of his congregation, or the exigencies of the occasion, demand.

Dr. Eaton perhaps was not conscious of following any model in his sermonizing. He doubtless was influenced by what he read in books of sermons, and he was directed to a greater or less extent by writers on Homiletics and by his instructors in the Seminary. But he had a style and manner of his own. One strong characteristic of his sermons was ornateness. He had a poetic and elevated style of expression, and seldom stooped to the common-place. His constant study of the Bible, and especially his reading and re-

reading of the Psalms, of the Prophecies of Isaiah, and of other highly poetical and figurative portions of the Holy Word, seemed to have had a strong influence upon his modes of thought; so that in speaking on Bible themes, his speech naturally flowed out in the elevated and rhythmic style of the inspired poets of the Book.

But he was not always disposed to practice the lofty style of discourse. The simplicity and directness of the first three Evangelists, and the powerful and sweeping logic of St. Paul, equally with the highly figurative language of Isaiah and the Seer of Patmos, had their influence upon the character of his thought and expression. He had a poetic temperament; and his memory was very retentive of the burning words and vivid figures of speech in which, through the medium of poets and seers, the mind of the Spirit is conveyed to the human understanding; and it was easy to let his thoughts flow in a similar lofty strain. In another chapter of this Memoir will be found some further account of him as a preacher, with extended selections from some of his sermons.

An intelligent and scholarly gentleman who was one of his constant hearers for many years, makes the following discriminating estimate of his qualities and ability, both as a preacher and pastor:

"He was not a dogmatic preacher; but he held the tenets of the church, as they have come down through the centuries, as teaching a pure philosophy. His sermonizing was more particularly practical; but he would give us occasionally a doctrinal sermon. After listen-

ing to one of these we went home realizing we were Presbyterians.

"He was methodical and practical in his church work. He was not aggressive; but when his notions and the church discipline were attacked, he was always ready to meet the emergency. I remember two very strong pulpit efforts. One was to combat the idea of a loose observance of the Sabbath; the other was on Baptism. In these discourses he was clear, biblical, and orthodox.

"He was not a pulpit orator, as the world's notion is; but his fine sentiment, his clear, terse sentences, and his feeling manner of expression, made him at times eloquent and oratorical.

"In his career as a minister he treated his congregation to that which fell to the lot of few—a systematic, seriatim analysis of the Bible from its beginning to its end, in his Wednesday evening prayer meetings. These meetings were interesting, entertaining and instructive.

"In his character of pastor, his conversation was instructive and ennobling—even his figure was prepossessing and his presence commanding. These qualities made his pastoral visits pleasurable. He watched over two generations in his work. This alone would be incentive sufficient to beget in him love and appreciation for his flock. He was indeed a good shepherd. He was fond of the young, but was not demonstrative. His sick were always looked after, prayed for and watched; and when death came, he was the friend who was sought and whose consoling

words gave strength and comfort to the bereaved. 'The poor he had with him.' These were carefully looked after, and his charities were unostentatious, but full and free."

But the time at length came when the tender ties that bound him to the Franklin Church—tender and strong almost as those that unite the true husband and wife—must be severed. He had spent his strength in that church for thirty-four years. A very large proportion of those who sat from Sabbath to Sabbath in the pews before him, listening to his earnest and gracious words, had received the drops of baptismal consecration as infants from his hand. A communion roll of seventy had stretched to seven hundred, through the blessing of God on his devoted and prayerful labors.

A tumble-down, racked and unattractive meeting-house had leaped into a beautiful temple for the worship of Almighty God; and his was the directing brain, using the free and abundant offerings of the people, and with their willing co-operation, that had worked the beautiful transformation. Thirteen years had passed since the new house had been entered and dedicated—years of prosperity and growth,—years when many scores and even hundreds of the young and old of a flock well "watched and tended" had been brought into the safe fold of the True Shepherd; and all through these years, the faithful pastor, amid many tears and cares, but always full of hope and rejoicing, had never grown weary of his work, but still

"loved the gates of Zion"—*his* Zion, and could utter from his heart the benediction "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

But age was creeping on. The strong men who had stood by him and stayed up his hands in the hard early days of his ministry, were gone. The young men and young women of that time had been growing old with him—and many of them had "passed to the other side." The babies and little children of thirty-four years ago, were now mature men and women, and even *their* children made up that large and very important class found in every church called "the young people."

This condition of things suddenly dawned upon the good pastor one day—perhaps while standing before his looking-glass, in which white hairs and a grizzled beard and wrinkled face confronted him. "Perhaps some of my good people are thinking of a younger minister," he may have said to himself. "Perhaps my work is done here." "Perhaps God has work for me to do in some other part of the vineyard, more suited to my declining years."

He hesitated and prayed. The thought of leaving a work that had lain so long on his heart, and a people who had been ever generous and kind and to whom he was deeply attached, caused him great grief. But his duty seemed clear. He wrote out his resignation and put it into the hands of his Session.

There was great astonishment among the people when the step he had taken came to be known. There was reluctance, and many protests were uttered. But

the die was cast. If whispers of things he had thought had not yet been uttered they soon would be, and would reach his ears. Better leave the pulpit in the midst of the love and good will of the hundreds of his people, and when the church was at the acme of its prosperity, than "linger superfluous on the stage," to be *pushed off* a few years later.

A meeting of the church was called to act on the beloved pastor's resignation. Tears were shed, and hearty words of protest and regret were spoken; but he persisted in the step he had taken; and the people reluctantly acquiesced. The following is the minute adopted at the congregational meeting held on the 8th of February, 1882, and which the Commissioner appointed on the part of the church was directed to present to the Presbytery in uniting with Dr. Eaton in the request to dissolve the pastoral relation:

"The Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., pastor of this church, "having resigned the pastoral office and requested "the church to appoint a Commissioner to unite with "him in asking the Presbytery of Erie to dissolve the "pastoral relation, and that request having been com- "plied with: This congregation do now by this min- "ute testify our appreciation of his faithful services, "and our regret at the occasion which seems to render "this separation necessary.

"During his long pastorate, extending over more "than a third of a century, he has been abundant in "labors among us;—ministering unto the sick; affec- "tionately and lovingly tendering the consolations of "the Gospel to the dying; comforting those who

"mourned; administering the sacraments; never fail-
"ing to declare the whole counsel of God with an ear-
"nestness that left no room for doubt as to his own
"convictions; never seeking to gratify itching ears
"with another gospel than Paul preached. Whenever
"the assaults of infidelity and modern unbelief have
"been especially felt in this community, as has more
"than once happened during his ministry, he has not
"only been found armed for the conflict with the
"sword of the Spirit, but has brought to the defense
"of Christianity a mind stored with varied learning,
"and has thus been able to strengthen the people in
"both faith and knowledge.

"With a truly catholic spirit he has shunned denom-
"inational controversy, yet when the occasion really
"demanded it, he has defended the distinctive doc-
"trines of Presbyterianism with that ripe scholarship
"which so preeminently fits him for polemic discus-
"sion; and while he has thoroughly convinced us
"that the doctrines of our church are scriptural, and
"that our usages have the sanction of apostolic and
"patristic precedent, he has neither given occasion for
"offence, nor offended others who, in the liberty of the
"Gospel, differ from us in non-essentials. To him is
"largely due that fraternal spirit which has so long
"pervaded the churches of this city.

"During all the years of his ministry and in every
"relation which he has sustained, his example has been
"a sermon, and his life a benediction—not to this
"Church and Congregation alone—but to the entire
"community."

The Presbytery of Erie, at a *pro re nata* meeting held on the 14th of February, 1882, took action on the united request of the Pastor and Congregation of Franklin Church, and dissolved the pastoral relation that had subsisted between them with such cordial good will and mutual helpfulness for so many years.

Dr. Eaton ceased to be the pastor of the Franklin Church, and ere long his successor was chosen and installed. But his attached people were not willing to see him withdrawn from the town, which he had served in many ways as faithfully and efficiently as he had served the church. Their neighbor and friend and helper, as well as their pastor, for more than the third of a century, they hoped that he would still make his home among them. And both to show their high regard and love for him, and their appreciation of his worth as a citizen, and also as an additional inducement to him to cast in his lot among them for the remainder of his days, they presented him with a valuable town lot, on the corner of Elk and 14th streets. The small house that stood upon it Dr. Eaton afterwards replaced by the handsome structure that became his home for the remainder of his days. The gift of this property was a graceful act, gracefully and kindly done, and cemented, if anything were wanting to that result, the cordial and harmonious relations of the late pastor and his people.

It will certainly be no inappropriate closing to this sketch of the Pastoral Life of Dr. Eaton, and of the estimate of his character and worth that has been attempted, if there be appended thereto the following

tributes from some of his closest personal friends—who had been associated with him in church relations for many years, and who had intimate relations with him to the last—although this may be at the risk of repeating some facts, and estimates of character, already brought out in the course of this Memoir.

I.

"Dr. Eaton as a pastor was most conscientious and faithful, sparing himself no self-denial, and always most judicious in his methods. To the sick and those in trouble he was a true friend, full of sympathy and kindness. He was largely a literary man, and as such greatly interested in Schools, Colleges and all literary projects and questions, and ever ready to do or say some kind thing.

"He took a special interest in the Sabbath School. He was the most interesting Bible Class teacher I ever met. It was difficult to keep teachers for the other classes, so great was the desire to 'go into Dr. Eaton's class.' Our Wednesday evening meetings were especially interesting, mainly on account of his lectures, which were highly prized by all. They were *full* of interest and instruction, and were quite informal.

"As to revivals in the Church: I can bear witness to two of the greatest revivals in his church that I ever saw. One began in his absence, and when he returned he of course was delighted, and at once entered into the spirit of the work and conducted it to a most successful end. Any one at all acquainted with revivals knows the difficulties attending and following

them. In this regard he was the most judicious pastor it would be possible to find. Whilst he never encouraged any unusual excitement, yet he was careful to see that a thorough work of grace seemed to be wrought in the heart, and to warn new converts of the dangers in the way.

"In the pulpit he was a thorough preacher—well informed on all questions, and on many occasions truly eloquent. During our cruel war, especially on Thanksgiving occasions, I have heard him preach some of the most eloquent sermons I ever heard—and I have heard Beecher and other great preachers. Being in thorough accord with the Union sentiment, his whole heart went into the subject. Many of his sermons were written, but he preached as well extemporaneously. In his earlier ministry he told me that he wrote out and committed his sermons; and when I spoke of the labor, he said that after writing a sermon and reading it over two or three times, he could repeat it verbatim. His memory seemed to be prodigious. I have seen him baptize a dozen children of both sexes, with double names in many cases, conclude the services, and at some later time, write them all down from memory without error.

"His style was somewhat ornate, but always clear, logical, and scholarly. He has often said to me that his aim was to preach 'Christ and him crucified.' He was a most social and gentlemanly man. It took a little time to get beneath the surface, but when you got there, you found the true Christian gentleman. A truer, more reliable *friend*, no man ever found.

"Whilst a dignified gentleman, he at the same time had a vein of humor that came to the surface occasionally He told me that when traveling in Egypt, it was very hot in Cairo, and in going around he found a small store, and purchased a straw hat. On rejoining his company, an Englishman asked him where he got it. The Dr. informed him that he had bought it at a '*one-horse* shop' near by. The Englishman mused a little and asked him what kind of store or shop that was, as they had none such in 'Hingland' or any place he ever visited, and would like to see how it worked. When in Ireland his guide, learning that he was from the United States, inquired if he knew his cousin Pat. The Doctor told him that America was a large country, and it was not likely he did. He asked his guide where his cousin lived, and was informed that he lived in *Erie Co Pa*, pronouncing it as in *Erin go Bragh.* The Doctor thought a moment and saw his guide had mistaken the address on a letter for the name of the locality, and on further enquiry found that he did know Pat, as the Doctor's original home was Erie Co., Pa.

"His prudence, kindness of heart, and regard for the feelings of others were conspicuous through life. So far as I knew he had not an enemy in Franklin; every one spoke kindly of him. At the same time he was outspokon in denouncing the evils in the town and country. Take him all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again."

II.

"In all the years since Dr. Eaton came to bless the Church of Franklin with his ministry, his influence as a pastor has been known and acknowledged as superior, not only in his own congregation, but in all the churches and by all the people, irrespective of faith or creed.

"Truly loyal to the faith of his fathers, he nevertheless preached Christ so effectively, by his walk and conversation, in the pulpit and out of it, that all denominations recognized in him a true apostle, and even the faithless and unbelieving were compelled to respect and admire him.

"He was always a welcome guest,—his visits bringing joy and gladness when all was well with his people, and leaving the solace and peace of heaven where sorrow and suffering prevailed. Very precious, indeed, were his prayers at such a season. When he came to abide with us for a little time, as he sometimes did in our country homes, his morning service kindled the glow of heaven in our hearts, and his evening benedictions crowned the weariest day with rest.

"His ministry to the sick was especially blest. Weary, suffering ones, whose only escape from pain was through the gates of Death, have prayed for length of days, even of painful days, that he might return from distant scenes to encourage their weak faith, to stay their faltering steps with the sweet promises of the gospel, and in his own inimitable manner consign their frail bodies to the embrace of the tomb. Surely, by

the invalid's couch, in the house of mourning, and at the open grave, no earthly voice can ever be more tender.

"Blessings on the new parsonage and all its present and future inmates! But there was a little old parsonage, dearer to every old parishioner than any new one ever can be. Many are the forms and faces radiant like his with the fadeless bloom of heaven, that joined with him and those yet remaining, in social scenes still enduring in the memories clustering around that sacred little home. To his dear wife, yet with us, doubtless much of the sunshine of that home was due; but how much of that social radiance now blends with the immortal light of the saints in glory, only *her* darkened heart and ours can perceive.

"Unaffected in manner, free from ostentation or rhetorical display, he nevertheless carried conviction to every hearer that his ministry was divine, his commission direct from heaven, signed and sealed by the ever present Spirit. By his invocation the congregation seemed lifted up nearer the open gates, and in the sacred hymns that followed, saintly voices seemed commingled with the earthly melodies, the Father seemed waiting to be gracious, the blessed Son was in our midst, and the peace and joy of the Holy Spirit fell on every waiting soul. The Bible was exalted by his reading, truth was made sublime, sin made unspeakably odious; and with Satan, the arch enemy of his flock, there was no humiliating compromise.

"Truly blest were the young men and the young women who enjoyed his teaching in the Sabbath School,

his conversation by the wayside and in the pleasant walks of life, for therein was the seed-sowing destined to bring forth the richest harvest in the after years of his people. The little infant, consecrated by him in the holy ordinance of baptism, became the happy object of his prayerful solicitude through developing youth and opening manhood or womanhood; and not infrequently were the marriage vows solemnized that established a new home to bid him welcome, and to send forth new olive branches to flourish under his pastoral care. O that the Lord would be gracious, and let fall the mantle of Dr. Eaton upon some one who would be to our children and our children's children what he was unto us!"

III.

"As a preacher of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, Dr. Eaton was full of earnestness and zeal, always impressing his hearers with the belief of his own strong conviction of the truths which he presented. He was a strong reasoner, clear and logical in his presentation of truths contained in the Bible. He was orthodox all through; and while he did not make a hobby of preaching doctrinal sermons, yet when occasion required, and at proper times, he would earnestly defend the doctrines held by the Presbyterian Church.

"For many years he preached without manuscript, having his sermons well committed. After some years he used manuscript for his morning sermons only, having them written out in full, except his applica-

tions and exhortations. When through with his manuscript, he almost invariably made his applications with a short exhortation *ex tempore*, which always impressed his hearers and fastened upon their minds his subject. It was in these extempore exhortations that the Doctor was most eloquent, always walking back and forth across the pulpit platform, soaring frequently to the highest flights of eloquence.

"To him it was a great joy to preach the blessed Gospel of the Lord Jesus, and to hold him up to a lost and ruined world as the Savior of sinners. His prayer-meetings were always interesting and instructive,—his lectures being of a practical nature, directing the minds and hearts of his people to the great importance of living holy lives, of setting a Christ-like example before the world, and of letting their light shine so that others might take knowledge of them and be led to glorify our Heavenly Father; never failing to admonish sinners and urging them to give their hearts to God. He always felt a deep interest in the young people, very many of whom during his long ministry he brought into the church.

"As a pastor he was ever faithful to his people, visiting them in sickness and sorrow, administering to them the comforts and consolations of the blessed Gospel of Christ, praying with and for them, and showing unmistakably his great sympathy for them in their sorrow and afflictions. His very presence in the sick room was a benediction. In the house of mourning was where his warm sympathies were most strongly felt. Sad hearts, not only in his own congregation, but

in the community in which he dwelt, always looked to him, sure of the sympathizing tear, and of receiving those comforts and consolations which he so well knew how to offer. His funeral services were wonderfully impressive and solemn and full of comfort to sorrowing hearts. Those in attendance on such occasions he always admonished to be prepared for the hour and article of death. As a citizen, Dr. Eaton was a model man, always manifesting a deep interest in the welfare of the community in which he lived. Socially, he was genial and courteous to all. His daily life was an inspiration to all who came in contact with him. Of him it can truly be said, that he had the love and respect of all who knew him, whether they were Christians or not. His Christian life and example will live long after him. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'"

IV.

"Rev. S. J. M. Eaton came to Franklin in the early part of 1848, and shortly afterwards preached his first sermon in the first Presbyterian Church, of which he was later ordained Pastor. The impression he created was of a most favorable character. Although young in years he evinced a wonderful knowledge of the duties and responsibilities of the sacred calling he had espoused, and in a short time he won the hearts and sympathies of the people with whom he was to spend the balance of his life, and to whom, in after life, he became so much endeared by every association founded on mutual love, admiration and affection.

"It was not at all surprising that Dr. Eaton should, in a few years, secure the entire confidence of his people. He was frank, honest, straightforward and consistent in everything. During the whole time he lived in the County, covering a period of upwards of forty years, his purity of character and his honesty of purpose were never even questioned. Every person who had the pleasure of his acquaintance believed him above dissimulation, or any characteristic that tends to impair the usefulness of a good man.

"He was kind-hearted, generous and genial. He was always ready and willing to do anything in his power to relieve suffering or bring comfort and sunshine to the homes of the distressed. He was perfectly unconscious of himself. His highest aim and purpose seemed to be to help others and to bring them to the feet of the Redeemer.

"The *altima thule* of his ambition was that of a truly good man, who fully realized that he was sent by the Master for the sole purpose of building up His cause and thereby making the world better and happier.

"One of the most commendable characteristics of Dr. Eaton was his intense love and admiration for the members of his own church. He could not tolerate harsh criticism of one of them. Nothing pained him so much as to hear any reflection upon the character of one of his flock, and on many occasions when bitter or cruel words were spoken in his presence concerning one he loved, he would immediately enter a modest protest, requesting a discontinuance of the unfriendly remarks,

or take leave of the company. He was the kind of a man who could not believe that religion and hypocrisy, love and hatred, tenderness and cruelty, could be covered consistently by the same mantle. He was often affected to tears when he felt that one of his friends had been unjustly treated in his presence. This noble attribute bound him in bonds of warmest affection to his friends, and placed him in a position where he commanded universal respect.

"He was an intense lover of his country. During the Civil War his thoughts were constantly with our armies, and his prayers went up continually for their success. He was intense in his patriotism, and nothing could swerve him in his devotion to the cause of his country. He believed human slavery was a blot upon our escutcheon, and that through the war the Lord would remove that curse from the land.

"During some of the terrible battles in Virginia he went to the front and assisted in ministering to the wants of our wounded and dying soldiers. On different occasions he referred in most eloquent and pathetic terms to the scenes he witnessed and the necessity for supporting the Government, and generally speaking, his entire congregation and the community were in hearty sympathy with him. He looked upon treason and sin in the same light, and he never let an opportunity slip to attack the former with as much persistency and energy as he did the latter.

"Another commendable trait in Dr. Eaton was his courage and stubbornness in the defense or maintenance of what he believed to be right. He did not ar-

rive at conclusions hastily. He weighed all the arguments carefully; listened to objections or favorable comment with great patience; reasoned from cause to effect as a well trained logician should; and then, after having exhausted the subject, he settled down on what his judgment was satisfied was right, and there he stood, unmovable, reliant, confident. While he was always ready to be convinced, it took a giant in intellect to move him from a position he had assumed. It was much easier to find fault with than to answer his arguments.

"No man ever lived in the community who took such a general interest in the people. If information was wanted in regard to anything pertaining to the history of the County, City, or any individual, Dr. Eaton was the source from which it was obtained. He took the greatest interest in our local history, and to that end kept himself thoroughly 'posted' in all events of public interest. He was looked upon as absolute authority on all matters pertaining to the history of Venango County, and his writings are considered the most valuable authority that can be produced in support of any fact connected with our local history.

"His devotion to his church was simply in keeping with his devotion to every duty. He worked in season and out of season; in health and sickness; in joy and sorrow; in success and adversity. His sermons were always good, and on many occasions they were the equals in eloquence, diction, logic and convincing power of those of the foremost divines in the land.

"His tributes to the memory of departed friends will never be forgotten by those who listened to them. His perfect knowledge of the life and character of those friends enabled him to portray, in most beautiful and touching language, their virtues and their achievements, and the beauties, the struggles, the sunshine and sorrows of their lives. The eulogies he pronounced were recognized as a thoughtful and truthful summing up of the events of the lives of the departed, and the statements he made were always fitting, forceful and just.

"In his death the community lost one of its dearest friends, the country one of its most loyal and devoted citizens, and the Church one of her most consistent, able and conspicuous ministers. The citizens of Venango County will be reminded for all time to come of his ability as a writer and as a historian; the church will never forget his conspicuous literary and forensic ability, or his prominence as an expounder of the truth; and every person who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance can truthfully say, in the language of another:

"'I did love the man and do honor his memory, on this side of idolatry, as much as any.'"

To these discriminating and affectionate tributes, from friends of Dr. Eaton in his own Church of Franklin, is added the following letter of a strongly attached brother in the ministry, now resident in another State.

It is a tribute from the heart, that speaks volumes for the noble Christian character both of the writer and of him to whose memory it is the last offering of Friendship.

THE TRUE FRIEND AND BELOVED BROTHER.

"Friendship, one soul in two bodies."—*Pythagoras.*
"They are rich who have many friends.
There is no living without friends."—*Portugese.*
"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."—*Solomon.*

"My first meeting with Dr. Eaton led to a life-long friendship. The Synod of Erie convened in New Castle, Pennsylvania, in the autumn of 1861. That was the first year of my ministry and my first time at Synod. Brother Eaton was Stated Clerk.

"Nearly all the brethren were strangers to me, except our own Presbytery of Beaver—now Shenango. For some reason my heart turned towards the Stated Clerk, as the one whom I desired to spend the Sabbath with me and preach to my people. He consented, and at that time, now twenty-eight years ago, the foundation of our friendship was laid.

"For more than twenty years neither of us missed a meeting of the old Synod. As the years passed by I found myself looking forward more and more eagerly to our Synodical gathering, that I might grasp the hand of my beloved brother Eaton, and the hands of such fatherly fathers as Drs. Robert Walker, Alexander Donaldson, and Elliot E. Swift.

'Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.'

It was a benediction to meet these saintly men.

"Busy as brother Eaton was with the duties of his office, time was always found for a season of fraternal intercourse during the sessions of Synod. Every year my regard and affection for him increased. In 1878 we were brought nearer in heart to each other than ever before.

"That year, in company with my wife, I made a tour to Europe, Egypt and Palestine. In 1871, Dr. Eaton and the Rev. William F. Kean had made the same pilgrimage. Knowing that he traveled with his eyes and ears open; that he was full of information, and that he was overflowing with enthusiasm for what he had seen in the East and in Bible Lands, I wrote to him for some hints and suggestions.

"It was not my purpose to encroach much on his fully occupied time. But in a few days a letter was received covering several sheets, and from first to last full of the most helpful information. Soon another long letter followed. Then a third, saying, 'Gather up your questions and I will not weary in answering.' In the kindness of his great brotherly heart, he furnished me with a guide book, which contained many a practical hint not found in Bœdaker, Cook or Appleton.

"Besides, he sent letters of introduction to friends abroad. Nor was this all. Arriving at Jerusalem, the Holy City, we found awaiting us there a cheering letter from our dear friend in far off Western Pennsylvania. 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.'—*Solomon.* He was following us in his thoughts and prayers like a guardian

angel. The last letter of the series came to us about the time we reached home, after an absence of over six months. It was a refreshing message of welcome and congratulation.

"But the end of his great kindness in connection with our journey was not yet. Not long after our return, the Westfield people gave us a reception. Aware of the interest Dr. Eaton had taken in our travels, they invited him to be present. He came, and his words of cordial greeting and welcome home will long be remembered. His hand and heart were ever at the service of a friend.

'To friendship every burden's light.'

"In the fall of 1878 our Synod met in Meadville. To make up the committees is always a difficult and delicate matter for the Moderator. But Dr. Eaton sat by me with unwearied devotion till a late hour of the night, and rendered such assistance as only he could render, from his wide acquaintance with the brethren and his thorough knowledge of the business.

"A number of times I met him and his estimable wife in their Chautauqua summer home. His enthusiasm for the great, grove University was unbounded. It was his cordial commendation of the C. L. S. C. that led me, in 1884, to enlist in that army girdling the globe. On receiving my diploma and white seal, I felt under renewed obligations to my good friend. He had given me an inspiration which had not only been helpful, but at the same time a great pleasure

"A friendship between Dr. Eaton and my wife began in 1872, during an excursion in Mount Lebanon,

Syria. This friendship, strengthened by correspondence and cemented by visits with the doctor and his wife in their hospitable home, made it a double pleasure to have him with us for four days in May, 1887. This last visit was a social delight from beginning to end. It was sweetened and sanctified by his fervent prayers at the family altar, and by the earnest Gospel sermons preached in connection with our sacramental season. Those who heard his closing sermon on Monday, will not soon forget the tender, touching and admirable way in which he presented the precious consolations of the religion of Christ. As he pictured the agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and spoke of the sympathy of our great High Priest, all hearts were moved.

"As a friend and ministerial brother, he was ever ready to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' At the time of my mother's death, in March, 1879, six years after the death of his own mother, he wrote me: 'We can never repay the debt we owe our mothers; but we can try to imitate their virtues and remember their counsels and their prayers. As to the departed, we shall go to them, but they will not return to us. And this going to rejoin our friends who sleep in Jesus, will be going to God's Holy Land above, that has seen no desolation and that will require no fatigue, or danger, or return. The Lord bring us safely thither when our work is done.'

'Friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.'

"Like Abraham, our departed brother was 'the friend of God.' This made him so much the more faithful friend of his fellow man. His friendship was more desirable than gold. It enriched every one who enjoyed the invaluable possession. How much poorer many of us are without it!

"Fare thee well, true friend and beloved brother. Hallowed influences and cherished memories will ever cluster around thy worthy name. Thank God for thy pure life, beautiful character and unselfish friendship. May we who follow after be better Christians and truer friends, because of the noble example of our sainted friend who has gone before.

> "'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
> Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
> How grows in Paradise our store.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO EPISODES.

I.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Dr. Eaton took a deep interest in our great Civil War, which came to a close at nearly the mid-way point of his Franklin pastorate. He gave loyal support to the Government of the Nation in all proper ways throughout the period of its continuance, and would willingly have tendered his services as a chaplain to one of the regiments, had his sense of duty to his Church justified the sacrifice.

But in the last terrible year of the war, when there was a more imperative demand than ever before for the services of Christian men in ministering to the spiritual as well as temporal wants of the suffering and dying soldiers, both in field and hospital, he resolved to tender his services to the "Christian Commission," which had been organized some two years before, and was doing most valuable work. The offer was gladly accepted; and on the 6th of May, 1864, he arrived at the headquarters of the Commission in the City of Washington.

The next day he entered upon his duties by visiting the 17th street Barracks and distributing Testaments,

papers and small books among the soldiers. Having preached the following day (it being the Sabbath), in the Ambulance Camp, and put up supplies needed for the wounded, he started on Monday the 9th, with fifteen other delegates, to a point on the Rappahannock, where 10,000 wounded soldiers were reported to be lying. This was just after the first terrible Battles of the Wilderness.

After tedious delays, and conveyed part of the way by train and part by steamer, they arrived next morning at Belle Plain, but no wounded men were to be seen. But later in the day the tide of the wounded began to set in—those shot in the arms arriving first on foot, followed by ambulance wagons filled with men wounded in all possible ways.

Mr. Eaton kept a brief daily record of his experiences and services during the few weeks that he acted as a delegate of the Christian Commission; and from this, or from his letters, written in the midst of the scenes he describes, extracts will be taken. The reader of to-day will thus have a more vivid realization of the hardships and sufferings endured by the men "at the front," and of the value of the services rendered by the faithful delegates of the Christian Commission in those days of peril and terror.

May 10th. Evening. "We pitched our tent and looked upon the mighty tide of men setting in from the field of battle. At 10 o'clock we rolled ourselves in our blankets and prepared for rest.

"Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, we arose and breakfasted. I was detailed to assist the surgeon in

dressing wounds. Commenced this work at 6½ o'clock and continued hard at work until 7 o'clock in the evening, partly in the midst of rain and mud. In the afternoon I was employed by the surgeon to dress wounds on my own account. At 7 o'clock I left the hospital tents and sought for a bite to eat previous to retiring. I found a cup of coffee and a piece of dry bread which made a luxurious repast, and then sought the tent. We spread our blankets on the ground and were soon asleep."

The next day Mr. Eaton was detailed with other delegates to go to Fredericksburgh, which was near the field of battle.

The same evening he thus writes to his wife: "This "has been a fearful day of battle, the most terrific all "agree since the war commenced. All day long the "cannonading has been like the thunder of a summer "storm. Oftentimes you could scarcely distinguish "between the reports . . . . We are here about "fourteen miles from the battle-field. We came in "company with a large wagon train and train of am- "bulances, with a strong guard of cavalry to protect "us from guerillas. Last night they took forty horses "from the ambulances, shooting the driver through "the shoulder. When volunteers were called for for "this place, I of course volunteered, although we were "informed we might expect to walk the ten miles. "But we walked only two miles and then rode in am- "bulances."

Having been assigned to the Boston Hospital, our Good Samaritan finds abundance of helpful work to do

in dressing wounds, writing letters for the soldiers, and trying to point some dying men to the Lamb of God.

"A poor fellow could not be persuaded that his con-
"dition was dangerous. I looked in at 4 o'clock and
"saw a female nurse sitting on the floor by his pillow.
"The death dews were gathering upon his brow. A
"half hour later looked in again, and his place was
"vacant. The surgeon told me of another who was
"sinking. I pressed the matter of immediate prepar-
"tion, and left him. Had prayers in two of the
"wards. Came out of the hospital in the evening,
"weary and sick at heart to see the whole street lined
"with ambulances filled with wounded men just from
"the front. O how awful war is! How dreadful sin
"is!"

The next day the ambulances with their loads of wounded men still kept streaming in from the battle-field. These poor fellows, as they were carried on stretchers into a newly improvised hospital, were not only suffering from their wounds, but were faint with hunger and thirst, and no provision had yet been made for their relief. "I went to the Commission Rooms," Mr. Eaton writes, "and got five buckets of coffee and "dealt out to them. They wanted hard-tack, but we "had not a cake to give them. They were nearly "dying. There was one Rebel among the number."

By the time his second Sabbath (May 15th) in the work of the Commission had dawned, he was quite worn out with fatigue and want of sleep, and felt too unwell to go to the Hospital. He therefore remained in the rooms of the Commission. While nursing him-

self and gathering strength for the next day's duties he wrote to his wife. In the course of the letter he says: "As I am writing the heavy trains of army "wagons are moving slowly by. The ambulances of "suffering, wounded soldiers go in the other direction. "Every now and then an orderly dashes madly by with "clattering hoofs and clanging sabre; or a company "of armed soldiers march along on their way to the "front, to take the place of those who have fallen. "There is work here, and it is dreadful work, to "nerves trained and tuned as mine have been. But "there is a pleasant episode now and then. Yester- "day I wrote a letter for a soldier, and afterwards "asked him about his soul's interests. He said he "thought he was a Christian, and that just as he was "about to make the awful charge upon the enemy's "works, in which he had been struck down, he com- "mitted himself to God's care, feeling assured that if "he fell he would fall into the arms of Jesus. And "there he lay upon the floor, suffering and maimed, "calm and trusting in God.

"We have here about 150 Delegates from the Chris- "tian Commission, all at work and yet with plenty to "do. And the longer we remain the more painful our "duties will become. And still they come from the "front in ambulances and wagons and on foot, just "according to the character of their wounds. But I "do not want to write you so much about this awful "business. And yet what else is there to write about? "Yesterday about 8,000 Rebels, among them 400 "officers, were brought in—marched past our door.

"The soldiers here call them 'Johnnies.' They "were the real *graybacks*, full of life and impudence.

"I have not seen my face in a glass for a week, and "do not wish to; for I know I must look awfully. "Tell J— E—t that neither my hands nor any part "of my person are 'well kept' now, and I am glad she "cannot see me. I feel mean and dirty and 'ornary' "all the time. The trees are all green, the flowers in "bloom, the birds singing. The war cannot stop "these things. Love to all. The Lord bless you "all."

During the week following his Journal contains such records as these: "Had prayers in four wards. The boys seem anxious for these exercises."—"A fearful battle is impending."—"Found a man who is trying to hope that he has passed from death unto life."—"Had religious services in four wards of the hospital. The men are anxious for these services—especially those that are severely wounded."—"The consolations of religion seem precious to many."—"This morning another poor fellow died. I had tried to point him to the Savior."—"Another of my pet boys died this morning, and others are worse."—"A Maine man for whom I had written a letter became deranged last night. He had been wounded early in the fight, and lay twenty-four hours on the field, and fell into the hands of the Rebels, where he continued for two weeks. Exchanged—leg amputated—he will die."

Mr. Eaton had now spent two weeks in this severe and exhausting service, and began to feel that he had remained as long as was prudent "amid the terrible

atmosphere of the Hospital and of the city." On Monday, May 23d, in company with others, and under military escort, he set out for Washington by way of Belle Plain. They arrived safely in the city the next morning. The day following, he and two other delegates of the Commission were assigned to duty in Harewood Hospital—"a very large establishment "about two miles from the City. The duties are very "different from those required at Fredericksburgh. "No dressing of wounds here—in fact nothing but the "things pertaining to the spiritual welfare of the sol-"diers."

"There is always something pleasant turning up—" he writes to Mrs. Eaton, May 26th: "This morning "as we went out to the Hospital, I laden down with "my haversack of books, and trudging through the "mud, I felt a little down-hearted. But after distrib-"uting nearly all my books, and hearing many com-"mendations of the Christian Commission, I found a "Rebel minus his right arm, who hailed from North "Carolina. I told him I had a friend there, and des-"cribed Mr. Boyce. He said he knew him well, and "came from his region. This more than paid me for "all my labor. The Rebel is a Christian I think—a "member of the Presbyterian Church. . . . . "After much talk we parted, with a pressure of the "hand and a hearty God bless you, to meet no more "upon earth."

There were 2,800 patients in the Harewood Hospital at this time. Many Christians were found among

them, and all were willing to talk about religion. They were always respectful.

The following incident is mentioned by Mr. Eaton in his Journal: "On our return we received a dis-
"patch to send West, with these brief words that will
"be like barbed arrows when thrown into some pleas-
"ant home: '*Your husband died this morning. What*
"*shall we do with the body?*'

"Some thirty delegates of the Christian Commission
"called upon the President. He received us very kind-
"ly. He assured us of his kindly feeling and high ap-
"preciation of the Commission; and that of all
"organizations for the support of the army, he es-
"teemed ours first in integrity, usefulness and patriot-
"ism."

Mr. Eaton continued to go to the Hospital or the various Barracks for about a week longer, earnestly striving to do what he could to comfort and encourage the poor fellows lying there in their pain and helplessness, pointing them to Him who is the only source of help and strength—the mighty Savior who "can save to the uttermost all who put their trust in Him." At the close of his last day among these scenes of suffering and death, he writes in his little Journal: "So
"I leave the dying and the dead. Is it but a heavy,
"horrible dream I have had during the past four
"weeks? Are the scenes of suffering, anguish, and
"death imaginary? or are they strange, stern reality?
"These weeks seem to me to have compressed within
"their days the record of long weary years. And

"they have been weeks of earnest toil, of watching "and waiting such as I have never experienced before.

"I hope I have done some good. I feel that the "God of my fathers has been with me. This even- "ing, after the work was finished, I sought out and "read the 91st Psalm, and felt that I could append a "glad Amen to every verse. I felt with a glad heart "that God had done for me all therein prayed for and "promised. I have not labored here at my own "charges. God has rewarded me as I have passed "along. And now, if he brings me home in peace, "my heart will be full of gratitude and thankfulness. "And I can trust Him for all."

It is certainly worth while to record here what Mr. Eaton says of the feeling of the soldiers towards the noble-hearted men who devoted themselves with such Christ-like love and zeal to their relief. In his last letter home before leaving Washington he writes: "The gratitude of the soldiers to the Christian Com- "mission is most unbounded and affecting. Their "uniform testimony was, 'Had it not been for the "Christian Commission, half of us would have died "at Fredericksburgh.' "

II.

VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

We have no definite account of Dr. Eaton's plans for his trip abroad, nor of his feelings on leaving home on so long and perilous a journey. Knowing the man, however, we know that there was no hap-hazard in his preparations for the journey, and that he

would use all diligence to inform himself concerning the route, and the important places and countries he was to visit. He would know in advance the noteworthy things to be seen and points to be visited in Rome and Athens, Alexandria, Cairo, Constantinople, &c. There must be no waste time on a trip limited to five months, and taking in so many nations and traversing so many leagues of sea and land.

Of course there were many advantages in going in a large party like that of Cook's, and under guidance of a leader who knew every rood of the way. But in order that one might gain real enjoyment and benefit from such a tour, there must be a clear understanding in advance of what was to be seen, and a careful study or review of the historical associations connected with the various spots—especially in the Holy Land.

The party left New York on the — of February, 1871. They had a prosperous voyage to Liverpool, and ran up swiftly by rail to London, 220 miles in five hours. Dr. Eaton's first letter in print bore date London, February 14th. After remainmaining for but a few days at that time in that grand metropolis, so exhaustless in its resources of architectural, literary and historical interest to intelligent Americans, they hastened on to the continent, stopping for a short time in each of the cities of Antwerp, Cologne, Munich, Venice, and so on to Trieste —whence they were to sail for Alexandria in Egypt. The important cities of Rome, Naples, Florence, and the delightful mountain region of Switzerland, were

to be reserved for a more leisurely inspection on their return homeward.

March second finds them in Alexandria. The voyage across the Mediterranean proved delightful, a rare occurrence, they were told, on that usually stormy inland sea. "In Egypt at last," our tourist exclaims: "the home of the Pharoahs, the dwelling of Joseph, "the birth-place of Moses!" Omitting Cairo and the Pyramids, let us follow our travelers towards the ancient land of Israel—for that was the land whither their hearts were constantly turning. On the evening of the 11th of March, the prow of the Austrian steamer on which they had embarked at Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, was turned towards the East, and the machinery put in motion.

"As the stars came out in their beauty" says Dr. Eaton, "we paced the deck nervously, for we knew "that before the sun should rise we would look upon "the ancient hills of Judea. Turks and Greeks and "Arabs and Syrians and Israelites and Christians were "around us, all 'going up to Jerusalem;' yet each one "seemed absorbed in his own thoughts. . . The "morning rose in beauty over the Judean hills, re-"vealing to us the land we sought. The pilgrimage "of 8,000 miles was accomplished, and with eager "eyes we saw the ancient city of Joppa rising out of "the sea, with the plains of Sharon extending far "beyond."

They found much of interest even in Joppa, or Yapho, as the natives call it; but what was the port through which Solomon carried his lumber from Tyre

for the temple at Jerusalem, or even the house on whose flat roof Peter prayed and saw the wonderful vision, when Jerusalem itself was but thirty-six miles away over the hills? They looked at the attractive things in Joppa, but their hearts were still leading them on to the spot where is found all that remains of the "Holy City"—the "City of the Great King."

Dr. Eaton took great pains in his examination of the City of Jerusalem, and critically studied it in all its important points; and from his careful survey at this time of the Holy Places, and his subsequent accurate study of the observations and theories of others, he thoroughly qualified himself for the delightful talks he was accustomed to give daily at Chautauqua for so many years, as he walked around the model of the city shown there, and pointed out the various localities.

It would be impossible within the limits of the brief sketch of Dr. Eaton's trip that can be given here to go into the particulars of what he saw and experienced, and which he faithfully spread before his Franklin friends in the columns of one of the local papers. Here and there an observation on some interesting locality, or a striking thought or theory, as he passes on in his journey, is all that our space and the proprieties of the subject seem to allow.

There is no more impressive spot in Jerusalem and its neighborhood, to the mind of the Christian traveller, than the Garden of Gethsemane. It seems to be certain that the plot of ground pointed out to travellers as the place, is the *very spot* where our Savior en-

dured his great agony. "Sitting down under those "old olive trees," says Dr. Eaton, "and reading the "account of the passion in the New Testament, brings "the whole scene so vividly before the mind as to be "almost overpowering. And to sit there in silence "until you see the great sun go down behind the bat-"tlements of Mount Moriah, and the moon rise over "the steeps of Olivet, is almost to realize the scene of "eighteen hundred and forty years ago. And to bow "down and weep where the Savior wept, and pray "where he prayed, is to get very near the Elder Broth-"er, and a privilege almost too great this side the "eternal hills of God."

Other places pointed out as spots made sacred by some event in the life of Christ, or connected with His death, are not certainties—as Calvary, the place of the tomb, the grave of Lazarus, &c. But Jerusalem itself and its environs would seem to be enough for the satisfaction of the Christian traveller, even if he may not stand on the exact spot where the foot of the Cross was planted, or the sacred body was laid, or the drops of bloody sweat fell. The city where he taught and over which he wept, and indeed the whole country of Palestine which he traversed over and over again—of these there can be no doubt, and these are His perpetual memorial.

Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem, of course was visited. As they came in sight of the village, the attention of the travellers was directed to a little Mohammedan tomb near their path. It was that of Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob—buried there thir-

ty-six hundred years before. "A walk of fifteen min-
" utes further brings you to Bethlehem, the birth-place
" of the Lord—'the birth-place of the world.' It
" still sleeps on its quiet yellow hill. Beneath it are
" the plains where the angels appeared to the shep-
" herds. In sight are the fields where Boaz reaped
" his barley and where Ruth gleaned the scattered
" heads. Near by are the hills upon whose sides the
" stripling David watched his father's flock, and bat-
" tled with the lion and the bear. Here also he was
" anointed King of Israel."

Dr. Eaton holds strongly to the opinion that the cave, or grotto, underneath the Church of St. Mary at Bethlehem, built to commemorate the birth place of our Lord, is the real place of the stable and manger. "The present church," he argues, "has marked it
" since A. D. 330. In the year of our Lord 132 the
" Emperor Adrian planted there a grove dedicated to
" Adonis, to desecrate the spot. This grove stood un-
" til the year 315, nearly to the date of the erection of
" the church. Natural monuments therefore date
" back to within one hundred and thirty-two
" years of the birth of Christ. No doubt there were
" then living the children of Christians who had seen
" Christ, and knew of the place of his birth. Justin
" Martyr, writing in the middle of the second century,
" says our Lord was born 'in a certain cave close to
" the village.' Eusebias, who was born in the coun-
" try, speaks of this grotto as the well known place of
" the Savior's birth. . . . .

"With lighted tapers you pass down a flight of "thirteen steps, and find yourself in the little grotto "where the infant Savior was born. The room is "some ten feet by twenty, with a ceiling about nine "feet in height. A soft light falls from silver and "golden lamps suspended from the ceiling. With "bared head and accelerated pulse you gaze at a large "silver star set in the pavement, around which is the "inscription in the Latin language: '*Here was born "of a virgin, Jesus, our Lord.*' The feeling while stand- "ing in that grotto is most bewildering . . . You "almost imagine that you have come on the same er- "rand as the Magi, to worship the infant Redeemer."

The barren region of country to the Eastward of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, called the Wilderness of Judea, is graphically pictured by our tourist. It extends to the Dead Sea and the plain of the Jordan. The surface of the region looks much as though thickly covered with ashes.

"No vegetation—no trees—no shrubs even. Awful "precipices, deep ravines; rocks blighted and blackened "and shattered by volcanic action, lie around. There "is no water to gladden your eye, nor a single shadow "save your own to relieve the fierce heat of a Syrian "sun. Your own breath becomes hot, and the atmos- "phere is like that of a furnace. If a gentle breeze "arises, instead of refreshing and cooling you, it seems "to kindle fires in your system until your very blood "appears to be turned to molten lead. . . . . "It is an accursed place; and there is but one circum- "stance that reconciles you to the journey, and that is

"that it is the 'Wilderness of Judea,' where for "forty days and forty nights the Son of God took up "his dwelling place in the interests of lost humanity."

It was a day's journey to cross this tract of desolation and horror, through which the path—if path it could be called—seemed to be constantly leading the traveller

"Into the jaws of death—
Into the mouth of hell."

But lo! in the midst of the desolation a "beautiful "sheet of water appears—clearer and bluer than the "waters of the Mediterranean It is the Dead Sea. "Its waters are perfectly transparent. They do not "ripple and whisper as do other waters. They lap "sadly and heavily upon the sand, filling the looker "on with sadness and melancholy.

"A bath in the Dead Sea is one of the Pilgrim's "perquisites, as much so as having the Jerusalem cross "tattooed upon the arm at the Holy City. This was a "most luxurious bath, after the furnace heat of the "journey into the Valley. We found no incon- "venience from the bitter properties of the water, and "its density buoys up the person, so that it is impos- "sible to sink, or even swim with any satisfaction."

But we are dallying too long with Dr. Eaton's delightful story of his experiences and observations in those towns and regions of that old, old world, which can never lose their charm for believers in God and the Bible. The Jordan is visited, and a bath enjoyed in its refreshing and swift-flowing waters. A look is taken at the hamlet that is now posing for ancient Jer-

icho, and the cite of the famous old city itself is also viewed. But no palm trees are to be seen where the "City of Palm Trees" once stood. The eyes of the traveller doubtless rested on Mount Pisgah

> "—where Moses stood
> And viewed the landscape o'er,"

among the Mountains of Moab, in the region beyond the Dead Sea and the Jordan; but the trouble was he could not be sure which of the summits was Pisgah and which a mount unknown to fame. He turned back at length from the Jordan Valley, reached the high grounds of Central Palestine again; started towards the North—"must needs pass through Samaria" —touched Shechem (now Nablous), Shunem, Nain, Endor, and at length reached Nazareth, where our Lord was brought up. "Neither Bethlehem, nor Ca-"pernaum, nor Jerusalem even, knew as much of the "domestic life of Christ as did this humble little city, "hid away amid the hills."

Our travellers found Nazarath a very attractive place—presenting the finest appearance of any town in all Palestine, excepting the Holy City itself, and with a population of about five thousand. Of these only one thousand are Mohammedans, the remaining four thousand being divided among the Greek and Latin Churches and the Maronites. There is hardly an Israelite in the place.

"The summit of the hill on which Nazareth is built "presents one of the most remarkable views in all "Syria. On the South-East is Mount Carmel, on the "North and North-West are the snowy peaks of Le-

" banon and Hermon, on the South-East the hills of " Moab, and on the East and near at hand is seen the " blue top of Mount Tabor."

Many other sacred and famous spots were in sight, while just beneath lay Nazareth itself, in which stood houses on whose walls no doubt the shadow of the Son of God had fallen as he walked along the narrow streets. " How sweet and tranquil that Sabbath morn- " ing was," writes Dr. Eaton, " when, from this soli- " tary hill-top, two pilgrims, worn with travel, looked " out upon the scene in silence and tears. . . It " seemed verily as if Jesus was there once more, and " that the blessed memories of the past still consecrat- " ed the very ground and rendered it holy."

In a letter written from Beyrout on the 9th of April, he gives a rapid sketch of his trip from Nazareth onward to that city. Extracts from this letter follow: " We approached the Sea of Gallilee " from the West. The day was favorable; for a beau- " tiful light fell upon the water and surrounding hills, " making the whole scene as gorgeous as a picture. " . . . We lingered around it for a day and two " nights, visiting Tiberias, Magdala, Capernaum, " Bethsaida, and Chorazin. Magdala (the home of " Mary Magdalene) is but a cluster of dirty mud huts, " while the last three towns named are without a sin- " gle inhabitant. ' Wo unto thee Chorazin; wo unto " thee Bethsaida,' said the beloved Master. The woe " has come, and silence reigns in these once busy " towns. We crossed the lake under the boatmanship " of some Arabs. The voice of our Lord once quiet-

"ed these billows, and his feet trod these waves as "though they had been marble.

"We passed up the Jordan Valley, until finally the "mountains contracted the valley and shut it in alto- "gether. At Cæserea Philippi we found the Jordan "gushing out of the mountain side."

Our travellers lingered at Damascus, the oldest city in the world, for several days—so beautiful is it, so attractive in its surroundings, with its orchards of oranges and lemons and citrons and figs, that they were hardly able to tear themselves away. In the city there is a superabundance of water, drawn from the Abana river, and almost every house has its fountain. "But the Bazars are positively magnificent. The "thirty thousand dogs said to be in the city are an "annoyance, but they are not much worse than other "noises that abound. We found the United Presby- "terian Mission in prosperous circumstances, and wor- "shiped with them on the Sabbath."

Beyrout, "the most refined and cultivated city in Syria"—rendered so in great part by the work of the Presbyterian Mission there—was accorded three or four days of the precious time of the tourists. While in that city, Mr. Eaton visited the little American Cemetery near at hand, where the body of Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, lies buried. It occurred to him that Mrs. Kingsley might never have an opportunity of visiting her husband's grave, and so as a memorial of the spot he plucked a few grasses and flowers which he brought home with him, and afterwards sent them to the bereaved lady

with a description of the place where he was laid. He afterwards received from her a note expressing her appreciation of his thoughtfulness and kindness.

From Beyrout they went to Stamboul—the Constantinople of European geography. Embarking on an Austrian steamer with a party including forty Americans, they touched at the Island of Cyprus, the native place of Barnabas; then at Rhodes, once famous for its Colossus; and in the evening passed "the Isle that is called Patmos," where John saw the wonderful visions recorded in the "Book of the Revelation." They then entered the Bay of Smyrna. They landed here, and mounting donkeys rode up to see an ancient church. "To the angel of the church of Smyrna, write," said he "who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks" to his Apostle John: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," he says to the "angel" of that church; and there is still a church in Smyrna. "We also "gathered flowers," says Dr. Eaton, "on the tomb of "Polycarp, one of the pupils of John the Apostle, and "a martyr and witness of Jesus.

"In the evening, just as the sun was setting, we "steamed out of the Bay of Smyrna. The next day "we passed in view of the plains of old Troy, with "whose history every school-boy is familiar. Passing "on we entered the Dardanelles and the Sea of Mar-"mora, when night shut in upon us. In the morning "Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish Empire, "the most beautiful of all the cities of the East, was "just in sight. Soon tower and minaret and swelling

"dome revealed themselves in all their grandeur; "Europe and Asia were separated by but a narrow "strait. We entered the Golden Horn, cast anchor, "and were soon on our way to the Custom House to "try the cupidity or honesty of Turkish officials. It "is wonderful what power the word 'Backsheesh' has "all over the East. It is the talisman which relieves "all difficulties, the 'open sesame' which unlocks all "barriers."

It would be exceedingly interesting to the reader to find copied here all that Dr. Eaton says about this famous city, and the towns and region round about. But limit of space absolutely forbids. All that he wrote, including all that was printed of what he wrote while on this five months' tour, would make a good-sized volume; and it would be as valuable and interesting to stay-at-home travellers as most of the books of travel that cumber or adorn the shelves of libraries, and instruct and delight the readers of such literature.

It is now the 20th of April, 1871—six weeks, lacking three days, since he set foot on the shore of the Holy Land at Joppa. In the first week of July he is to reach his home. "The isles of Greece," and the most famous cities and countries of Europe, with England, Scotland and Ireland, are still to be visited,—and there remain still eight to ten weeks of time—weeks how full to overflowing with all that delights and satisfies a cultured and craving intellect and a refined taste!

It is out of the question. We cannot follow him here. We cannot listen to him as he tells of his emotions as he lands at the Piræus, and "drives over a splendid road to the old city of Athens"—beholds the famous Acropolis, and the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus near at hand,—the ruins of the Parthenon, the grove of Academus, or at least the spot where it stood, fixed by a marble monument. Nor can we repeat the accounts of what he saw in the "Eternal City," at Naples and the resurrected cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

He visited Florence, saw the famous cathedral at Milan, revisited London—went everywhere on foot or rode on omnibuses, saw the famous tombs in Westminster Abbey, visited the Tower, and the British Museum, and St. Paul's; walked on "London Bridge," and along Fleet Street and the Strand and through "Cheapside;" heard notable preachers and saw famous statesmen; toured through rural England and through Scotland, ascended to Edinburgh Castle, inspected Holy Rood Palace, saw John Knox's corner,—saw hundreds of other interesting things and places and wrote about them all in his own delightful style; and at last took ship at Liverpool and came home.

He told it all over to his friends, lectured about it on many different occasions, and thus divided with others all the instruction he received as far as possible, and shared the pleasure he enjoyed on his trip. But these things cannot be sketched even in briefest relation here. He reached home in safety July 7th, wearied and glad, filled with delightful and satisfying

memories that would never fade, and from which he would draw as from an exhaustless treasury in the elucidation of Gospel themes and the illustration of religious truth for the remainder of his ministerial life. He received a most cordial welcome from his beloved and loving people, settled down in the dear old home, and soon was hard at work again as preacher and pastor and teacher and faithful citizen of Franklin.

CHAPTER IX.

LITERARY WORK.

Dr. Eaton was one of the busiest of men. If he had a single prominent fault, it was that of not taking relaxation and exercise enough. There are ministers who do little else than read, write or mentally formulate sermons—sometimes two, sometimes one, sometimes none (?) a week,—attend to *necessary* pastoral calls, do some perfunctory visiting, and conduct the mid-week prayer-meeting. Enough for one man's energies and vitality to bear up under you will say. But Dr. Eaton did all this—changing, if you please, the "*perfunctory* visiting" to real, faithful, friendly visiting of his flock—and did it all well, with the added duties of Stated Clerk both of Presbytery and Synod, and other churchly duties that from time to time were laid upon him.

But he was not satisfied. There was a pressure of intellectual energy in him that called for some additional outlet. He often wrote for the periodical press, both religious and secular. But this was only a spurt now and then for an hour. He was inclined to enter a wider field of literary production. He had the historical instinct, or a strong historical strain in his mental constitution, which, as Rev. J. C. Bruce, the present pastor of the Franklin Church, said of him in

his admirable Commemorative Address before the Erie Presbytery at Cambridgeboro, was so pronounced as to show this to be his foremost characteristic as a thinker and writer. It cropped out often in his ordinary sermons. It appeared more freely and fully in his discourses on Thanksgiving Days, or on occasions of national mourning and supplication.

With this inclination—perhaps a phase of it—was joined his love of antiquarian research. The early occupation by the French of the spot where Franklin now stands, and their construction here of Fort Machault, afforded him a congenial topic for investigation of which he never tired; and in later days he contributed an extended sketch of the early history of Franklin and Venango County to Dr. Egle's History of Pennsylvania.

The discovery of Petroleum in large quantities along Oil Creek, in Venango County, in the year 1863, and the rapid and marvelous development of the industry in that region, creating great interest throughout the country, and drawing multitudes together in the "Oil Region," as to a new field of gold, seemed to demand a fuller and more accurate account of the whole matter, with the methods of obtaining and refining the oil, than could be found in the newspapers of the day.

Franklin was at that time the principal town near the centre of the oil-producing territory, and Mr. Eaton could not but feel greatly interested in what deeply concerned the business interests and welfare of the people of his Church and community. He saw the need of such a full and accurate account of the oil

development as that spoken of above. At first he hesitated about undertaking the work himself, as it seemed like turning aside from the sacred calling of the Gospel Ministry to which he had devoted his life and powers.

But he at length satisfied his conscience that the preparation of the volume that he saw was needed would not interfere with his work in the Church—in fact would afford him needed relaxation and relief from his onerous duties; and so he immediately set about it. He studied the subject thoroughly, made himself acquainted with all the details of the work of drilling, pumping and refining; and within a few months his book, entitled "Petroleum"—a work of 299 pages—was ready for the press. It proved a valuable compend of facts for those who were seeking information about the Oil Region and the methods of Oil Production.

Great delay on the part of the publisher who undertook to issue the book, interfered greatly with its success in a pecuniary point of view. Rival works, with later data relating to the rapidly developing Oil Region and Oil interests, were soon upon the market, and the author did not feel justified at that time in putting out a second edition. But the book has often been called for since the first edition was exhausted.

HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERY OF ERIE.

But Mr. Eaton's talent for history found a larger and more congenial field for its exercise in a work which he undertook soon after his "Petroleum" had

been launched. Much of romance—or rather, much of history that is romantic and thrilling in its character—was connected with the planting and propagation of Presbyterianism in the region West of the Alleghenies. Settlers, large numbers of them Scotch-Irish Presbyterians from Eastern and Central Pennsylvania, flocked rapidly into the country bordering on the Ohio River, after it fell into the hands of Great Britain at the conclusion of the French War.

Pittsburgh was planted in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt; and after the War for Independence, it grew into an important town. Emigrants continued to arrive from the older settled parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and also in smaller numbers from the mother countries of Scotland and Ireland. But they were not satisfied to fix their settlements upon the hills of Washington and Westmoreland, and in the well watered valleys of Allegheny, but began to reach out further into the wilderness West and North; and wherever they came together in sufficient numbers for the purpose, they established churches and organized schools.

The first Presbytery formed West of the Alleghenies was that of Redstone, two years before the close of the Revolutionary War; and seventeen years afterward the Presbytery of Ohio was organized, composed of churches in the immediate neighborhood of Pittsburgh and those North and West of that growing town. But the brethren in what is now Butler and Mercer Counties and the contiguous portions of Ohio, began to desire to be set off into a Presbytery of their

own. So, by the authority of the Synod of Virginia, to which the two older Presbyteries belonged, a new Presbytery was erected in 1801, and called the Presbytery of Erie—its Northern limit being the shore of Lake Erie.

Sixty years had passed, and the "Fathers" of the Presbytery and the early missionaries, who had gone through labors and dangers scarcely surpassed by those of many of the foreign missionaries of to-day, had been gathered to their home of rest; when a desire sprang up in the hearts of many of the younger brethren to have the history of the early times rescued from oblivion, and an authentic and connected history of the Presbytery prepared and brought down to date. But who should be the historian? There was little search made for the proper man. Perhaps no other one than Dr. Eaton was even thought of. His brethren therefore urged him to undertake the task, promising the necessary pecuniary assistance in the publication of the work.

The encouragement and persuasion of his brother ministers, joined with his own inclination, induced him to undertake the work. It proved one of no small magnitude—including much searching of old records and half-legible diaries and letters, and extensive correspondence with octogenarians and the descendants of deceased ministers and elders. This for the History alone. Then there was to be a sketch of the life and labors of each minister who had been connected with the Presbytery, to be prepared with the greatest care as to facts, and delicacy in the mode of

treatment. A brief history of each church was also to be given.

But notwithstanding the labor and trouble—which he could not but have anticipated—Dr. Eaton entered upon his task with energy and zeal, and prosecuted it with unflagging interest to the end.

The earlier portion of the history especially is of great interest, and ought to be read by all the present generation of Presbyterians in Western Pennsylvania. It shows through what toil and effort the churches of this now rich and flourishing region of country were planted and maintained. It illustrates by many a heroic example the stuff of which those early ministers were made, and sets forth their zeal, their energy and the power of their faith in God. The book was evidently written *con amore.*

Born but eighteen years after the organization of the Presbytery, himself the son of a pioneer missionary, the life of the writer touched on the life of those earnest and self-sacrificing men, and he could enter with entire sympathy into the story of their labors and sufferings. Some of the tales of endurance and persevering faith he no doubt heard rehearsed at his father's fireside, when "father" Tait of Mercer, or "father" Patterson of Allegheny, while on a visit of a few days on some Communion occasion, would relate his own experience of "the times that tried men's souls."

Nor would the humorous side of the story be lost sight of by the young listener; as when, for example, the visiting brother would tell of the Psalm-singing

Irishman, who strode up the aisle of the church, when Rev. Mr. Riggs began to read one of Watts's hymns, and angrily cried out to him "Quut that! If you dunno' quut that I'll go up and pull you doon by the neck." Or when the story would be repeated of the Rev. Mr. Wood's disappointment in trying to get a cup of tea in the wilderness—his unsophisticated hostess, who had never heard of tea as a beverage, taking the precious package of *bohea* that he had handed her from which to brew his favorite drink, and placing it before him on the table shortly afterwards in the form of a *dish of greens.*

The story is not burdened with too much of personal incident, whether humorous, or pathetic and thrilling; and yet enough of detail in this sort is given to lighten a history which might otherwise be a mere dull record of ecclesiastical transactions—the licensing and ordaining of ministers; the founding and dedication of churches, with lists of the names of Presbyterial or church officers; and the routine proceedings, judicial, supervisory, &c., of the Presbytery when in session.

Important facts of this kind must of course appear, if it is to be really a history of the body and its doings; but the record of the body is so interspersed with the accounts of missionary touring and preaching, and of revival scenes and exercises, as to relieve it of barrenness and dullness, while it constantly stimulates the interest of the reader.

Dr. Eaton is usually at his best in descriptive passages. After speaking, for example, of a service of divine worship conducted in a spacious and airy barn,

in some country district, he tells of one held in the woods.

"A single picture of this forest worship," he says, "will convey some idea of the early worship of the fathers. It is the month of June. It has been announced far and near that a stranger from the old settlements is to preach on the following Sabbath in the woods near the 'Big Spring.' A great congregation has assembled; and it is a motley assemblage. Every variety of costume and manner and expression of countenance is there.

"One is habited in a suit brought from his early home, but since unused, save on special occasions like the present. The texture is still good, but the changing fashions have left it far in the background. Another, perhaps, has a single garment of this kind, whilst the remainder of his costume is manufactured in the wilderness. Still another has a costume that is nondescript in its character. His hunting-shirt is deer-skin, whilst his lower extremeties are cased in garments of the same material, shrunk by the weather, until they completely adapt themselves to the form they were designed to protect.

"The wives and daughters are in as good trim in their outward adornment as circumstances would permit. Where a bonnet was wanting, a cotton handkerchief supplies the deficiency; when shoes were wanting, they manifest their sense of propriety by coming without these appendages of modern refinement."

The "History" proper occupies 171 pages of a duodecimo volume. It is quite complete and satisfying,

replete with valuable facts, spiced with anecdotes and humorous incidents, and all wrought out in an easy and graceful style. Even the "Table of Contents" is quite appetizing—including, for example, such items as "Missionary Toilers," "Mode of Travelling," "Anecdotes," "Hardships," Frolics," "Revivals," "Primitive Houses," "Living Out," "Manners," "Tedious Service," Dickson's Journal," "Missions to Indians," "Forest Worship," "Matrimony," "Psalmody," "Temperance," "Sunday Schools," "Evangelists," "Slavery," "Sabbath," "The Great Division (1837-38)"—and a multitude of other topics scarcely less interesting. Looking back on what he has written, and gathering up in memory the labors and trials, as well as the triumphs and holy delights of the noble men who planted the churches and carried on the work for two generations of this wide-extended Presbytery in Nortwestern Pennsylvania, Dr. Eaton closes his general history with these words:

"The record of the orthodoxy of these men, of their piety, their burning love for souls, and their self-denying labors, is not only written in God's Great Book above, but is impressed upon the very hills and valleys that once resounded with their voices. More than this: It is written upon the green prairies of the great West; in the distant States of New England, and in the stirring region of Texas. And this record is to be gathered amid the quiet homes of many States; in the lonely military camp; amid the rush and storm and crash of the battle-field, where death holds fearful carnival; in the hospital, amid plague

and pestilence and dire mutilating wounds; and amid all the varied vicissitudes of life, wherever sin has brought suffering and peril.

"This sweet and beautiful record is to be found wherever the breaking heart has called for comfort, and tearful eyes have looked for relief, throughout all our broad land and in other lands.

"The influence of these men is felt in almost every community in Western Pennsylvania, in the peculiar type of religious faith and practice that prevails. The early fathers began their work when society was in a plastic state. The impressions they made became permanent. They have been handed down from one generation to another. They still affect the tone and character of society.

"In addition to all this their example is on record. It is a bright and luminous chapter in the history of the church of Jesus Christ. Though dead, they yet speak—speak to the churches; speak to us, their younger brethren, telling us—

> —'The vows
> Of God are on us, and we may not stop
> To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
> Till we our work have done, and rendered up
> Account.'"

The Second Part of Mr. Eaton's history of the Presbytery is called "Biographical"—being the "Biographies of Deceased Ministers." There are forty-nine of these sketches, filling one hundred and ninety pages of the volume. They are necessarily brief, yet they seem abundantly satisfactory, both in

the detail of facts in the career of each one, and in the depicting of the traits and peculiar characteristics of each. Nor does the writer fail to enliven his brief story with humorous incidents and entertaining anecdotes whenever these offer themselves; and especially does he endeavor to illuminate the life of every godly man with stories of his self-denial, of his abiding faith in God, or of his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of his Divine Master.

There is little sameness in his sketches. Every picture is clear-cut and vivid. Nor are the stories of course of uniform length—some running to ten or twelve pages, others occupying but two or three. For some, the materials were plentiful, and could with difficulty be reduced or condensed. For in these cases, the men, like St. Paul, were "in labors more abun-"dant, ... in journeyings often, ... "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in "hunger and thirst;"—for not a few were hard-working missionaries, and faithfully prosecuted their labors. Others were quiet men, settled over a church in some quiet community, and while true to their calling and their vows, did little that served as material for the pen of the historian.

Another part of the Biographical division of the work is occupied with "Notices of Living Ministers." These at that time (1868) numbered sixty-seven—the names of but two of whom, Rev. Dr. Reynolds and Rev. R. S. VanCleve, are now (1890) on the roll of the Presbytery. These sketches have but little interest—excepting as a detail of the time and place of

birth, where educated, ordination, churches served, &c. But the labor required in gathering these facts and verifying them was great—especially as many of the ministers had left the Presbytery, and gone in many cases to distant parts of the country.

The final department of the work, constituting Part 3d, was a Historical Notice of Churches. Beginning with the oldest churches, and including all that had at any time been within the bounds of the Presbytery, the writer gives briefly the facts of time of organization (when attainable), by whom served as pastors, transfer to other Presbyteries (if this occurred), &c., &c. The oldest church treated of is that of Mount Pleasant, near to Darlington, Beaver County, Pa., organized about 1798; and the latest that of Petroleum Centre, organized in September, 1865. The short histories of seventy-nine churches are thus written within the compass of fifty pages.

Dr. Eaton issued a supplemental history of the Presbytery in 1887, bringing the account of Churches and Ministers down to date.

The whole History cost him a great deal of labor—and also cost him more money for its publication than was ever reimbursed to him. It stands a monument to his industry and painstaking carefulness; and might well bear the inscription, following his Dedication "To the memory of the Fathers and Brethren of the Presbytery of Erie—" A LABOR OF LOVE.

Many years of earnest and faithful work in the Franklin Church passed, including the building of the

new church edifice,—with the episode of the delightful rest and relaxation of his five months' visit to Egypt and the Holy Land—before Mr. Eaton put another book upon the stocks. He had doubtless contemplated it and planned for it for a long time. We may well believe the project was resting, *soaking*—if the word be allowable—in his mind during the preparation of his "Presbytery of Erie," and afterwards. It was to be a tale of the early times of his father as a minister of the Gospel—"a true history of events "as they transpired during the early settlement of the "country bordering on Lake Erie, and of some of the "persons most conspicuous in that settlement."*

It was published in 1880, and bore the title of "Lakeside: A Memorial of the planting of the Church in North Western Pennsylvania." The Dedication reveals the purpose and motive of the Book, and is in these words: "*To the Memory of my Father and Mother; whose Labors of Pain and of Toil are here Recorded; and whose are now the Joy and the Crown; this Book is Dedicated, in Affection and Love.*"

"Lakeside" is a duodecimo volume of over three hundred pages. The first chapter is descriptive of the region lying along the South shore of Lake Erie when still almost in a state of nature. It was "a forest upon which the axe and plow of the settler had made but a faint impression. . . . . The huge oaks and chestnuts were still standing, but their glory had departed, for the sharp edge of the axe had drawn

*Introductory note to "Lakeside."

around them a girdle that had eaten out their very life, and left them to decay and ruin.

"But with the exception of these partial clearings, that old forest around Lakeside presented a grand appearance in its original majesty. On the north side was the Lake, rolling its heaving billows to the shore with the same majestic roar and measured cadence as had characterized it since the deluge."

The whole description is fine, and true to nature, easily recognizable in the main features—the winding shore, the deep cut and precipitous ravines, the boundless expanse of restless waters on the north, the peninsula stretching out like an embracing arm to form the harbor of Presque Isle—by any one acquainted with the region where "Lakeside" is located.

"The Pioneer," Mr. Eaton the elder, is introduced in the second chapter. Slight in figure, of an evidently fragile constitution, it is no wonder that the sturdy people who first saw him and heard him preach, "shook their heads ominously—remarking that the young minister was too frail a plant for the lake wilderness and the lake storms. . . . . But that frail young man had given his life to the work, and no small consideration could turn him back."

Of course there was as yet no house of worship in this primitive and scattered community, and the young clergyman first conducted divine worship "in the bar-room of the only tavern in the whole region. It was a rude log house, but the most commodious that could be had."

The course of the story—which is in the main one of historical facts—takes the young minister away for a considerable period from Lakeside; and before he returns, and after a lengthened missionary tour through the territory of what was afterwards the State of Ohio, he "fetches a compass," on horse-back, through South-Western Pennsylvania, seeks out—like any other human man—"the girl he left behind him" (she was living with her mother, and patiently waiting for him, at Laurel Hill, Fayette County), marries her, and brings her home to Lakeside with rejoicing.

These facts are spread over four or five chapters of the story—the relating of the facts being interlarded with much conversation between the minister and the maiden of Laurel Hill, and later on with the talk of the good honest ladies of Lakeside, who had begun to more than suspect that the slender young missionary was engaged in something more than preaching while he was absent—*pleading* perhaps, and, as the result proved, with success to his *suit*.

And thus the story runs on through many brief and breezy chapters on "Organizing the Church," "Familiar Visits," "The Ordination," "The Meeting-House," "Domestic Struggles," "Freezing a means of Grace (?)," "Pastoral Work," "Hopes and Lights," "Troubles from Without" (meaning the War of 1812, which made Erie a fighting point and the minister a chaplain to the troops there assembled), "Days of Peace," "Deer Hunting," "Fishing and Other Things," "Better Days," &c.

"Lakeside" is in no proper sense a novel. The writer evidently did not intend it as a work of art, and it ought not therefore to be judged by the canons of criticism applicable to a work of fiction. The stern and troublous primitive times in which his father and mother bore a prominent part, and the wild forest-covered region, with here and there its little clearing and rude cabin, in the midst of which they lived and labored, were strongly impressed upon his imagination; and his effort was to draw a picture of those times, and of that wild country, and of the men and women who so bravely devoted themselves to the task of clearing away the forests and of cultivating the rude primitive settlers themselves into the gentility, intelligence and character of a civilized and Christian community. Especially did the writer endeavor to set forth the faithful and self-denying part that his own parents bore in this great work.

It is a plain unvarnished tale, in which real and, for the most part, very common-place people, who lead homely and common-place lives, are the actors. A thrilling and romantic tale—had rein been given to imagination and invention—might have been woven out of the materials at hand. There might have been the lover, the villain, and the avenger of injured innocence, and all the rest of the possible or impossible characters of the ordinary sensational—or, if you please, the intensely interesting and thrilling—novel. But that was not Dr. Eaton's plan. He wished his story to be "a true history of events," while all the romance connected with it was to be confined to "some

of the accessories, that, like the side lights of a picture, should bring out more conspicuously the main features of the work."

In the closing chapter, "Lakeside as it is," the author, after describing the changes that had come over the region of country in which his true story is laid, draws a picture of the changed home of his boyhood. "The old house where the minister lived"—he writes tenderly, almost pathetically—"and all the children "save one or two were born, has passed away, and a "fine farm-house now occupies its place. The old "Lombardy poplar still stands in its old place, bid- "ding defiance to the storms that have for nearly a "century beaten against it. Some of the old apple "trees planted by the minister's hand are still stand- "ing, but they are growing old and dilapidated.

"Everything seems changed but the Lake itself. "There is the same grand view over its blue waters; "the same deep voice of the storm when the tempest "is abroad in its wrath; the same quiet ripples when "the summer sun sets behind its western wave; and "the same winter outlook, when the water is bound "in its icy chains and covered with its velvet carpet "of snows.

"A grand work has been done for this entire re- "gion through the instrumentality of this Lakeside "church. Other churches of different denominations "have sprung up around it, yet this was the mother "of them all. . . . . .

"There is a quiet little cemetery, very near to the "spot where the pastor was ordained in William

"Sturgeon's barn, where many of the congregation of "Lakeside now sleep their last sleep. Many names "are found on the tombstones that would designate "the persons referred to in this narrative, yet they "will not be recognized save in a very few instances. "Conspicuous amongst these is a plain white marble "shaft, bearing the following inscriptions:

"REV. JOHNSTON EATON,

"*founder of the church of Fairview.* Born February "7, 1776—Died June 17, 1847.

"MRS. ELIZABETH CANON,

"*relict of Rev. Johnston Eaton.* Born March 11, "1780—Died February 6, 1872."

Dr. Eaton completed "Lakeside" in October, 1879, and it was published early in the following year. He had not suffered the preparation of the work—for it had been but a delightful pastime to him—to interfere with his duties as pastor and preacher. Sermon and Sunday School and prayer meeting and pastoral duty still monopolized his thoughts and his time. He was still in the midst of this work—giving an hour now and then, by way of relaxation, to the study of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Course for the years 1878–'82—when a new and special demand on his pen came, in behalf of the memory of a very dear friend.

Dr. Cyrus Dickson, his immediate predecessor at Franklin, eminent in the church as a preacher, and for ten years the tireless and eloquent Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, died in

September, 1881. It was most fitting that a Memorial volume, recounting the labors and setting forth in strong light the character and worth of so eminent a servant of the Church, should be prepared. Many friends of the deceased Secretary called for such a volume; and the Presbytery of Baltimore, with which he had been connected for many years, took action on the subject at a meeting held soon after Dr. Dickson's death.

A committee was appointed to prepare a suitable memoir, but nothing definite was done. It was finally proposed to commit the preparation of it to Dr. Eaton; and this met with the cordial approval of Mrs. Dickson and her family. No better selection could possibly have been made, and Dr. Eaton entered upon his "labor of love," as he himself called it, with as little delay as possible. "A life-long acquaintance," he says in his preface, "a hereditary friendship on both sides, and an ardent admiration for the man and his great work in behalf of the Church and country, were elements entering into its preparation."

Taking up the work in such a spirit, and with such personal attachment to the man, Dr. Eaton put all his strength into it. There is nothing merely perfunctory manifest either in the style or substance of the book. A warm glow of feeling pervades it throughout; and while the actual facts of Dr. Dickson's life and labors are given, they are cemented or interwoven with something that was more than mere thought and literary invention—something flowing directly out of the heart of the writer.

Dr. Eaton made rapid progress in the composition of the book—which grew under his vigorous and industrious pen to a volume of over four hundred pages. Begun in the pleasant springtime, when the mind, like nature, is in its freshest and most productive condition, it was completed during the few weeks of vacation and comparative ease accorded to the hard-working minister by every considerate and compassionate church at the mid summer time. The preface, which is usually the last thing done for a book by its author in preparing it for the press, bears date of August, 1882.

The biography proper occupies 272 pages. Under the head of "The Early Dawn" Mr. Dickson's early life on his father's farm in Erie county, Pennsylvania, near the shore of the lake, is sketched, including an account of his father's family and of his careful training under the care of a godly mother. "The Student," "The Commission," and "Pastoral Life" in Franklin, Wheeling and Baltimore, are topics that receive full treatment, bringing out the noble character of the man, and his faithful and successful labors as a minister of the Gospel.

Under the title of "The Secretary," his ten years of work as secretary of the Board of Home Missions, when, as an eloquent and fiery messenger, he went from church to church, and from one border of the broad continent to the other, proclaiming the needs of the great and growing populations of the Great West, and pressing earnestly upon the churches their duty towards those neglected regions—all this is compressed into the space of thirty-five pages; but the very com-

pression seems to give the greater intensity to the glowing narrative.

But ten years of the zealous and self-devoted work thus described were too much for the physical endurance even of a man of Dr. Dickson's sound constitution when at the summit of his bodily and intellectual powers. He was compelled to resign the secretaryship, and the end began to draw nigh.

Three more chapters of the Biography follow, entitled "The Man—The Christian—The Preacher," "The Home Life," and "The Evening and the Morning." They set Dr. Dickson before us very vividly just as he was—a man among men, in the pulpit, on the field of battle for the truth and the conquest of the world for Christ, in the home circle as husband and father and friend, in the easy chair or quietly pacing about the house, or stretched on the bed of final rest, when the eternal dawn began to open its curtains before him and the "Sun of Righteousness to arise with healing in His wings."

The second and final part of the book includes the Funeral and Memorial Services, words of sympathy, Notices by the Press, and Tributes of Respect. The volume as welcomed and read by hundreds of the eloquent preacher's friends and admirers, and is a truly worthy memorial of one who was a great Christian, a great preacher, and a great and useful and valiant leader in the Church of Christ.

Two other volumes that Dr. Eaton compiled—a "Catalogue of the Western Theological Seminary"

and a "Catalogue of Washington and Jefferson College"—are spoken of in the chapter on "Post-Pastoral Life." While a great amount of toilsome labor and no little literary skill were bestowed upon them, they are not to be classed as literature, or literary work, in the best sense; and, indeed, it seems almost pitiable that a man of the high attainments and intellectual ability of Dr. Eaton should have so large a portion of the last years of his life given to work of this character. But he rendered a great service, both to the College and the Seminary, in the preparation of the two large volumes, and through his love for historical and statistical investigation it is said that he really enjoyed the work.

In connection with his talks on Jerusalem at Chautauqua, Dr. Eaton prepared, by request of Chancellor Vincent, a descriptive hand-book of that ancient city, which has proved very useful to those interested. He also wrote a similar little work on Palestine. Both of these were published by Phillips & Hunt, in their ten-cent series of text books.

Mr. Robert Lamberton, an elder in the Franklin Church from 1862 to 1885, died in the latter year at the advanced age of 85 years. He was a man of strong character, very useful as an officer and member of the Church, and was several times sent as a commissioner to represent his Presbytery in the General Assembly. Dr. Eaton prepared a small volume as a memorial of the life and services of this excellent man. It was issued in 1886.

The contributions of Dr. Eaton to the early history of Franklin and Venango county have been mentioned in another place. These were of great value. His researches were thorough, and were undertaken and prosecuted, as well on account of his natural inclination towards historical study, as of his desire in this way to render a valuable service to his fellow citizens.

One of the fruits of his researches and studies was a "Centennial Discourse: A sketch of the history of Venango County, Penn'a." This was delivered at Franklin on the Fourth of July, 1876. It was subsequently printed and formed an octavo pamphlet of forty-eight pages. Starting from the time (1749) when the French symbolized their taking possession of the region of country lying along French Creek and the Allegheny River, by burying a leaden plate with an appropriate inscription at the junction of the two streams, he follows down, in a rapid but very interesting and pleasant style, the course of the subsequent history. He tells of the founding of Fort Machault, the location of John Frazier, the first white settler, in the Indian town of "Winingo" (Venango), of the visit of Washington and his conference with the French commander, of the occupation by the English of this important strategical point in 1760, and of a company of United States troops having possession of the same ground in 1787 and erecting Fort Franklin for the protection of the settlers.

And so the narrative passes along over this exceedingly interesting track of local history, touching the heads of events—the coming of the early settlers, the

founding of towns, the erection of mills, churches and school houses, etc., etc. The names of the founders of County families are given and the dates of their first settlement, as also the names of Judges, Congressmen, members of the Legislature, Sheriffs, etc., with the years of their incumbency of their respective offices. This historical discourse thus becomes a valuable compend of the most important facts and events connected with the settlement and development of the County, and is recognized as authoritative in all matters of which it treats.

Another small volume of this indefatigable writer, printed in ——, bore the title of "Ecclesiastical History," etc. In it is given an account of the early settlers of Western Pennsylvania and of the Ministers, Churches, Church Edifices, Synods, Presbyteries, &c. He speaks of the hardships and trials through which the first inhabitants of this new and rough region passed. The book covers the period from 1738 to 1875-6.

Dr. Eaton left in manuscript three small works ready for the press, each of which he evidently intended, at the time of writing, to publish. One of these is entitled "The Pathway of Jesus upon Earth, with the Lessons that Cluster around it: A Memorial of Palestine." The principal topics treated of in the fifteen chapters of the work are Bethlehem, Nazareth, Sea of Galilee, Doomed Cities, Bethany, Gethsemane, Calvary, the Holy City. All the facts attainable with regard to these various topics are gathered

up. The history of each place, as given in the Bible, as well as the later, or modern, history, is recounted, and a topical description given—all accompanied by suitable reflections. The book, if printed, would make a 16mo volume of probably 200 pages, and would, no doubt, prove an interesting and instructive work.

A still larger manuscript work, prepared for the press several years ago, was laid aside when Dr. Eaton learned that a book bearing a nearly identical title had just been published. This is called "The Master's Own Words; Compiled from the Four Evangelists, with Notes Practical and Explanatory of the Connection." Each utterance of Christ, from His "Suffer it to be so now," etc., in Matt., 3 : 15, to the final word to Peter, "If I will that he tarry till I come," etc., is explained and commented upon. If printed it would form a book of nearly 300 pages. The third volume that he left in manuscript is called "The Lord's Table: Preparation for its Solemnities and Enjoyment of its Privileges." It is smaller than either of the others. Its general scope is explained in the following words taken from the preface: "The brief chapters are offered to the plain Christian to direct him in his meditations, to assist him in his self-examination, and to minister to his comfort as he approaches the Lord's Table."

CHAPTER X.

THE PREACHER.

While Dr. Eaton was a lover of learning for its own sake; while he was the author of valuable historical books, a frequent writer for the press, and an easy and graceful letter-writer; and while he was a well informed and practical man in ecclesiastical affairs, a devoted pastor, and an active and useful citizen—he was above all a *preacher*. This he set out to be when a boy at home—this he strove with all his powers and by the grace of God to become, through the many years of his preparation—this he *was*,—all things else being subordinated to the one work of being a herald of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God.

Much has been said in other parts of this volume about Dr. Eaton's style as a preacher. His methods of study have been glanced at. Those who sat under his pulpit ministrations for years place him before us, from their respective points of view, as thinker and reasoner and earnest pleader as an "ambassador for Christ." But the picture would not seem to be complete without some samples taken from his sermons that were put in print through the intervention of friends, or that are still accessible in manuscript form.

But the extracts must of necessity be brief, and after all may not serve to show, to those who were not

accustomed to hear him, what he was as sermonizer and preacher, nor to satisfy the people of his charge whose memories still recall great sermons, or eloquent passages in sermons, which they listened to with rapt attention, and by which they were deeply moved.

The first selection given is from a sermon preached on Thanksgiving Day, 1852, in the fourth year of his ministry, from the text: "*He hath not dealt so with any nation.*" His general subject was "Providence in American History." He treats it under three heads, namely, "The past history of our Country," "Our present position," and "Our future destiny." Each of these heads has three divisions. Under the first head he shows that God's hand was manifest "In the discovery of the country," "In its early settlement," and "In His Providential Care." God's intervention, is also manifest, he argues under the second head, "In the present strength and prosperity of the nation," "In the respect and confidence accorded it abroad," and "In its elements of perpetuity." Under the third head, that of "Our future destiny," he shows that God has here raised up: *First*, "A new phase of humanity;" *Second*, "A new phase of government;" *Third*, "A new phase of Christianity."

These various points are treated briefly, but with much force of argument and clearness of illustration and he concludes his discourse with a general view of the past, and an outlook on the future, that—after those terrible events in our country that have become matter of history—cannot be read without deep interest. It is as follows:

"Looking, then, at the history of the past, the situation of the present, and the indications of the future, what must be our conclusion with regard to this Union of ours. We cannot fail of seeing the hand of God in its planting, in its growth, and in its preservation. It has flourished in days gone by, because God's aid was invoked at its origin. It is still preserved because the earnest prayers of ten thousands of humble Christians are ascending up day by day, and entering into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth. And it will be preserved as long as the sweet chimes of the Sabbath bell are heard in our valleys, and re-echoing from our hill-tops, so long as there is a free church in our sanctuaries, and so long as there is a pure ministry to stand at the side of her altars.

"As a nation, we have been sometimes engaged in war, but we believe that our mission is peace—like our great Master—'peace on earth good will to men.'

"As a consequence of all this, the preservation of our Nationality is a matter of momentous importance. Men sometimes talk lightly of the dismemberment of this Heaven-sent Union, but they realize not the madness and folly of such thoughts. We believe that the hand that touches the safety of this Union, touches the apple of God's eye. We read of deeds of darkness and infamy, that have been perpetrated in the world's history, but that deed of darkness and infamy has never been perpetrated since the days of Judas Iscariot, that would equal in enormity of wickedness, and Heaven-daring perfidy, the very beginning of an attempt to overthrow the pillars of our National Union.

He that would attempt it, would secure to himself an eternal inheritance of shame and infamy.

"We should learn a great lesson to day.—We look to other nations that have been great before us, but which have vanished 'like foam upon the waters.' We look upon contemporary nations, and then at our own, and we must exclaim with full hearts, 'He hath not dealt so with any nation.'

"As we listen from this eminence to day to the voice of History, earnest groans come up to us from the deep dark grave of nations, that are echoing and re-echoing over the broad surface of earth, telling of national pride and national glory, of bannered hosts and plumed warriors, of temples of science and temples of Justice, swept from the scene of action and buried amid the wreck of the past.

"And those solemn voices tell us in connection with our own, that side by side with the temple of Liberty, must be erected the temple of the living God, that upon the same platform with the altar of Freedom, in yet bolder relief must be erected the altar of the despised Galilean. They tell us that if we would enjoy perpetuity as a nation, the minister of Justice must be in our midst, with his balance and his sword, that the priest of the mysteries of science must be in our midst. But that higher and holier priest, the steward of higher and holier and more glorious mysteries, must also be with us, standing by the altar of God, and pointing to the High and mighty Ruler of the universe as the God of nations and of individuals, to the

High Priest of Calvary as the Savior of sinners, and to that *rest that remaineth*, as the soul's eternal repose."

The following sermon was preached about a year and a half before Dr. Eaton resigned the pastorate of Franklin Church :

"THE GREAT PREACHER.

"*He Preached the Word Unto Them.—Mark* 11 : 2.

"The world was getting weary when Christ came. It had listened to so much jargon and had been deceived so often by those who alleged they had somewhat to say that it was ready to sink down in despair. There had been the cry, 'Lo! here,' and 'See! there,' yet nothing had come of the cry. In all nations of any cultivation there was the expectation of the coming of some great teacher. There was the feeling that some important message would soon be delivered. This was particularly the case in Judea, where the light had fallen from the word of God. Christ appears, and there is the accompaniment of mighty works and most persuasive words. Many say: 'This is the Messiah. We have found Him of whom Moses, in the law, and the Prophets did write.' And many believed in him and received him into their hearts. Peace settled down in their souls and they were confirmed in the truth of God. Then Christ went on preaching the Word of Divine Truth until His time had come to bear His cross in the hour of His agony and go up to His throne to reign eternally.

"The Great Preacher still delivers His message. He is still preaching, not alone by the side of Galilee, but in farther lands than were represented at the great

Pentecost. He has come across the continents and over the ocean. His truth falls everywhere, like the snow flakes in the time of winter, or the almost invisible dew drops in the time of the summer heats. And He preaches now, just as He did when He was here, wherever he finds an audience. His cry is a more general one—more universal: 'Ho! every one! Hear, and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you!' It is a personal message that comes to each one of us. We cannot get away from it. We need not feel, any one of us, that the invitation is not designed for us, for it is couched in such terms that we cannot be mistaken if we suppose the Lord is speaking to us individually. And now let us look for a little time at the Great Preacher.

"The character of the message is often judged by the person who bears it. On unimportant occasions our government sends out agents without any particular features to recommend them. But when the matter is important, the very best men the country can furnish are accredited and sent out with all the circumstances of authority and honor, that they may have all due respect and authority in the presence of the government to which they are sent. When Nicodemus went to see our Lord and talk with Him on the great matter of life he said: 'We know that Thou art a teacher sent from God.' And the reason he gave was this: 'No man can do the miracles Thou doest except God be with him.' And now we say the same this day: We know that Christ is the sent of God, because no one could do the things that He does unless

he had been sent of God. But does He work miracles as He did when He was here? Does He heal the sick? Does He cause the blind to see? Does He raise dead people from the grave? We answer, Yea, verily, He does. No people so sick with fever, with palsy, with leprosy, as those whose whole souls are diseased with sin; no eyes so blind as those which sin has closed so that they cannot see their danger; no death so hopeless through human instrumentalities as that in which the soul is involved, and that leads to eternal perdition. Yet every day is this great Healer, this wonderful Prophet, this mighty Saviour, healing such sick as these, opening such eyes as these, raising from the dead such slain as these. This Preacher, then, was sent from God. He bears God's high commission. That commission is signed by the hand of God. It is sealed in the court of the Highest. . . . . .

"Then he was possessed of *Infinite knowledge.* There is really nothing that is Infinite but God and His attributes. You stand on the shore of the great ocean and look out on its bosom and it seems Infinite, but you know that men have sailed across it and away around the world. You look out at the greater ocean that seems to roll so quietly over your heads, with its multitude of floating star crafts, and it seems as though it was an infinite distance to the planets and stars, yet you know that men, in their investigations, have measured the distance to the planets and to the stars and have computed their pathway over the vast blue deep. Yet there is something beyond. It is the Infinite power of God behind the ocean and the sky! And

man's knowledge is not Infinite; there is a limit to his understanding. He may have crossed the sea, he may have circumnavigated the globe, he may have computed the distance to the fixed stars, yet is there a limit to his understanding. . . . . .

"But there comes a voice from the Infinite heights, sounding away beyond the stars, mightier than the sound of many waters, sweeter than the fabled music of the spheres. It tells us that all things were made by God—that He is above all and that in Him all things consist. And Christ is the embodiment of all this power and knowledge"

He next speaks of the preacher, and compares him with John the Baptist and the Apostles John and Peter and Paul, to show His superiority to all others. He then proceeds:

"We look now at the great theme. He preached the Word unto them. There have been many important messages delivered in the world's history. There have been dispatches pertaining to State craft and National safety, to the fortunes and lives of individuals, to the peace and comfort of society. Many a beleaguered fortress has received terms of surrender that involved the lives of men and the honor of the State. . . . . In the days of the great Revolution, nearly a hundred years ago, when this country was well nigh worn out with war and hardship, when the feelings of weariness and want were filling the people with desire of rest from war and all its terrors, a messenger came into the camp under the protection of a flag of truce. He was clothed in the

uniform of the enemy and bore dispatches from the commander of the forces of Britain. The dispatches proposed to surrender to the American commander. This meant the giving up of the struggle. It meant to this country peace, independence, and prosperity; to Great Britain, total abandonment of the brightest jewel in her crown.

"But a more important message than this was that which Christ bore to men when he came here to preach. It was connected with the matter of life and death—eternal life and eternal death! It was to tell how God could save men who had sinned and fallen, and how they might be made the friends of God and the heirs of his kingdom. It was to propose terms of deliverance from death and the blackness of darkness forever. This was the preaching; the satisfaction to law and justice came afterwards. This was the message: to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold on the hope set before them. And now the same great theme is before us. It looms up, if we but properly look at it, as the great sun does among the stars. It overshadows all questions of a secular, a scientific, of a governmental and social kind. It is the great question of the eternities!

"The question of the soul's salvation is involved in this grand theme. This is the one supreme question with persons who are to live forever. All other privations are as nothing compared with this, the loss of God's favor forever. The loss of health, of limb, of reason, of life itself, may be endured; but this means total, eternal loss. If you were to go to the art gal-

lery in Antwerp to day, you would find an artist, born without hands or arms, busily engaged painting with his toes, and as happy a man as any of his brother artists. You sometimes see in our streets, men without lower limbs, yet managing to get round without very much trouble. You find persons without reason, seemingly enjoying the animate life that is allowed them. Some of the happiest persons we see are those who are going down to death; they feel the change coming, yet have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

"But the loss of the soul is the great loss of all the ages; it is the final loss of happiness, of peace, of heaven. It means utter abandonment of God and utter exclusion from all that makes existence a blessing and a joy, and salvation is the opposite of all this. It means deliverance from all the disabilities of sin; it means the rescue of the soul from that shipwreck that would else be eternal and hopeless. That word salvation will never put on its royal robes, it will never assume all its beauty, until we stand on the other side and feel that we are safe in the home of our God. It is only the old soldier after the war is over that can feel the full meaning of the term *safe* in the time of Peace. He looks back over the weary march; the fierce charge; the assault of the enemies works; the fire of shot and shell; the fever in the hospital; the confinement in the prison; the loathsome effects of wounds and starvation and filth; and wonders that he could have escaped all these. So it is only the old soldier of the cross that can take in the meaning of

the word salvation; and this only when the march, the assault, the deadly rush in the fight with satan and sin, are all over, and he has passed the awful chasm that has been bridged over by the infinite love of God. . . . . .

"We look now at the audience to whom this message is delivered. It was composed of people who needed to hear. They were people sinning and dying and going up to the judgment. They were in want of light, in want of the truth, they needed to have the way pointed out to them, by which they might attain to happiness. It was by the shore of the beautiful lake that Jesus loved so well, that he stood telling the things that pertained to the kingdom. There were the citizens of Capernaum there: Fishermen, scribes, merchants, laborers, professional men, housekeepers, mothers, children; all classes, all ages; all shades of faith and persons with neither faith nor creed. But all were on the way to the judgment; all were in this world to prepare for another state of existence, and they needed the gospel to help them to find the way of life and assist them in pursuing it.

"So it is now. The audience is the same, as to class and condition of life. It is made up of all who read the word of God; of all who hear the word preached; of all to whom the truth has come in any shape. And this truth has come to all in Christian lands. It has found its way into offices of professional men; into the marts of trade; into the shops of the artisans; into the laborer's home; into the abodes of pleasure and fashion; into the homes where children are

trained up for the great business of life; everywhere does the call go; everywhere does the invitation go; 'come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' . . . .

"Everyone here is in the way of the offer and the promise. Each one of us has the offer of eternal life. All that is wanting on the part of any one is a willing mind. And the Lord knows just what your feeling is in this matter. If there be in your mind a willingness to forsake all and follow Christ; to lay everything on the altar, for his sake and for his honor; then he says: Trust all to me, follow me; confess my name and I will give you rest and peace. I will guide thee safely and well, and bring thee to my home and make all light forever. . . . .

"A few years ago, a ship in the North Atlantic Ocean, near the equator, was surprised to see another ship, with signals of distress raised and apparently in great trouble. Coming near enough to hail them and inquire their wants, they cried out. 'We are perishing for want of water. Our supply is exhausted and we have not had a drop to drink for two days.' The cheerful hail was returned: 'Dip up and drink, There is good sweet water all around you. You are in the mouth of the great River Amazon, and it is a hundred miles to salt water in any direction.' This was the truth. Without knowing it, they had been for twenty-four hours in the midst of this mighty body of fresh water. Water was all around them, although they knew it not. But they lost no time in heaving

their buckets overboard to bring up the bright sweet water for their refreshment and life.

"Is there not something like this in your case, fellow mariner, over life's salt ocean? Some of you are atheists. Some of you give signals of distress. You cry out for the sweet, living water of divine grace. I hear your hail, and reply as the Captain did: 'Dip up and drink.' The water is all around you, without your knowledge. Take and drink and your soul shall live. The Lord calls; I but echo his words: 'Whosoever will let him come and take of the Water of life freely.' But you are waiting to have this water brought you in your own way. You would see it coming. You would hear a voice from heaven, proclaiming the Lord's presence, and the water thrust into your lips without trouble on your part. 'Come and drink,' is God's word. The water is near, drink and live!"

The extracts following are from several sermons—not taken as "gems" of thought, but simply to indicate Dr. Eaton's style as thinker and writer on various subjects. They are submitted with diffidence, almost reluctance, by the compiler, aware as he is that his judgment and taste may not at all accord with the judgment and taste of those who for many years listened every Sunday to the *living preacher*, and received his "gracious words"—not in the form of "cold type"—but warm and vital with the presence and unction of the deeply earnest man himself.

"The soul in its new creation is a great and mighty work, even in the hands of the Lord. There have been many great poems written to illustrate the world's history. 'Paradise Lost' recounts the history of the soul in its condition of holiness and purity, with its fall from that purity and its rebellion against God. The strain is a sad one, yet full of great thoughts. It is in the major key as regards the work of God and his angels, yet in the saddest of all minor keys as regards man. And this new creation of the soul, by the power of God, is the grandest of all poems, for it recounts the victory after the battle; it tells of the power of truth over error; the kindling up of light in the midst of darkness, and the final destruction of the work of Satan. It recites the completion of the greatest conflict in all the universe, and the putting to flight of all the enemies of God. If there be the sad minor strain as we recount the steps by which the work is commenced and perfected, the tears, the sad voices, the suffering, the dying, there is also the triumphant shout of victory, as a soul is redeemed and saved forever."

"The great thought before us is that *Jesus is near in time of need.* In a wide, deep sense, we are always in need; and in the same sense, he is always near. We may all of us; saint and sinner; strong Christian and feeble Christian; indifferent sinner and inquiring sinner, cry out, with most earnest heart: 'I need thee every hour!' And there is not one of us but, feeling

our need and crying for help, would be able to see Jesus walking upon the water. And more and better than this: We would find his presence calming the water, soothing the storm, and making all to be peace in our hearts.

"A few years ago, as that mighty steamer, the Great Eastern, was crossing the ocean, a passenger related that a fearful storm was encountered, of which the passengers generally were ignorant. The vessel was so long and large that it reached from billow to billow, and thus avoided the rocking and the tossing that would have happened to a smaller craft. Yet the danger was perhaps just as great as though a smaller craft had been in use. The great strength and length of the ship was an advantage, but there were corresponding disadvantages. There was danger of straining the hull as the mighty Leviathan was balanced on the crest of some gigantic billow, or of breaking asunder amidships through the sheer power of gravity. We feel so strong sometimes that we do not see the storm; nor do we feel the danger. Yet danger may be nigh, and it may be very great. But sometimes, nay, perhaps oftentimes, we do see the storm and feel the danger. Yet we do not always feel the power of a present Savior in helping us, in sustaining and delivering us. Now the great, the wonderful thought we wish to impress upon your minds is, the *presence and power of Christ to sustain and deliver in trouble.*"

"That was a most interesting interview between the Lord and Nicodemus. It was night, and no ear

was near to hear save that of the Lord and the ruler. The subject was the most important that could be introduced. The Lord alone could give light on that subject. And now you and I can go to him in the same way, and all alone with him we can hold audience with him. He is as ready to hear now as when he sat with Nicodemus under the night shadows. And he would say to us just as he did to him: Ye must be born again! And he would say to us: The Son of man is lifted up; believe in him and thou shalt not perish, but have everlasing life. Go then and believe. And believing, go to him every day; talk to him every day. Let him take you by the hand every day and you will find your spiritual strength renewed every day. You will find the burdens of life becoming lighter. You will get clearer views of the father's house. You will hear the sweet voices of heaven more and more distinctly. You will be able to lean on God's strong arm as you wait patiently for the bright appearing of the Lord, and the call home to his Glory."

"This matter we call faith is a sublime thing. It is the basis of a large proportion of the actions of life. There is faith in common things. There is something grandly sublime in the very idea of pushing a ship out into the great ocean, knowing that in twenty four hours there will be nothing visible but the deep blue water and the illimitable sky, reaching up to unknown heights, and bending down until it seems to rest upon the waters. Yet on, and still on,

the frail ship pushes its way, with nothing in view but the sky and water, directed simply and wholly by a slender magnetic steel bar we call the Mariner's Compass. The seafarer never doubts but that he shall reach the other side, following the direction of this oscilating needle. It is to him God's finger, pointing solemnly yet surely to the magnetic pole. And now in all religious matters, we are to have the same faith in God. The vast future is to the soul more of an unknown and trackless waste than the wide ocean is to the ship! We know not whither we are going when we enter upon a religious life, but we know that there is a power above and around us that will guide us and bring us to the desired haven. And now God is calling us to launch out into the great deep, and trust in him. If we do so he will show us the way; he will guide us safely and will finally show us his glory. In all things where we cannot see, we must trust; and if we trust in God, we shall never be deceived. . . . . .

"It is a great thing to feel that God knows best and to have no will but His. And to enable us to be all this and to do all this we need the help of God's Holy Spirit. For this help, we must seek. It should be a part of every prayer we offer that God would help us to know and do his will, by imparting the Holy Spirit to us. We need this Spirit's power to enlighten our minds, to sanctify our souls, to give us energy and taste for the work, and to help us to overcome the difficulties that are in our way. And all this is not the work of a day nor a year, when God has

many years in reserve for us. Working, striving, suffering, perhaps, but still waiting the time when the Lord shall call. And in this there may be both quietness and peace. In the thought of the power and faithfulness of the Lord there may be faith and this faith may grow; from the little grain of mustard seed, it may become a great tree, and under the shadow of its branches we may find a shelter that will be to us like the constant presence of the Lord, until we are ready to go home."

CHAPTER XI.

POST-PASTORAL LIFE—CHAUTAUQUA—LAST DAYS.

Dr. Eaton had but recently entered on the sixty-third year of his age when he resigned the pastorate of the Franklin Church. He was still in vigorous health, with his natural force unabated. His mental powers had given no sign of decay. There were signs of age upon him, as already noted, but they were not a true index to the active mind citadeled in that still robust frame. Perhaps rest was more welcome to him after exertion than it had been twenty-five years before. Perhaps he may have given fewer hours to sleep than in the days of his early manhood. Perhaps he was less ready to start on a long walk through the woods and over hill and dale, or to enter upon a long journey. Home was dearer to him and quiet more congenial. But his mind was still keen and alert, and as ready to dip into a fresh volume on philosophy, theology, or science as when he was under the meridian of his manhood.

He was still ready, therefore, for any call that his church—the church of his fathers and of his own devoted loyalty and attachment—might make upon him, and was always willing and anxious to preach the Gospel whenever opportunity offered, or do any work whereby men might be benefitted and Christ's king-

dom advanced. The great Chautauqua movement for popular instruction in Sunday School methods, and the wider extension of a knowledge of science and sound literature, had been inaugurated a few years before his retirement from the pastorate, and he had entered into it with great interest—connecting himself with the first C. L. S. C. class formed, and prosecuting the studies with great diligence. These he now continued with increased zest, and did what he could to encourage and help others who had undertaken the same course of study.

When the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, where he studied divinity, determined to issue a Biographical and Historical Catalogue, there was no long search for a proper person as a compiler of the work. It was a laborious undertaking. It required great accuracy and untiring care. It demanded patience. A tedious correspondence must be had with ministers, or with their descendants and relatives in all parts of the country, and even with missionaries in heathen lands—letters often repeated over and over and sent to different points. Dr. Eaton's qualities of perseverence and carefulness were well known. When the work of compilation was offered to him, he may have hesitated at first to enter upon it; for he could see at once that it was a difficult and tedious undertaking, with nothing in its preparation to stimulate or give pleasure to a man of scholarly habits and intellectual capacity. But it must be done. Some friend of the Seminary must bear the burden. He had leisure, and the patience and perseverence to go through

with the task if he undertook it. And so it seemed to him like a work brought to him by the hand of Providence, and he accepted it. It is not necessary to add that he performed the task thoroughly well and to the satisfaction of all concerned. It was completed in 1883.

Very shortly after his release from the charge of the Franklin Church, in February, 1882, for the advantage of a change of scene and objects of thought, after the cares of the pastorate had been lifted, he went with his wife to the south, and passed the remainder of the winter and the early spring in Jacksonville, Florida. But the summer found them for a few weeks in Franklin. When the Chautauqua season opened they were again in the summer city by the Lake, and gave themselves up to the high enjoyments of that centre of religious instruction and of scientific and literary culture.

Meantime the small house that stood upon the lot his Franklin friends had given him, he had had replaced by a large and commodious one, and there re-established his home. He had strong local attachments, and his heart would still turn back to the quiet little parsonage near the church, and to the room within the church where, surrounded by his books, he had passed so many happy and laborious hours. All seemed changed in the new home, and it took time to habituate him to the new order of things, and to make his literary work seem easy as of old.

But considerable time elapsed before the happy couple settled permanently into their new home.

They went south again for the winter of 1884–'5; then were in Philadelphia for a considerable period, and did not return to the pleasures of house-keeping till the year 1887 was well advanced.

In 1884 Dr. Eaton was called by the General Assembly of his Church to a new and important work. The Board of Publication carries on a very extensive business, involving all the work of a large publishing house. Much had been said from time to time in the Assembly, when the report of the Committee on Publication would be presented, on the management of the Board, its methods of doing business, the prices charged for books, &c., &c. It was therefore thought best that a Special Committee should be appointed to make a thorough examination into the affairs of the Board and report at the next meeting of the General Assembly. Such a Committee was accordingly appointed, and Dr. Eaton was made its Chairman. The remaining members of the Committee were Hon. John T. Nixon and Hon. James P. Sterrett.

They met in Philadelphia in October, 1884, and agreed upon a method of procedure. An expert accountant was employed; but to Dr. Eaton himself, as Chairman, fell the work of a general superintendence of the operations of the Committee; and for the next two years he spent much of his time in Philadelphia, constantly occupied in the examination with which his Committee was entrusted.

A partial report was made to the General Assembly which met in Cincinnati in May, 1885. But the Committee was continued for the purpose of completing

their examination—to report finally at the next meeting of the Assembly. The work was continued, Dr. Eaton devoting himself to it with his usual assiduity. The final report was laid before the Assembly in session at Minneapolis in 1886, and the Committee discharged with the following commendatory resolution: "*Resolved*, That the cordial thanks of the Assembly be tendered to the Chairman (S. J. M. Eaton, D. D.,) and members of the Special Committee on the Board of Publication, appointed in 1884 and continued in 1885, for the ability and fidelity with which they have discharged their trust."

CHAUTAUQUA.

Dr. Eaton's connection with the work at Chautauqua, his early interest in the movement itself, and his practical devotion to the courses of study pursued there, show his clear judgment and "level-headedness," his broad liberality as a Christian minister, and his Christ-like spirit. His early training, his natural prejudices, his theological education, and his long career as a Presbyterian minister, deeply interested in all the movements and enterprises of his own branch of the Christian Church, it might have been supposed would incline him to treat with indifference, or turn away from, the scheme of religious and scientific and literary training set on foot in the woods bordering Chautauqua Lake, by Dr. J. H. Vincent and the other prominent leaders, who, for the most part, were connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

But he was able to see more than the outside of this movement—what was visible only to the eye. He

saw Christian principle at the heart of it. He saw a scheme for wide-spread popular education on Christian principles and within the church of Christ; and he was not narrow enough to keep aloof from it lest another denomination might reap most of the fruits and garner all the glory of success. But it was not his nature to be narrow or jealous, or to have a tilt with every man who professed to read a different legend on one side of the Christian shield from that which he was sure he saw on the other.

He had spent too many years in harmony and friendly co-operation with brother ministers of the Methodist Church in Franklin—exchanging pulpits with them on occasion, and giving help and encouragement whenever there was need—to be afraid or reluctant to join with brethren of that great church in their newly inaugurated work at Chautauqua. "Prove all things"—and then "hold fast that which is good," was his motto. In this case he both "proved," or tested and tried, and he "held fast" most tenaciously and to the last; for he found the enterprise was "good"—great and successful, indeed, and of wide-reaching usefulness.

For the first four or five years he simply pursued the C. L. S. C. course of reading and study (at the same time assisting others near his home by his leadership and suggestions), and enjoyed the lectures and special instructions given on the grounds during the season. But in 188– the management asked him to take charge of the large model of Jerusalem, and to give a talk or lecture on the topography of the Holy

City every day (Sundays excepted) from 4 to 5 o'clock p. m. during the Chautauqua season. He took charge of the work and continued it with great interest and acceptability from that time on until the summer of 1889, when his health had become too much impaired to perform any active public service.

He was one of the most successful readers of the C. L. S. C. courses—first completing the first Four Years' Course, that of 1878-82, and then accomplishing all the supplementary reading during the following years. He became one of the permanent and reliable leaders, and by his kindness, courtesy and helpfulness made hosts of friends among all true Chautauquans.

In 1881 he and Mrs. Eaton established a cottage on the grounds, and in the later years made their home there from June to October. They enjoyed and profited by the busy and stirring scenes during the Assembly season, and then they enjoyed the quiet and restfulness of the peaceful autumn days that followed.

An active and earnest member of the Franklin branch of the C. L. S. C. Class, to which Dr. Eaton belonged, and of which he was the devoted and efficient leader, has kindly furnished an account of its organization and progress, including many very interesting facts relating to Dr. Eaton's connection with it. In this as in all the work that he undertook, Dr. Eaton was zealous and constant, performing his own part faithfully, and helping in all suitable ways those who needed stimulus and help.

After stating that he had not been present at Chautauqua, in 1878, but had read "with kindlings of heart the glowing reports of speeches and addresses made, of letters and poems read, and other things relating to that prophetic day in which the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle had its birth—" the writer proceeds :

" Touched by the new inspiration, I called a meeting in the Methodist Episcopal Church (Franklin) for the purpose of organizing a Class. Some twenty-five or thirty persons responded. The idea was presented at some length, as far as understood, and a resolution adopted to form a Class, a number of those connecting themselves being among the final graduates. Dr. Eaton, who had not yet returned from Chautauqua, was elected President, and Dr. J. N. Fradenburgh, Vice President. Dr. Eaton was an enthusiastic Chautauquan. We knew his zeal and felt no need to consult him on his willingness to undertake what we even then knew would be a task.

"On his return home Dr. Eaton called a meeting in his own Church. Through his leadership the Class was soon in possession of books and following out the course of study. His devotion to us and our interests inspired us all to efforts that without such incentive would not have been possible. We knew he was personally interested in us all, entering into our home-life and the hindrances to our successful study. We often knew him to refuse invitations to social gatherings, rather than lose the evening with his Class; and he laughingly told us once, when we were rejoicing over

the fact that he had come to us from a most desirable company, that he had several times suggested an earlier hour for wedding ceremonies, for parties coming to the parsonage, that he might be free to come to his Class.

"As a leader he was surely long-suffering toward us. With all his learning and scholarship, he ever preserved the most humble spirit, always standing as one of the students, yet "apt to teach, patient." He manifested the most tender consideration for those who asked sometimes absurd questions relating to the lessons. He would explain, never by any sign betraying his knowledge of the fact, but so kindly and clearly presenting the subject that all would be benefitted, and no one in asking an unfortunate question was ever made to feel that they had done so. His Christ-like spirit was a reproof to any ungentle discussions; and in the four years there were often occasions when he was tried; but the love that "never faileth" was his, and during all this time it grew more and more apparent. He had type-written programmes for his meetings, which were opened by singing a hymn and prayer, and then the lessons were entered upon at once.

"Sixteen of the original class (of some 40, I believe,) graduated in 1882, and as we stood outside of the 'Golden Gate' on that first Recognition Day, Dr. Eaton with Dr. J. L. Hurlburt stood at the head of the double columns of eight hundred students, who represented the class of seventeen hundred in all parts of the world, and led in the reading of the 28th chapter of the Book of Job. That precious chapter had

grown more precious to us through our years of study. We were beginning to see that 'the price of wisdom was above rubies;' and Dr. Eaton had never failed to say, 'Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.'

"Many of the Class failing to complete the course in the four years, afterwards graduated, and notices of our progress were often in the Chautauquan. In those early days Dr. J. H. Vincent could and did write personal letters of encouragement to the circles, and often spoke highly of Dr. Eaton. In one now before me he says: 'I well know the ability of Dr. Eaton. I take very great pleasure in his Chautauqua enthusiasm, his practical suggestions and the services which he so unselfishly renders at Chautauqua. Your testimony concerning the work of the circle has been very gratifying.'

"It was my pleasure, knowing Dr. Eaton's love for flowers, and fondness for button-hole bouquets, to send to him and Mrs. Eaton at Chautauqua abundant supplies of flowers and button-hole bouquets, with which he for years decorated the corps of platform speakers. Dr. Vincent would say: 'I do not wear a bouquet, but will this in honor of the C. L. S. C.,' and probably the only ones he wore at Chautauqua were the ones Dr. Eaton gave him.

"In 1888, Dr. Eaton and his most estimable wife gave a reception to the graduates of his local class, and all members of the C. L. S. C.; and on that most enjoyable occasion, once more, and for the last time, we heard again his words of encouragement and

enjoyed his scholarly fancies, indulged for our pleasure and instruction, in a beautiful address.

"Graduating members of his class were honored with a seat next to his loved ones on the occasion of his funeral. They saw the dignity and peace of his face in death; they stood by his open grave, and saw the 'narrow house,' resting on its bed of cedar branches, and as a last offering of love they strewed it with flowers. While their tears fell, they knew that all was well with him; that the palm was the emblem, and the cleansing blood the token by which his pure spirit entered into eternal rest."

The following very cordial tribute of thanks was given to Dr. Eaton by the members of the Franklin Circle:

"Dr. S. J. M. Eaton, President of the Local Circle, Franklin, Pa.

"Dear and honored friend:

"We wish to express our gratitude to you for your unselfish devotion to our interests in the four years you have presided over our meetings. Some of us have not been faithful in attendance,—but you have never failed. Some of us, by reason of our busy lives, are far behind in our readings; but you have always a word of encouragement. Those of us who will probably finish the course, are greatly indebted to your helpful work and words, and your 'patient continuance in well doing.' We all unite in thanking you heartily for the time and labor spent in our behalf—but most of all for the personal, heartfelt sympathy and interest you have ever manifested toward us.

"We also unite in requesting you to continue to preside over our Local Circle; and we will ever remain,

Yours gratefully.—"

Signed by Class of '82, and also Class of '83-'84.

In 1879 Dr. Eaton became a Trustee of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Penn'a. An alumnus of Jefferson College—graduated from that institution when at the height of its prosperity, and when it was sending forth yearly large classes of thoroughly educated young men, most of whom were destined to become ministers of the Gospel—he had a strong and almost loving attachment to his *Alma Mater*, and also to the quiet town in which it stood, because it bore his mother's name. But when Washington College and her elder sister Jefferson—friendly rivals for more than fifty years, and standing but seven miles apart over the Washington hills—were united under the name of Washington and Jefferson College, and their common seat fixed in the town of Washington, Dr. Eaton was not one of the "bitter-enders," ready to fight the union to "the last ditch." Loyal to the memory of his old College, he would *show* his loyalty by clinging to her fortunes wherever they led. When, therefore, he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees, he did not hesitate to accept the position, and faithfully performed the duties imposed.

Some twenty years or more after the union of the two colleges had been accomplished, it seemed important that their histories and those of their respective alumni should be traced out, and the two separate streams drawn into the common channel of their

united history. Such an undertaking involved an immense amount of labor. Who could undertake it? Again, as in the case of the Historical Catalogue of the Theological Seminary, there seemed to be but one man thought of as having the energy and other necessary qualifications for the difficult task, and that was again Dr. Eaton. His having the leisure, added to his conscientious feeling that he ought to do the work that came to his hand, led him to accept the laborious undertaking. It filled for three years much of the time that he ought to have given to rest and recuperation. He sent out thousands of letters—tracing from pillar to post with these missives the men who for eighty years—nearly three generations—had gone forth from the walls of both Colleges and of the united College, and borne their various parts in the business and professional life of this country and of other countries; and then made record in brief of the history of each one from birth to death.

He did his work faithfully, although in the later months it must have been in the midst of weakness and weariness. The last proof sheets of the last pages of the work came to him on the day when the translating Angel came with such sudden wing and bore him to the mansions of rest; and the book thus finished must remain his memorial, in the archives of Washington and Jefferson College, of a difficult task well and faithfully done.

LAST DAYS.

The last months and days of the life of a beloved friend, when those nearest and dearest come to look back upon them through the sacred and intensifying medium of the final scene and the latest spoken word, seem almost too private and precious to be reviewed, except in the silence of the consecrated chamber of memory. While husband, or wife, or dear friend, is still in the accustomed place, on couch or easy chair, or pacing with languid step the chamber, and the routine of daily life goes on—although the form is wasting, and the cheek growing thinner and paler, and the step more feeble—we cannot believe that the dreaded messenger is really giving these tokens of his approach. Strength will come back again, we think, and the flush of health will again mantle the face, and the tottering step become firm. But when the spirit has taken its flight;—when the eyes are closed, and the familiar voice is at last silent, and there is no response of smile or recognizing look as you gaze into the pallid face, then, O what a revelation there is of the past! All things are brought to our remembrance.

There was perhaps the doubt expressed about being able to complete the work in hand; or a quiet remark made beginning with "If I should not get well;" or there was the request, when you spoke of going out, "Could you not stay *with me* tonight?" Or perhaps you were asked to read some comforting passage of Scripture; or there may have been merely the looking after you as you passed about the room, as if the thought were pressing almost to the lips, "soon I will

be gone, and will see her (him) no more." O so many such things come back to haunt the memory—upbraiding you that you were not more discerning, and did not *see* that the inevitable parting hour was drawing on apace!

But Dr. Eaton gave few such tokens. Occasionally in a letter to a friend he would give an intimation that he felt the end was not far off; as in a note to the writer, but a few days before the end came—speaking of the precarious state of his health: *"But the Lord's will be done. All is right."* But generally he was silent and patient, and was cheerful in word and manner, lest he should give pain, or start feelings of apprehension. He felt the weakness that was drawing upon him, and doubtless was well aware that his vitality was gradually ebbing.

But he kept on at his work. Letters must be answered; that book *must be pushed on* to its conclusion; the request of a friend for some favor must not be denied; home duties must not be relinquished or relaxed. —The attractions and duties of the Chautauqua season were impelling him to go back again to his little cottage, meet his old friends with the same word and smile of hearty welcome, and stand as of old at the model of Jerusalem, and with the same animation and interest point out the place of the Temple and of the Cross and of the Sepulchre.

But tired and wasting nature here entered her veto —*thou shalt not.* Reluctantly he obeyed the command. He would stay at home this summer, and by another season he would have recovered his health and strength,

and be able to take up the burden of life again, and enter into the enjoyments, intellectual and religious, provided by the University in the Woods, with all his old zest.

This was his hope at times. But he was not without the apprehension—the anticipation, may we not rather say?—that the end was not far off. Was he not on the home stretch of the "three score years and ten?" And had he not fought the good fight? had he not finished his course? had he not kept the faith? and was there not laid up for him the crown of righteousness?

His last day dawned. He opened his eyes on its pleasant light, and there was the usual impulse to rise as of old and enter upon the duties and work of the day. But there was a sense of weariness upon him, and he lay abed late. After rising and taking a slight breakfast, he concluded to try the fresh air of the delightful July day, and about eleven o'clock he went out for a short drive. After dinner he sat and rested and read till about four o'clock. Then taking his cane he went out upon the street, saying in his usual quiet manner that he would "take a short walk."

When near the residence of Mr. Campbell on Elk street, he was seen suddenly to throw up his hands and fall to the pavement. Kind hands lifted him up and bore him to his home. He was still breathing when laid upon his bed, but only opened his eyes and seemed to recognize his wife, gasped a few times, and all was over.

Thus passed away from the earth, July 16th, 1889, by the sudden failure of the functions of the heart, SAMUEL JOHN MILLS EATON, when but a few months past the 69th anniversary of his birth.

He died as he had wished to die—without a long illnesss, with his faculties unimpaired, and when his work was done. It might have been wished that such a man,—so confident in the hope of the Gospel, so full of experience as a man and as a Christian preacher for forty-one years—would be privileged at the last, and in full prospect of death, to bear testimony to his abiding faith in Christ, and to the full hope of immortality that was in him. But this was not needed. His triumph over the world, and over sin and the powers of darkness, had come long before. His testimony to the power of the Christian faith had been uniform, and his hope of eternal salvation had become indeed "as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the vale."

The shock to his devoted wife, and to his many friends far and near, many of whom did not even know of his failing health, was very great. They could scarcely credit the terrible news, and words of sympathy for her who was so suddenly bereaved poured in by every mail. The immediate friends and acquaintances of Dr. Eaton in Franklin, where, beloved and honored, he made his home for forty-one years, felt his loss as a personal grief, and not a few were moved to tears as for their dearest friend.

Sincere and touching eulogies appeared in the public press, and the whole community was in mourning

as for one whose loss was irreparable. There was something in his character—his gentility, his earnestness, his sincerity, his manliness—that brought him near to all hearts.

As a writer in a leading journal of Venango County said of him: "If the attempt were made to characterize Dr. Eaton by any single word, there is perhaps no word nearer approaching correctness than 'large-hearted;' for he was instinctively and essentially a large-hearted man. . . . . His manner was always humble, helpful and gentle. His charitable judgment, his genial bearing, his youthful spirit, tempered with the grace of well spent years, made him always accessible, ever ready and unceasingly kind to younger men.

"Next to his large-heartedness, Dr. Eaton's manhood was marked with an unusual purity. It colored, or rather clarified, his motives, his speech and his judgment of others. His very presence and acquaintance gave the atmosphere of cleanness to speech, thought and behavior."

The loss of such a man in a community such as Franklin and the prosperous oil region of Venango County had become, was a public calamity. A sense of this was shown by the large numbers attending his funeral. Not only many of his brethren in the ministry were there, his co-workers at Chautauqua, and the members of his old church of Franklin *en masse;* but also large numbers of his fellow-citizens of other churches and of no church, came to testify to their

high respect for one who was truly a man, and above reproach.

The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church of Franklin, on Friday the 19th of July, and were solemn and impressive. An account of these will appear in full in another part of this volume. His mortal remains were borne from the portals of that church into which, in its planning and construction, he had put so much of prayer and thought and labor, and within whose walls he had preached with all earnestness the blessed Gospel for thirteen years; and were deposited in the Franklin Cemetery; and as the words "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" were solemnly uttered, one could almost *hear* the "voice from Heaven saying: '*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*'"

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

II.

FUNERAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICES,

AND

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

I.

FUNERAL SERVICES AT FRANKLIN.

On Friday morning, July 19th, at the hour of ten o'clock, the body of the beloved Minister was borne to the Church in which he had preached during the last thirteen years of his pastorate, and which is well called, in the resolutions subsequently passed by the Session, "His Monument." The audience room had been suitably draped with mourning emblems, and tastefully and elaborately decked with flowers; and when the casket was placed in front of the pulpit, flowers in many emblematic forms were placed upon and around it. It was of cedar, and of a special design, with columns at each corner, and was trimmed with oxidized silver, with massive handles and richly finished. On the silver plate was the inscription, "S. J. M. Eaton. 1820–1889."

The pew which Dr. Eaton had usually occupied during his later years, was draped in mourning emblems and stood vacant. "The organ was festooned with smilax, and large bunches of daisies showed against the dark background. It was surmounted by a white dove. On either side of the choir gallery were large banks of daisies and ferns. A large wreath in front of the desk was sent from Chautauqua, and a beautiful floral pillow on the casket was the gift of the Chautauqua class of 1882. A floral urn placed at the head of the casket was the gift of Mrs. Gillett and Mrs. Cochran, life-long friends.

"To the left of the pulpit a conspicuous floral piece was a cross, with a white dove resting on the centre with outspread wings. This was a tribute from the Rev. J. N. McGonigle, pastor of the Church of Oil City, and Mr. —— Young. To the right of the pulpit stood the deceased pastor's old pulpit chair, draped in crape, and on it rested a shepherd's crook composed of yellow roses, white carnations and smilax, the gift of the Sunday School; and the chair was full of white roses sent by personal friends. A floral anchor was the tribute of the Elders of the church. Interspersed with all the set pieces were a great many beautiful collections of roses sent by friends from all parts of the city."

At eleven o'clock, the bereaved wife and the brothers and sisters and other relatives entered and took their places. Upon the pulpit platform were the following named clergymen of the Presbytery of Erie: Rev. Richard Craighead and Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D. D., of Meadville; Rev. J. T. Crumrine of Cochranton; Rev. W. T. Garroway, of Utica, and Rev. Wm. Grassie, of Cambridgeboro: Also Rev. James Allison, D. D., of Pittsburgh, and Rev. J. M. Barnett, of Washington, Pa. These, with Rev. J. C. Bruce, and Elders P. McGough, James Miller, R. H. Woodburn and C. H. Dale, afterwards served as pall-bearers.

The services opened with an anthem by the Choir: —"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee." The Rev. Richard Craighead offered the following PRAYER:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we invoke thy blessing to rest upon us on this sad and mournful occasion. We rejoice, however, that our Lord God omnipotent reigneth; that though Thy ways are not as our ways, nor Thy thoughts as our thoughts, yet Thou doest all things well. Help us to bow in humble submission to this affliction that has visited us. Sanctify this great grief to us, and unto each and every one of us; and enable us to realize that this is not our abiding place or continuing city: that we are strangers and pilgrims here.

Let us look upward and onward to our future, blessed, glorious Home, where there will be no sickness, no sorrow, no separation, no death. Bless, we pray Thee, the exercises on this occasion; sanctify them unto this Church and unto this community; and Thine honor, Father, Son and Holy Spirit shall have the praise, forever, Amen.

The following passages of Scripture, selected by the Rev. J. C. Bruce, Pastor of the Franklin Church, were read by the Rev. J. M. Barnett, of Washington, Penn'a.

"The days of our years are three score years and ten.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. 90: 10, 12.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. 12: 3.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that

shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4: 18.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Ps. 116: 15.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth:

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14: 13.

"Wisdom is justified of her children."—Matt. 11: 19.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning;

"And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching."—Luke 12: 35–37.

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

"And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

"That you should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."—1 Cor. 2: 1–5.

"Ye know, from the first day that I came unto you, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears.

"And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house,

"Testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

"Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.

"For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

"Take heed to yourselves. Watch."—Acts 20: 18, 20, 21, 24, 26, 27.

"Let a man so account of us as of ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.

"Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.

"But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified; but he that judgeth me is the Lord."—1 Cor. 4: 1–4.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace which is able to build you

up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."—Acts 20: 32.

"By the grace of God I am what I am."—1 Cor. 15: 10.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—Heb. 13: 8.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Philip. 1: 21.

"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."—Ps. 23: 4.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—2 Tim. 4: 7, 8.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—Matt. 5: 4.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."—Is. 40: 1.

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek.

"He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted; to comfort all that mourn, to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—Is. 61: 1, 3.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."—Is. 51: 12.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—John 14: 27.

"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—John 11: 25, 26.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor thing present, nor things to come,

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8: 35, 38, 39.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort;

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.—2 Cor. 1: 3, 4.

There was then sung the following

HYMN.

I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

Chorus:—And that will be glory for me,
Oh, that will be glory for me;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

I know not the songs that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

Cho.:—And that will be music for me, &c.

I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Savior will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

Cho.:—And that will be heaven for me, &c.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. ALLISON.

It is often said that life is a mystery. But no less a mystery is our passage through life; and the closing of life is pre-eminently a mystery. We come into this world in different circumstances; our temperaments and dispositions are widely different; our employments are different, and we pass our days in pathways wide apart. But notwithstanding all this, there comes a time when one event happens unto all. We know not what it is—what feelings it awakens, what realizations it brings.

Of the Christian, death is said to be "To depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." This is precious, this is blessed; but yet in our present experience it is one of the things that we cannot comprehend. It is what remains to us of the future. Some great and good men have been so anxious to form some proper conception of what dying, what departing to be with the Lord, is, that they could hardly wait until the time for experiencing it had arrived; among whom was the celebrated John Foster. But in this world we only see in part, we only know in part. Most is reserved for the future. Whatever this mystery is, our Brother has experienced it. To him death had no sting; over him the grave has no victory.

I presume the principal reason why I have been called to speak on this occasion is the fact that I have known Dr. Eaton so well, and been so intimately acquainted with him ever since we were brought together. In this view of the case, then, I will confine myself to some of the more prominent peculiarities of his character.

And the first that I will mention is his pre-eminent Christian Manliness. He was so the man of God, so truthful, so honest in his convictions, that he could scarcely understand what guile, deceit, or prevarication was in the case of others; for he was just what he seemed to be—he was just what people took him to be; he was just what those who knew and loved him wished him to be.

Then, in the second place, connected with this, was Thoughtfulness. He was pre-eminently a thoughtful

man. He did not go through the world with eyes and ears closed, but he saw much, he heard much, he read much. He thought much of the people with whom he met, of the incidents he encountered, of the progress made in the world and in the church, of public men and public events. He thought much of the history of the past and especially of the history of the Bible. He thought much upon the subject of religion, especially upon his personal connection therewith, and the connection of those near and dear to him therein; and he formed his conclusions concerning that upon which he thought carefully; and having done this he adhered to them with tenacity.

But notwithstanding his apparent gravity, the world and his pursuits, his surroundings, and all his associations were pleasurable to him. He took great delight in the beauties of nature and of art and of literature, and he enjoyed the society and fellowship of friends, especially of those with whom he was intimate and whom he felt he could trust. He knew what wit and humor and pleasurable communications were, and he enjoyed them; hence he was one of the most delightful of companions to those who knew him well. Those who went to his house and enjoyed his hospitality received pleasure and gave pleasure; and when he entered the families of others, how happy was he, what happiness did he impart to the household! And of what he was as a husband, it is not for me to speak. There are memories enshrined within the sanctuary of the heart of her with whom he journeyed so many

years in life that are not to be touched with hands so rude as mine.

In the third place, there was another thing most noticeable in Dr. Eaton. Whilst he was tolerant, whilst he would apologize for defects and for injuries, he had no apology or toleration for mere pretense, for mere sham; and he could discover either of these easily. They were abhorent to his very nature, and he was not slow to condemn them. As a student he was attentive, successful, standing up in the front rank in a class in which there were men such as the Hon. James P. Sterrett, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this State, the late Hon. Wm. S. Latham, United States Senator from California, the late Rev. William F. Hayne, General Richard Coulter, and Louis R. Miller, to say nothing of others. To stand well among these and up with them and abreast with them was no small honor.

Then among his accomplishments was one marked in a very high degree, and that was his character as a writer. Rarely do men attain greater proficiency in the use of the English language, rarely do men express themselves in writing with greater clearness, or force, or beauty. Hence it was not strange that when our class held its Fortieth Anniversary in 1885, a distinguished visitor, not a member of our class, from Ohio, known throughout the Nation, the Honorable William H. West, declared Dr. Eaton to be the Addison of the class; and not only of the class, but of the college in his day. That he was entitled to this distinction, that he maintained this character, is well

known to all who have read his different publications, his articles in the public journals, and his books.

But again, in the next place, permit me to speak of him as a Theologian. Early in life he was thoroughly instructed in the great doctrines of the Bible as set forth in the Westminster Confession of Faith. This he loved, this he admired, to this he held most tenaciously unto the end. He was well read in the Word of God, well read in the standard theologies, and, what was well, he studied what he read, he thought of what he read. In theology, what he read was food to his soul, he was refreshed, stimulated, quickened, elevated, and enlarged by it; and this brings us naturally to look upon him as a Preacher of the Gospel. I know that upon entering on his duties as a pastor he felt assured of this, That the great duty of the pastor was two-fold: To instruct and edify those already Christians, and to be the means of bringing to repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ those who were still without. This idea dominated his whole ministry.

In his preaching he never lost sight of those who were Christians, but who needed to be fed, to be instructed, to have their Christian character strengthened and to be made to bring forth fruit; and at the same time he kept in mind those still impenitent, those who had not yet made a confession of faith, feeling that to them appeal, warning, and incentive were due. And these two ideas ran more or less conspicuously through all his sermons. In this way he vindicated himself as pre-eminently a shepherd feeding the flock,

and his preaching was such that good seed was sown. That seed has been bringing forth fruit ever since; that seed will continue to bring forth fruit here and wherever he preached the gospel, in this generation, in their successors, and still down to succeeding generations; for the good seed of the Word lives on and on.

Then, moreover, whilst he was faithful to his work here, faithful to his church here, he did not forget the church at large. To it he rendered many and important services, highly appreciated, highly valued, and that will continue to be in remembrance; for he was a man of large views, he looked upon the church as it is now and as it was to be, the work that it was accomplishing now and that it was to do in the future. He had perfect confidence in the success of the church; he had perfect confidence in the ability of the Preacher of the Gospel, and of the other means of grace, under the blessing of God, to bring the Nations of the World to the feet of Jesus to place a crown on His Head.

Such was Dr. Eaton; such was his life; such was his work; such was his reward: "Well done, good and faithful Servant; enter Thou into the joys of thy Lord!" Farewell, Friend, Brother Beloved! Thou hast attained the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense; thou hast entered within the vale! Farewell, "until the day break and the shadows flee away," when we hope, by grace, to enter with Thee into the joys of our Lord.

ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIAM GRASSIE.

The times are many in which speech is silver and silence golden. The occasion that brings us together to day is one such; and I confess to a sense of hesitancy in mingling my voice with the solemn pathos of those silent lips before me. Death is the commonest event in the world, and yet there is nothing so uncommon. To this wife who comes to God's house to day, and is here with her dead, it is new and fresh, as if wife had never been made widow before—an entirely new sorrow.

My acquaintance with Dr. Eaton began twenty years ago, while we were members of different ecclesiastical communions, covering the same ground, and I serving one of the churches in the Presbytery of which he was a member, by which means we were brought in contact. From the first, this struck me in regard to Dr. Eaton: The real dignity and urbanity of the man; courtesy joined to manliness of carriage. That thought has been with me ever since—the Christian courtesy and catholicity of his mind towards all who loved the Lord Jesus. A man who loved God, he was ever and everywhere a Christian, a Christian man, a Christian minister, yet with nothing put on. There was no need to assume anything. It was there, and he simply allowed his true self to express itself.

We have had a great deal of correspondence touching ecclesiastical matters connected with Presbytery; and I do not know that I ever received a letter, or even the briefest note, from him that did not close:

"Your Brother in Christ Jesus." *There* is the bond that united us; *that* the tie which enables us to be catholic and all-embracing in our Christian sympathies, in our views of man, God, truth, His Church and Kingdom.

I am thankful, and exceedingly thankful, for all the influence for good which I know my intercourse with Brother Eaton has exerted upon me. A good man, cheerful, not sour, morose, or in any way repulsive; yet rigid with himself, holding himself to the strictest account, and maintaining stoutly what he felt to be right.

The influence of Dr. Eaton in our Presbytery has been most happy and most extensive, occupying, as he did, for so many years, the important position of Stated Clerk, both for Presbytery and also in the Synod, so long as it was confined to this part of the State. He was our ecclesiastical authority. The wheels of business ran smoothly because oiled with his wisdom and love. He was the person of ultimate reference in all questions of ecclesiastical doubt, or in matters of fact and history pertaining to our Presbytery. We thank God for his stainless life. Yea, let us thank Him again for that life, into which there was woven so much of the Lord Jesus; a life which in turn has woven itself into the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, both near and far.

His work in giving a history of our Presbytery to the people of these churches; his work of collecting and publishing those things so valuable to be known, and becoming more and more valuable as the years go

by—those beginnings of things; as portrayed, for example, in his little work, "Lakeside," when all was new and all was real and simple and earnest, when religion and salvation were foremost thoughts in the minds of men,—his work in these books has been a benediction to thousands, and will continue to be, though he has passed away.

Like these flowers which are shedding forth for us their sweet perfume in this solemn presence, his life will yield us sweet memories, holy influences, and give forth an aroma like the rose through years yet to come. Thank God for Christ; for the Christian religion; for what it can make of a man, and help him to be and to do!

At the close of this address the great congregation united with the choir in singing the following

HYMN.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Prof. W. D. Bridge, the private secretary of Bishop J. H. Vincent, was present from Chautauqua in a representative capacity. He said: "At this very hour, in the Hall of Philosophy at Chautauqua, there is a larger gathering than this, holding a Memorial Service in behalf of Dr. Eaton, which is conducted by Dr. Vincent. In nine years of Chautauqua experience," the Professor added, "I have never seen a sense of more profound sorrow than is shown over the death of Dr. Eaton, who was an efficient worker in all the lines of Chautauqua work."

After further remarks, Prof. Bridge presented the following resolutions, adopted at a meeting of the Chautauqua Class of '82, held the day before (July 18th):

"We, the members of the Class of '82, wish to voice our sorrow and our great sense of bereavement in the death of our honored and beloved classmate, Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., who has been to us as an inspiration. He has been our counsellor and tried friend and helper in every emergency.

"We also desire to tender to Mrs. Eaton our most sincere sympathy in her great sorrow and irreparable loss. May the kind Father support her in this time of trial."

Signed by the Committee.

PRAYER BY DR. EDWARDS.

Lord God, Thou art our life and the length of our days, and it is Thou who givest richly all things that we enjoy. Thou livest and reignest forever, and

though Thou turnest man to destruction, yet the heart of Thy people is stayed upon Thee; and though Thou sayest, Return, ye children of men, yet Thy covenant stands fast through a thousand generations. Thou carest for us, carest for our people, carest for the interest of the truth in the earth, carest for the redemption of sinful man. And from age to age Thou dost raise up and qualify standard-bearers of the truth, ambassadors for Christ, faithful ministers, deep in experience of the grace of God that bringeth salvation. We humbly thank Thee for the tokens of Thy mercy in the life and character of the Brother so recently gone from us. We rejoice that Thou didst save him and call him with an holy calling, and delight in him by Thy Spirit, and work in him by Thy Grace, the willing and the doing, the purposing and the living, which ever attend the doctrine of God, our Savior. We rejoice in his usefulness, so extensive and so varied. We rejoice in the natural endowments which have attracted and attached so many to him. And now his sudden death we rejoice to believe is to him sudden glory.

O our God, we pray this departure may be sanctified by Thy blessing, and that it may be instructive to us all. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; so teach us to use this world as not abusing it; and whether the summons come soon or late, suddenly or with warning, may we all be found prepared. Give comfort to the stricken heart and home from whence our brother has been called; sustain and strengthen the afflicted survivors; be very near to them, and say unto their souls, "I am

thy salvation!" Have us all in Thy holy keeping; guide us by Thy counsel, and afterwards receive us to Thy Glory. Truly we have none in Heaven but Thee, and we desire none upon earth beside Thee. Our flesh and our heart faileth! Be Thou, O our God, the strength of our heart! Be Thou our portion forever. We humbly ask in Jesus' name, Amen.

HYMN.

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare 's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;

Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

O happy, happy soul!
In ecstacies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Savior's face.

Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

The services in the church closed with the Benediction, which was pronounced by Rev. Richard Craighead.

Large numbers wishing to take a last look at the beloved face, the opportunity was afforded them, and while this was proceeding the choir sang very softly and with sweet effect the following

HYMN.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

II.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT FRANKLIN.

On Wednesday evening, July 24th, 1889, the Session of the Presbyterian Church adopted the following paper:

WHEREAS, God in his providence has been pleased to call to his reward Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., a former pastor of this church; therefore,

Resolved, I. That while humbly bowing to the Divine will, we would hereby record our deep sense of loss at his death, and our devout gratitude for the long, able, faithful, and successful service he rendered us; our thankful recognition of the unchanging interest he felt in this church to the last, and the sincere love we cherish for him as a preacher, a pastor, and a Christian man.

II. That the church, one of his monuments, be suitably draped, and that a Memorial Service be held on Sabbath, September 8th.

III. That this action be spread upon our records, and a copy of the same be sent to Mrs. Eaton.

Signed by the Clerk.

In accordance with these resolutions, Memorial services were held in the church on the morning of Sabbath, September 8th, 1889.

Loving hearts and skillful hands had appropriately draped and adorned the church—the beauty and fragrance of the choicest flowers contrasting with the emblems of mourning.

In addition to fitting anthems, hymns 90, 335 and 587 of the Hymnal were sung:

"Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glorious forth,
Which in my Savior shine!" &c.

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior Divine!" &c.

"That though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
That though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?" &c.

In the presence of a large and deeply interested congregation the following memorial sermon was preached by the pastor of the church, Rev. Jesse C. Bruce.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

"*Wisdom is justified of her children.*"—Matthew 11: 19.

Jesus speaks here of John the Baptist and himself. At the same time he announces a broad principle. Both John and himself were criticized by their generation. John was blamed for going to an extreme in one direction, Jesus, in another. John's contemporaries condemned him for excessive austerity. His aspect was so grotesque, his speech so uncourtly, his whole way so eccentric, that men were at a loss what to think of him.

On the other hand Christ was condemned for being too much like other men. He mingled so freely with the masses, took so deep an interest in all their affairs, was so genial in his bearing toward all classes—that he was equally a mystery.

To describe the fickle attitude of his day our Lord speaks this parable: "Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows,

"And saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced: we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.

"For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners."

"But wisdom is justified of her children." Doubtless Christ had often stopped to watch the plays of the children. He had observed that they were hardly ever all of one mind. When one set proposed to be gay, and play at wedding, another set refused to take part or enjoy the sport. When the first piped the others would not dance. Determined, if possible, to please, they changed the play from a marriage to a funeral. Still they failed to please. When they mourned there were some who would not lament. John's eccentricity was condemned by a judgment even more eccentric. For being unable to estimate him aright they fell back on the hypothesis that he was possessed of a devil.

Christ's adaptation to his surroundings they slanderously described as gluttony and as eating and drinking riotously.

John and Jesus were two types of character. Wisdom was justified in both. God's wisdom in making them different—their wisdom in being what God meant them to be.

John, though he came to introduce Jesus, was an Old Testament man. His people were great sinners but they did not feel it. John had to handle their case without gloves.

But to make his words of effect he must put his life behind them. And he did. Strip John of his austerity, his camel's hair and leathern girdle, and you rob him of his power. What he wore and what he ate were the outward form of righteousness. The whole was an object lesson for the people and indispensable.

Except sin, Christ needed to be as much like other men as possible. He came to preach a gospel of grace, forgiveness, sympathy, helpfulness, purification. He must get hold of men. To do so he must go where men were, touch them in their actual life at as many points as possible. He must win their confidence, if he was to do them good. What fitness then in his open, genial bearing toward all!

Wisdom teaches that there is a moral order underneath all things. That therefore no good purpose or act will fail at last. It will find its place. Hence wisdom exhorts men to live up to their best convictions. To follow where their best impulses lead them. To be true to their better self, and God will take care of results.

Samuel J. M. Eaton was a child of wisdom. And in him wisdom was justified. He was appointed to a certain work, fitted with talents and opportunities for that work, and his finished life is its realization.

I shall not speak of the details of Dr. Eaton's life. That has been done from this desk, from the platform

to other and larger assemblies, and by the press. Nor shall I aim at a minute analysis of his character.

I select a single point of view. One, however, which to my mind commands a wide outlook upon his life. Wisdom endowed the child Samuel with the *historic spirit.*

Wisdom was justified of her child not only in his pious parentage, but also in the very place of his birth. He was born on the frontier. He grew up in the atmosphere of a new country. We might suppose wisdom had made a mistake here. That one destined to his work should have opened his eyes upon an old civilization where every object suggested a reverence for the past. But not so. What preparation so fit for studying the past, for gathering its lessons, and catching its inspiration, as to be born just where a new history was beginning? Life in such communities is simple. The true spirit of neighborhood is begotten out of mutual need. The noblest qualities of our nature are developed. In that same community Cyrus Dickson received his inspiration for the great work which he afterward did for his church and generation. Samuel Eaton and he were as David and Jonathan. And in those early associations Samuel Eaton received his inspiration to write his masterpiece, The Memorial of Cyrus Dickson.

At Jefferson College he was near the home of his maternal ancestors, in the institution where his father had received his training, and amid sacred memories still fresh of MacMillan's labors.

His preference was for the classics. In these he excelled. With such a strengthening and refining of his natural taste we might predict the character of his Seminary course. Speculative Theology was not to his liking. He delighted rather in the history of Redemption.

His preparation finished he came here to his first and only pastorate. How appropriate and significant that he should be the immediate successor of Cyrus Dickson.

Mt. Pleasant was for a time part of his charge, but his life-work was done here. This region was then undeveloped. Franklin was a mere village. This church was small and poor. He lived to see all changed, the community, the town, the church; and of the better formative influences he contributed by far the largest share.

Measured by visible results Dr. Eaton's long pastorate of thirty-four years was successful. He received seven hundred persons into membership. This represented a steady growth, although there were some notable revivals—particularly in 1867, when more than one hundred were received on confession of faith.

Dr. Eaton was pre-eminently a faithful man in his work. He aimed at solid results.

As a preacher he avoided all sensationalism. He expounded the Word, not in fragments but in its completeness. His purpose was always practical. With his natural taste he made much of the Scriptures as history. He delighted in their biographies. He

made historic events and persons real and fresh by a cultivated imagination. Instructive, practical, tender, earnest, describe him as a preacher.

Dr. Eaton was well fitted for the pastorate. He was a genial man in company. He loved his people and took a deep interest in their welfare. His heart was big and tender. He was a prudent man. If unavoidable he could hear gossip, but he never repeated it. The people gave him their confidence. They sought him as a counsellor. He was a man of peace. Back of the pastor and preacher as their greatest power was the character of Dr. Eaton. All men respected him. Parents could hold him up to their children as an example, for he was pre-eminently a good man.

This house, in which three generations that have known and loved him gather to-day to do his memory honor, is his monument. For its erection he did more in various ways than any other man. As a token of your appreciation of that fact you have inscribed his name upon the cornerstone. Time will efface that. But other tablets more enduring than stone bear the name of Dr. Eaton. Godly character is imperishable.

The fathers and mothers in Israel who welcomed him here as a young minister are, almost without exception, now in glory. Of their children whom he received into the church and married, and who became his co-workers, many have gone to their reward. The children's children whom he baptized, some of whom he married, are mostly with us. These all received

the impress of his words and life upon their hearts here, and they will keep it forever.

But while serving this church with remarkable faithfulness he did other and valuable work. He taught this section to know and to appreciate its own history. As self-respect is indispensable to the individual, so is it to the nation and community. As a nation we have been passing through a series of centennial celebrations. How invaluable this revival of early memories! How just and wholesome the pride thus created and stimulated!

Dr. Eaton made a study of the early annals of this community. He became familiar with the facts of its early settlements, the habits of the people, the difficulties encountered, the social, educational, moral and industrial progress made, and the sterling virtues of its leading men and women. At various times he published the results of his study. The facts, interesting in themselves, were made doubly so by the attractive form in which they were presented. In this he did a three-fold good: he wrote valuable local history, he created a wide-spread interest in it, he stimulated other minds to continue its study.

What he did for this community and county he did more extensively for the Presbyterian Church in Northwestern Pennsylvania. The early annals of this section of the State are among the most valuable in the history of Home Missions. By natural bent, by the circumstances of birth, by life-long association, by official position, Dr. Eaton was just the man for this work. A natural historian, the son of a pioneer min-

ister, spending his whole life upon this field, for the most of his ministry Stated Clerk of the old Synod of Erie, in love with the subject—he of all others was best qualified for the important task. In his book, The History of the Presbytery of Erie, published some years ago, with the Supplement published recently, we have the facts concerning churches, ministers and elders preserved in permanent and attractive form.

Two other publications exhibit the natural taste and acquirements of Dr. Eaton, and are contributions to the general subject of church history,—Lakeside and The Memorial to Dr. Dickson, the famous Secretary of the Home Board. Both do honor to Dr. Eaton's heart as well as head in a double sense.

In Lakeside he draws a picture of the life of a pioneer minister, and thus rears a beautiful memorial of filial affection to his father. In the Memorial to Dr. Dickson he reverses the order of ancient story, and out of Jonathan's heart he pours forth David's lament over the fall of the mighty. His theme was the Christian Soldier. In both he voices his deep affection for the cause of Missions in the narrower field called home, and in the broader field called country.

Members of the Presbytery of Erie who were privileged to be present will never forget the meeting in April, 1888, at Bradford.

At the popular meeting in the interest of the Centennial Fund for Ministerial Relief, Dr. Eaton by appointment spoke upon the early ministers of Erie Presbytery. He seemed to be inspired for the occa-

sion, and spoke with such a wealth of incident, such a play of humor, such a vividness of description, such a pathos and power of eloquence, that the whole audience was moved at times to laughter and tears.

Dr. Eaton's historical gifts were called for in other matters. Some years ago he prepared the biographical catalogue of the Western Theological Seminary. Later the same for Washington and Jefferson College. These, especially the latter, involved immense labor. But he had read the last proof of the latter just before he died.

It is hard to realize that he has gone. For us it seemed more expedient that he should remain.

If it had been the Lord's will he would have been pleased to give his matured powers and ripened experience in loving service here. But his work on earth was done. As for him "to live was Christ," so "to die was gain."

Like Elijah he had a quick passage to glory. It is our privilege to think of him as enjoying the glad reunions of heaven. He now beholds "the King in his beauty in the far off land." With his blessed Lord he sees of the travail of his soul and is being satisfied. And he waits in expectancy. Though he died in the faith, yet he saw not the fulness of the promise. Without us he is not perfect. Let us finish more earnestly the work he encouraged and helped us to do.

In the light of such a life is not wisdom justified of her children?

III.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT CHAUTAUQUA.

For seven or eight years Dr. Eaton had been intimately associated with the work at Chautauqua; and up to the season of 1889, though modest and unassuming, and filling a subordinate place in the working of that powerful religious and educational organization, his presence had come to be quite as much looked for, by the thousands of regular Chautauquans, as that of any one outside of the leading members of the Executive Board. He had a striking figure and face; the tone of his voice was impressive; what he did as instructor or lecturer was thoroughly well done; in manner and bearing, in speech, in action, whether in public or in private, he was genuine through and through.

The community of many thousands gathered at Chautauqua was therefore greatly moved, on the evening of July 16th when the news came of Dr. Eaton's sudden death, and expressions of sorrow were universal. This was no mere sentiment, but a profound regret that one so useful, so beloved, so good and pure and true, had thus suddenly been taken away from the working force and from the delightful Christian circle of Chautauqua.

A few weeks later, on August 18th, 1889, a Memorial Service was held in the Amphitheatre, which was completely filled. Dr. J. H. Vincent presided, and in opening the services said:

"The central figure towards whom our thoughts in advance have turned ever since the Memorial Day was announced will now be presented by two or three speakers for a short time: Dr. S. J. M. Eaton, one of the most loyal and faithful of all our Chautauquans, with a record in advance of all the rest in several respects, a brother beloved. I have said two or three times to Dr. Eaton, 'the time must come when we shall speak of you, and it will be a sad time.' The time has come. I have asked President Miller to make a few remarks."

Lewis Miller, Esq., said: "Some twenty-three years ago we made a picture in our own church of all the members of the congregation and Sunday school. That picture hangs on the wall to-day, and the eye invariably, as you look at that picture, turns to those who have gone. They seem to be deeper upon the minds than those who are living. We make mental pictures of our departed friends that are still stronger than that picture on the wall. Chautauqua has made a picture, a mental picture, and as we look we are impressed with the character of those persons gone. We walk up and down these streets and look at the Auditorium, the old one and the new. We look, and we see in our memory those who have gone. Ruskin says that 'in every picture that is a good one we can always see God in it.' And I think in these pictures we have made, we see in them God more than anything else. It is not these decorations we have made at various times when they were laid by; but it is what the persons were, and what they did. I now remember a few

of those when I was small enough to be taken upon the lap and held; the impress that Mother Rothrock made upon my heart when but a child; the God-like power in that picture is still vivid to-day. The characters made upon my mind and the picture that was formed there remain. I never think back without looking at those pictures so vividly made on my mind. I see those pictures;—how beautiful some of them are. But we see them in acts, what they did, and the real character of those persons. Some of them we see in these houses. But we do not see them in the houses; we see the impress of the mind and character and the feeling they had, the anxiety they had to produce their very best effect; we see their character impressed. So I come back and see them in the trees,—these trees clipped off at the top. I have here a picture fixed, and I see the care, the interest unusual that the man who clipped all these trees had in producing the very best effect. And I say, his character is that way. And so we come down through all these characters,—that of song, and these Talks we have heard, and study the different characters. We come down to our friend, Dr. Eaton.

"Anybody that knew Dr. Eaton does not see him in the beautiful flowers: I read to-day of the beautiful decorations, the beautiful momentoes that were sent in to be put at the side of the coffin. But we see him here (pointing to where he usually sat). We see him down in Palestine Park. We see him at the Jerusalem Model. We see him down at his cottage, when he would say, 'Step in, I want to talk to you.' And

he had some suggestion to make for the betterment of Chautauqua and what was in the work, not because of Chautauqua, but because of the possibilities of Chautauqua, to build better and greater. And so men's characters grow, and those pictures. We see God in that way, and that is the way I see Dr. Eaton to-day. And his character is impressed upon my mind by his calmness, his deliberate and considerate thought, and the deep, underlying interest that he had in this great work. O how it shines! Let it shine on forever!"

Bishop Vincent said: "Dr. Samuel John Mills Eaton was born in Fairview, Erie Co., Pa., April 15th, 1820. His ancestors had lived in the state for two hundred years. He was of good stock. His ancestors were men and women who feared God and loved men. His father was the Rev. Johnston Eaton, who was graduated at Jefferson College, and came to Erie county as a Presbyterian minister in 1806, and preached there for forty-one years. Dr. Eaton himself began his educational career in the old Erie Academy in Erie, Pa. He entered Jefferson College in 1842, and was graduated in 1845. He took his Theological course in the Western Theological Seminary, of Allegheny; he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Erie, March 16, 1848. On the 16th of April, 1848, he began his ministerial career in Franklin, Pa., where he remained as pastor for thirty-three years.

"His death was sudden. He had been for some time a great sufferer, and he knew that his end was near; but at the last he went very suddenly. He had written to me expressing his regret that he would not be

able to be at Chautauqua this year. I had replied to him expressing the hope that he might after all be able to come, and giving expression to the warm affection of my heart for him. He was walking on the street on the afternoon of his death. He was seen to throw up his hands suddenly, and then to fall. Having been borne to his house he lay for some little time in partial consciousness, recognizing his dear wife, which was a great source of comfort to her, and then entering upon sleep, the sleep of the just, the sleep which is 'in Jesus.'

'Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.'

"Dr. Eaton was a good man. He was a good man in Christ Jesus; and a good minister. He was a sound expounder of the Holy Scriptures. He loved his people and his people loved him. He was amiable, faithful, consecrated, earnest, practical. Years ago he came to Chautauqua, I think perhaps the first year of Chautauqua. Some one said to me that when he did come at first he had a little of the old prejudice that almost everybody had against the Chautauqua Movement because it was a new movement; but very soon his prejudice melted, and one, to hear him talk about it even in the early years, would never have suspected that he had ever looked upon the movement except with the intensity of enthusiasm and with the largest faith. He was our foremost member of the 'C. L. S. C.' When, in 1882, at the close of the first four C. L. S. C. years, we were experimenting on our Form of Recognition, I stood in the Hall of Philosophy, looking down towards the Golden Gate through the Arches,

as the Messenger opened the Gate for the admission of the 'graduates,' and I saw the '82s beginning to file in. Eight hundred of that class were present that day. And the first two who came marching up under the Arches were Dr. Eaton and Dr. Hurlbut, arm in arm. I said to myself when I saw those two men walking steadily up the hill while the 'Choir of the Hall in the Grove' sang

'Sing peans over the past,'

'if we have the indorsement of such men as these we shall be able to carry through this work.' I gave Dr. Eaton his diploma with my own hands. He said, 'I have had two diplomas before this, but I prize this more than the others.' This was my first thorough acquaintance with Dr. Eaton. I knew he had been a pastor for about thirty years of a Presbyterian church, educated in a Presbyterian College, and in a Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and I knew enough about his antecedents to know what a guarantee that was of soundness and thoroughness on his intellectual side, and I said: 'If we can have his endorsement, and kind words from a man like him, this movement will receive great impetus.'

"One day, taking him aside, I said, 'Dr. Eaton, I want you to give me your reasons for coming into the C. L. S. C. as you have done.' He answered: 'There are four reasons. In the first place, it is a long time since I left College,—forty years ago,—and I wanted to review the College world. Your C. L. S. C. includes everything in its reading that a College student sees in going through College.' (Of course he well

understood, as we all do, that in the College one gets mental discipline through the study of language and mathematics); 'but the College outlook we get in your course of reading. This outlook I wanted to take again, and in your course I can do that. Secondly, it is a long time since I have studied science, and science has changed so much. I wanted to read its last word, and get hold of it without too much effort. Your course gives that. Thirdly, I have a great many young people in my congregation who need to be brought to a higher plane of thought, to live less frivolous lives, to delight in the best literature. I want to set them an example. Fourthly, There are a great many older people, men and women, middle-aged people in my church, who ought to read more than they do, and a better class of literature. I want to interest them, and give an example by doing it myself.' And he did it.

"Dr. Eaton always had for true Chautauquans a warm shake of the hand, and always a pleasant smile. If there were any struggles to be gone through, S. J. M. Eaton stood on the side of the Assembly. If in his thought there were words of suggestion needed, he would offer wise suggestions, and leave them with the authorities. He was a warm, tender, faithful friend. I am glad to speak this tribute to the memory of the man, since he must leave us. After all he has not left us. He is with us by example and spirit. May the spirit of the same Master whom he served rest upon all of us!

"Our C. L. S. C. diploma, as all Chautauquans know, has blank spaces for seals to be added after people have taken the first course. Dr. Eaton soon added ten seals to his diploma, then seven more, and then three more in a very short time. Before long he had added twenty more; and in the course of the years he added seals until all spaces for seals on his Diploma were filled up. His Diploma will show sixty-five seals for special courses in addition to his regular course. He stood the very highest in our Circle, a member of the 'Society of the Hall in the Grove,' of the 'Order of the White Seal,' of the 'League of the Round Table,' the 'Guild of the Seven Seals,' and was in the fourth or fifth Degree of that Guild. Can you wonder that Chautauquans loved him so tenderly, and have such delight in his memory as a loyal representative of our work?

"Here is a letter he wrote to a lady at Chautauqua a few days before his death. This, of course, is a personal letter, and he never dreamed that it would be read; but there is so much of his spirit in it, and so much of the thought and tone and triumph of the Gospel in it, that I will venture in this public place to read it:

'FRANKLIN, PA., July 13, 1889.

'*My Very Dear Friend:*

'I was rejoiced to receive your letter last evening. I thank you very much for your kindness, also for the kind thoughts that inspired them. If Chautauqua had done nothing more for us than bringing together

choice friends, and opening our hearts to each other, it would have been a grand institution. For here we formed and cemented friendships that are not to be measured by time, but that are to reach out all through the eternal years of God.

'We cannot doubt but that in the grand re-union in heaven, friends that loved and respected each other on earth will be re-united in heaven. And there is this sweet thought, that this re-union will never break up. And what joys seem to reveal themselves as we think of the coming glory! We shall see Jesus, the well beloved of our souls, see him with his pierced hands, see him as he is, the Prince of the Kings of the earth, yet our Elder Brother! Then we shall sit at his feet and learn—O what lessons of beauty and wisdom and love! Then we shall see the loved and glorified of all the ages, and with them talk of Jesus and his love, and of the great mystery of Godliness, 'God manifest in the flesh,' and learn of the way of salvation, as the angels never can. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as he is.'

'That Home of love, away above the stars—away above the utmost bounds of the Everlasting Hills, how lovely it will be, Our Father's House, our everlasting Home, and we of the family of God, that the world knows not, what a prospect there lies before us, if we belong to Jesus! And we do belong to him, for he has purchased us with his own precious blood.

'It grieves me very much to be absent from Chautauqua this year. But the Lord knows best. I think I miss you all more than you can miss my presence. I have been long ill, but time has passed and the Lord has helped me to bear the pain and the watching. It may yet be long before I am relieved from this affliction, but the same help will be afforded. I feel this and am comforted. So may we all feel the comfort of the Lord's words—'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.'

'I am so glad 'Pioneer Hall' is now in the possession of the Pioneers. I wish the brethren and sisters of the Class would take such interest in it as to assist in fixing it up nicely. But they are not there, and it is hard to get up an interest with absentees. I think Mrs. Vincent, the President, has some things promised that will help to improve it. I could wish I were there, but this would be of no use. I can say truly—'The will of the Lord be done.'

'I wish to be remembered to all my friends at Chautauqua, also to Mr. John C., who is not there. I regret my constrained absence not only on account of friends, but on account of my work at Jerusalem.' [Strangers will remember our beautiful model of Jerusalem, which he seemed to delight in after its refitting by Dr. Wythe, and where he spent, as he says, so many happy hours.] 'I did so love and enjoy that work that it grieves me to be without it. When you pass Jerusalem, remember the lecturer who spent so many happy hours there. The people always seemed so eager to hear that it was delightful to talk to them.

'And now I must draw this long letter to a close.

'I hope we may meet again upon earth; if not, I know we shall in the Land of the Beautiful, where there will be enjoyment above our utmost dreams here, and where the day will not fear the coming on of night, perfect peace and perfect love in the House of our Father.

'Mrs. Eaton sends love to you and to all our friends as I do. The Lord bless you and give you peace always. Most affectionately,

Your friend,

S. J. M. Eaton.'

"I call that a charming letter, full of the gospel, full of the fruitage of faith, and love, and hope. I hold in my hand a copy of the last book which he edited and revised,—The Catalogue of Washington and Jefferson College, and on the last page is a letter from Rev. John M. Barnett, stating the fact that the compiler, the editor of the book, had ended his course. Let me read a few words from this letter. It is addressed to the Publishers of the Book: 'On Tuesday, July 16th, you mailed the last proof of this book to Rev. Dr. Eaton. You wrote at the close, 'The book is finished.' It is with sincere sorrow that I write to say to you, and to all to whom this book will come, that on that day his earthly life was finished. . . . . Intimately associated with him in this work for nearly three years, I can bear testimony to his eminent fitness for it. He was patient and persistent in seeking to rescue from oblivion the Graduates of the College, and his enjoyment was very great when facts were found

for which he had searched long. . . . . His was a beautiful and useful and busy life, pure and consecrated. All who had correspondence or dealings with him can join heartily with you in saying they have been very pleasant indeed, and will not soon be forgotten.'

"This then is our farewell tribute. May God bless his spirit, his life, and his example to the spiritual welfare of all Chautauquans! It is time for us now to close this service, but before we sing the last hymn, I want a word from Dr. B. M. Adams."

Dr. Adams said: "I did not know of Dr. Eaton's death until my arrival here. Among the first inquiries I made here was, is Dr. Eaton here? And the brother of whom I made the inquiry said, he is dead. I felt a sense of personal bereavment in his death. Among the choice and beautiful letters that were sent to me last August and September, in the hour of my sore trial, one of the sweetest and best was from Dr. Eaton. How tenderly, how sweetly, he did talk to me; and I longed to see him. And it seems to me now as though, looking off here (pointing to the left,) I could see him with a Scotch cap on his head, that benign smile on his face, and hear the sweet words spoken to us. He was very closely identified with the Morning Devotional hour, and was one of its earnest and constant supporters. Yes, we lose him not wholly, for he lives in our thought and deed as truly as in the heavens. He is gone. He is with us yet. My heart has been cheered and comforted to-day as I have

thought of what he was to us, to me, and what a joy I shall have one day in meeting him again.

"As sings the Poet:

'Our meeting time, the eternal day;
Our meeting place, the eternal throne;
Thus, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart, united all,
We'll smile upon our troubled past
And wonder why we wept at all.'"

Bishop Vincent said: Let us unite in singing Hymn 306, of the Epworth Hymnal:

"The morning flowers display their sweets," &c.

Rev. Mr. Radcliffe pronounced the benediction:

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of the Father, the communion and indwelling of the Holy Spirit be with us and God's Israel henceforth and forever. Amen.

IV.

PRESBYTERIAL MEMORIAL SERVICES.

During the Sessions of the Presbytery of Erie in Cambridgeboro, in September, 1889, a combined Memorial Service was held on Wednesday evening (September 11), in behalf of Rev. Dr. Eaton and Rev. G. W. Zahnizer, both of whom had died since the last stated meeting of the Presbytery. Rev. James G. Patterson, D. D., the Moderator of the Presbytery, conducted the services.

The following passages of Scripture were read by the Rev. Amzi Wilson:

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. . . . . Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me. .

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Ps. 116: 1–15.

"If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him . . . . The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in

Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4: 13–17.

"Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14: 12, 13.

After prayer by the Rev. Wm. Grassie, and the singing of an appropriate hymn, the Rev. J. C. Bruce, pastor of the Church of Franklin, read a paper which he had prepared relating to Dr. Eaton. This paper was subsequently adopted by the Presbytery, and a copy directed to be sent to the family of Dr. Eaton. In connection with his reading of the paper, Mr. Bruce spoke at some length upon the life, labors, and character of Dr. Eaton, especially enlarging upon the historical taste and faculty which he had shown, both as preacher and writer, throughout life.

Following is a copy of the paper adopted by the Presbytery and put upon their Records:

Samuel John Mills Eaton was born at Fairview, Erie Co., Penn'a, April 15th, 1820. His father was the Rev. Johnston Eaton, one of the pioneers of North Western Pennsylvania. His mother's name was Eliza Canon. Her family founded Canonsburg, Pa., the seat of Jefferson College.

Samuel grew up on his father's farm, and was prepared for college partly at home and partly at an Academy in Erie. He entered the Sophomore class at Jefferson College in 1842 and graduated in 1845. He was fond of the Classics and of English literature, particularly historic, and was esteemed the finest essayist of his class.

Having chosen the Ministry, he spent three years at the Western Theological Seminary. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Erie in 1848, and ordained by that body the same year.

In 1848 he was called to the churches of Franklin and Mt. Pleasant to succeed Rev. Cyrus Dickson.

November 5th, 1850, he was married to Miss Clara T. Howe, who still survives.

In 1855 he gave up Mt. Pleasant to devote his whole time to Franklin.

This, his only pastorate, continued thirty-four years until February, 1882.

When he began his work at Franklin that church had seventy-four members. When he resigned the last name on the roll was numbered 772.

Several notable revivals had occurred. Particularly in the year 1867, when one hundred and eleven persons were added on examination.

In 1869 Washington and Jefferson College gave him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1871 he visited Europe and the Orient, devoting himself particularly to the study of the Holy Land. The result of his observations he afterwards published under the titles of "Jerusalem" and "Palestine."

He was elected Stated Clerk of the Presbytery of Erie in 1853, and held the position until his death. He was also Stated Clerk of the old Synod of Erie for many years.

For a long time Dr. Eaton had been a member of the Board of Trustees of Washington and Jefferson College, and of the Board of Directors of the Western Theological Seminary.

In 1884 he was appointed by the General Assembly Chairman of a Committee to investigate the workings of the Board of Publication. His final and very valuable report was made to the Assembly in 1886.

Dr. Eaton was identified with the Chautauqua movement from the beginning. At his death he held the largest number of seals for courses of study mastered of any other Chautauquan. He was also from its start lecturer at Chautauqua upon Palestine and Jerusalem. Dr. Eaton was an author. He wrote a "History of Petroleum," a "History of the Presbytery of Erie," "Lakeside," "Ecclesiastical History of Centennial Missionary Work," "Memorial of Dr. Cyrus Dickson," "Jerusalem" and "Palestine," "Chapters in the History of Venango County, Penn'a," "Biographical Catalogues of the Western Theological Seminary and of Washington and Jefferson College."

Dr. Eaton died suddenly at his home in Franklin, July 16th, 1889.

It would be difficult to overestimate the character and work of Dr. Eaton. He was pre-eminently a manly man and a noble Christian.

Simplicity, purity, gentleness, kindliness, humility, devotedness, loyalty to truth and duty, characterized him.

An ardent Presbyterian, he was yet as broad as Christianity.

As a preacher, as a Pastor, as a Presbyter, he proved himself "a good minister of Jesus Christ."

The Presbytery looked to him for direction, the churches for counsel, the younger ministers for encouragement. Civil society and the Church in this part of Pennsylvania owe him a debt beyond reckoning.

Identified so long and so thoroughly with the Presbytery of Erie his loss to us is almost irreparable.

Several of the brethren spoke in brief but earnest and affectionate words of Dr. Eaton, of his high character, his great services to the church, and of his loss to the councils of the Presbytery. Among others Rev. Solon Cobb, of Erie, uttered a fitting eulogy upon him who had so long been among the Fathers of the Presbytery, and who by his writings of an historical character and by his official services had made himself a name and a fame in the Presbyterianism of Western Pennsylvania that will not soon be forgotten.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Springfield, spoke of Dr. Eaton's financial ability—more especially, he said, "Because it is a point where ministers generally are supposed to be weak." He instanced his correspondence with the gentleman who was the co-executor with Mrs. Eaton of Dr. Eaton's estate—a gentleman of great business carefulness and accuracy,—who "bore

high testimony to Dr. Eaton's habits of order, and his rare financial sagacity in placing his investments.

"I must also," proceeded Mr. Wilson, "bear testimony to Dr. Eaton's great courtesy and cordiality under circumstances which might well have developed a little friction. As Permanent Clerk I was closely associated with him in his capacity of Stated Clerk for some considerable time; yet we were always on the best of terms. Never did he evince the slightest jealousy on account of any supposed infringement of his prerogatives.

"One trait more of his character and deportment deserves special attention and emulation on the part of us younger ministers—a quality enjoined by Paul upon Timothy. I mean his dignity and gravity. In this Dr. Eaton set such an example as became the minister. While he himself had abundance of wit, and keenly appreciated a joke, he never seemed to be light or trifling. I do not remember ever, in all my association with him, to have observed him even once conduct himself with a levity unseemly in a minister of the Gospel. He seemed always to remember the dignity which comported with his high calling. Yet he was not stilted, nor severe, but gentle and easily approached. In this feature of his character he set us a pattern worthy of our diligent imitation."

V.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

The sudden death of Dr. Eaton, apparently in the midst of his years and of his strength, produced a spontaneous burst of sorrow and regret over the loss of a Christian minister so useful and so beloved. But beside the public demonstrations, and the more formal funeral and memorial services, this feeling took the form of letters of sympathy to the stricken and bereaved wife, who, when slow weeks and months should have dragged by, and the public expressions of grief become a mere matter of record, would still feel the keenness of the severing stroke that separated her from the husband of her youth and the comfort and stay of her advancing years. The expressions of sympathy in these letters were and will continue to be exceedingly grateful to the bruised heart. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is the Christian law of love and sympathy, and only those who have passed through the deep waters know how helpful is the word of a friend who, you are assured, is thinking of you and sorrowing with you.

Many such friends remembered Mrs. Eaton in her hour of affliction; and the messages they sent to her are well worthy of record in this Memorial of him whose life was given to the preaching of the divine Gospel of consolation and hope. She knew where to

go for comfort; but the kind and suggestive words of her friends served as rounds to her ladder of Faith, by which she might climb nearer to Him who is the only sure source of comfort to the sorrowing. It is perhaps best that these should be given without indicating the source from which they came.

July 19, 1889.

"'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' I cannot realize that dear Mr. Eaton has passed away from us all; for although distance separates us, we still thought of you both as ours—our dear pastor, our good example, our spiritual adviser, always willing and glad to help and comfort in sorrow, or rejoice with us in prosperity. God has taken him from us all and from you his faithful and beloved wife; but the time will be short before the summons will come, and he will be there to welcome you. God only can sustain and comfort. You know it *so well.* Our love and sympathy are yours; and my prayer is for you in this great sorrow."

July 17th, 1889.

"For some time we have all been anxious about your dear good husband, but the suddenness of his death startled me. I cannot yet realize it, and how greatly I will miss him! You will never know how much he was to our family. We looked on him as the one we could always trust, and get consolation and sympathy from. How universally and sincerely he will be mourned, and especially by our family—who, had we been relatives, could not have thought more of our always true, good and noble friend and pastor."

July 22, 1889.

"I cannot yet realize that Dr. Eaton is gone, and that you are all alone. I know enough of the utter emptiness of this world, when one's best beloved can never return, to feel how little the sympathy of friends can help in time of sore bereavement, and to shrink from trying to comfort you in that trial. And yet I want to tell you that we do not cease to commend you to God and the 'word of His grace,' knowing that He can bind up the bleeding heart, and even enable you to *feel* the love which we *know* is in all his dealings with us. May He sustain you, so that you may glorify Him even in the fire of tribulation.

"We shall miss Dr. Eaton as we do few other friends, and far more than we should have done had he been taken away ten years ago. I was and am grateful that our Heavenly Father allowed the companionship in Baltimore and Philadelphia; and especially the visit last September to your home. I enjoyed seeing him so happy in his study, among his treasures, and did not wonder that he was disinclined to leave them, much as we would have enjoyed having you in Philadelphia last winter. It must be sweet for you to remember that he was surrounded by the comforts of his own home, that he passed away in Franklin where his life-work was done, and that you were with him.

"Dear Mrs. Eaton, you may in time be thankful that it was he who went first, and was not left to feel the desolation you will experience more and more as

the years go on. How blessed it is to remember that all our lives,—events, times, and circumstances—are arranged from eternity by the infinite love and wisdom of God; so that nothing '*happens*,' but all 'comes to pass' in accordance with his perfect plan. This trust is my rock of rest, my sure refuge in time of trial. You remember the lines,

'. . . . . God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But that which you would do, if you could see
The end of all events as clear as He.'

"The sweet memories of your married life will be a consolation, as you live over 'the days that are no more'; but greater will be the hope of the re-union, which he so often and so beautifully expressed.

"Asking again blessing for you from the Savior who 'knows our frame and remembers that we are dust,' I am, dear Mrs. Eaton,

Your loving friend,"

July 26th, 1889.

. . . . . .

"The suddenness with which your great sorrow came seems to add to its intensity; and yet after all how much of alleviation it brought. It was not death preceded by the wastings and weariness and pains of disease. It was translation—translation in the presence of friends who stood around and looked after him as he ascended. The sorrow of being from home among strangers which came to our dear friend Mrs. T. last summer you were spared.

"You weep not alone. A large circle of loving friends stood by your side around the open grave,

when Dr. Eaton was carried to his burial. Another link which bound them to the earth was broken, and another added to the 'great cloud of witnesses' looking down on them. His works do follow him, and his memory will ever be cherished by hearts that loved him well. He has left a name without reproach, a life without a stain, a record which places him among those whom all delight to honor.

"'Servant of God, well done!' The farewell of earth has already become the welcome of Heaven. His work is done, and well done, and for you and me it now remains to follow him even as he followed Christ. The meeting in the Home above, how soon it will come!"

July 20th, 1889.

" . . . . . Human words are so useless in such a time. What we need is the divine, sweet comforting. What a pleasant thing for you to look back upon is the helpful, useful life of the dear one gone before you. From my childhood up I remember so many pleasant, happy days he has given me in his own home and mine."

July 26th, 1889.

" . . . . . Dr. Eaton seemed one of us, and the world is the poorer now that we know that never again are we to feel the warm pressure of his hand and hear his words of kindly greeting. A good man and a true has gone hence, but his work here was done, and doubtless a better and fuller life and work were ready for him on the other side. . . . . You know that we are under the

shadow of a coming sorrow. I fear that my sister will not be with us long. She speaks of you—feels deeply for you; and she sends you her tenderest love. I am with much sympathy and love your sincere friend."

August 1, 1889.

(*From a Syrian lady.*) "I wanted to express my sympathy and show my feelings that your sorrow has been felt by a great many; and that what dear Mr. Eaton has sown in this life, and the work he has done for his Master has touched a great many; and the cheering words and kind deeds that he has done even to the poor weak writer that he has already heard of the Master of the world whom he is beholding in His glory.—'Well done, good and faithful servant!' When we look to such a life that labored under the hope of eternity, we cannot say but the Scripture words: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they shall rest from their labors, and their deeds shall follow them."

August 13th, 1889.

"I have delayed a little after the severity of the blow which has fallen upon you would be less fresh and painful, to say to you how sincerely and deeply I sympathize with you in the removal of a husband who was so wise and loving and faithful and good. Yet how much there is in the memory of such a man, and christian, and preacher, and writer, and honored member of society, to cherish with tenderest and devoutest gratitude to God.

"Ordinary men of wealth and situation in the eyes of the world are loudly lamented when they die. But such a man as your husband gathered riches and honors far beyond those of the world, for which the people of God will remember him through generations to come on earth, and which are 'durable' when the world and all there is therein shall pass away.

"I do not write these as unmeaning words; few men in the ministry with whom I had personal acquaintance possessed more of my heartfelt regard and affection than Dr. Eaton. His 'works' will be followed with blessing to many souls on earth, and 'do follow him' to enrich him and you in heaven.

"We cannot mourn the translation of such a son of God to his father's house and the mansion prepared for him on high. *We* can only 'wait' and do all we can to 'finish' what the dear Saviour and Lord would have us do for his cause."

July 17, 1889.

"He was very near and dear to me, the best friend I had in the world outside of my own family.

"I received a letter from my dear friend, and in it he spoke of his illness. It was the first time that I felt impressed that the trouble might be something serious. After mentioning it he said: 'But the Lord's will be done. All is right.'"

July 24, 1880.

"I heard of the death of your husband, our friend, very soon after it occurred, and in common with a great host of people felt the sadness of it. He was known so well, not only by the Presbyters, but by so

many people throughout this part of the State and elsewhere, that a host mourns his departure. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' How we shall miss him at Presbytery. He was always there. There have been but two or three men longer in Presbytery than he; but he was the longest in the body of those who habitually attended its meetings."

July 22, 1889.

"To say nothing of the great loss to the church at large, and to the many ministers by whom Dr. Eaton was loved and honored, the stroke is a hard one indeed to every member of Erie Presbytery."

Aug. 3, 1889.

"Brother Eaton will be much missed. He will be missed in Franklin which was his home for so many years, and in the church of which he was Pastor and in which he did such good work. He will be greatly missed by the Presbytery of Erie, and by the church at large. His work in the church and in various other ways will long live. I feel that I have lost a friend. I shall ever remember his kindness to me when a Pastor in the churches of that Presbytery. He was not only a brother of about the same age in the ministry, but a counselor and adviser."

July 17, 1889.

"It was with pain I read of the sudden death of your husband. In his case the old saying became very true,—sudden death sudden glory. Franklin has lost one of its most influential members. His name will

be honored, and his pure unsullied life will be remembered with gratitude to God. His work is done and he is at rest. He did his work well indeed, he died in the harness."

July 16, 1889.

"My heart ached for you to-night. It is so hard to be left behind. But you have another treasure in heaven. I have lost a dear friend, one whom I prized and who has done me good. Yet I rejoice in the midst of my sorrow that he is beyond the trials of life —one of the redeemed around the throne."

July 22, 1889.

"I have been intimately associated with your dear husband in personal intercourse, in the Courts of the church, in Seminary and College, Boards, and other ways, only to find him a wise and true hearted Christian gentleman and a faithful keeper of the trusts committed to him from his Master's hand. In the whole range of these public duties he will be greatly missed, and his place will not be easily filled."

July 25, 1889.

"I was so shocked and surprised to read of Dr. Eaton's sudden death in the paper that reached me this morning. I am very sorry—not for him, because his work is done and he has no doubt heard the 'Well done' of his Lord; and to go so quickly from the labor of earth to the reward in Heaven, must be a joyous privilege. It is for you I am sorry, because so much of the light has gone out of your dwelling and heart. Sorry for the world, too, because a laborer in

the great vineyard has gone, and to our short-sighted vision it seems that all such are needed. I have lost a friend whom I hoped to meet again; but now our meeting is reserved for the 'other side.' It is forty-seven years, I think, since I made his acquaintance in Erie; but I have many pleasant memories of that summer."

Aug. 5, 1889.

"Dr. Eaton was a good man. I stood a moment to catch the import of a voice from his room in Old Fort Balentine, in 1842, till I found it was the voice of secret prayer. He was alone on Sabbath evening, and to this day I remember a passage on his lips: 'I will never, *never* leave nor forsake thee.' He repeated the 'never' as it is in the original. O yes he was so kind and good and forbearing with his friends. I was always astonished that he kept his occasional manifestations of friendship for one friend in the far south. There was not another more convincing proof of his goodness of heart than this last, as that friendship *had* to overleap many infirmities to reach its object. I loved Dr. Eaton."

July 20, 1889.

"This bereavement comes near to me personally, for your husband was one of my first friends in the ministry, and always a friend. I love him as a co-Presbyter and as a personal friend, and can scarcely realize that I shall meet him no more. But I know he has a glorious reward. He was a 'good and faithful servant,' and he has entered into the joys of our Lord."

July 20, 1889.

"It has been my privilege to know Dr. Eaton ever since I have been a member of Erie Presbytery, and our relations have always been the most pleasant and cordial, and his death is a great shock. But we are sure that he was ripe for Heaven, and has ere this heard 'the well done' from the lips of his Divine Master."

Saturday, 9 a. m.

"I had occasion to go through the study into the chapel Sunday week for papers; along the walk by the grape vine, up the steps and all, how it reminded me of him. And I thought how much more I will recall his love and teachings. How blessed it must be for him up there, and how pleasant to know, if we are faithfully doing the work He has for us to do here and now, that we can enjoy something of the same joy and peace and rest."

July 17, 1889.

"The news came to us with a shock, for we hoped that your beloved husband, even though he might be a sufferer, would be spared for many years to come. The sad days and weeks and months and years that are before you! Each year adding to your sense of loneliness and desolation! But I'm sure that in all your sorrow you are able to give thanks for the life you have shared, for all God helped him do for his church and the world; and now he has gone to know the fulness of God's love. I trust he was spared great pain in the last hours, and that he was able to give you a loving parting word. But however that may

be, we know that now and henceforth pain and sorrow will no more come to him, and no doubt every earthly grief is forgotten save as God's appointed best way to bring him home to glory. How he loved to dwell on the 'coming glory;' and now he has entered in, has adored the Lord that bought him and redeemed him —has seen the 'king in His beauty' and is glorified in his presence—perhaps has seen the loved ones of earth who were dear to him, and with them gives praise and honor and glory to Him who sits on the great white throne.

"We cannot comprehend the tender loving-kindness of our God—how He brings His children into His presence without alarms or apprehensions 'like as a Father.' He removes all fear and his loved ones come into His house in peace. How much dear Dr. Eaton knows, already knows, of the wisdom of God; what wonders have been revealed to him! I need not say how much we shall miss your beloved husband. You know how much Mr. D. loved him; how the two families had known and loved each other before Dr. Eaton was born. We must think this friendship renewed in Heaven. I had looked forward to his and your coming to our new home, if we have one, as one of our special blessings; and now I know I shall never see his face again on earth. Our friends are going fast, and if we are spared many years we shall stand alone to look upon the graves of those we love. How his nieces will miss him! He was always thoughtful and kind, parental in his care. I want to say much more of my appreciation of his Christian

character; but I know the fulness of your sorrow, and words even of sympathy cannot comfort you. May God, his God, comfort and sustain you, and uphold you, and strengthen you for every duty He may set before you, and give you the peace and quietness of heart, given only to His beloved ones."

July 25th, 1889.

"I admired Dr. Eaton's character as did every one who knew him. No one stood higher in the estimation of his brethren as a minister of stainless character, of loving disposition, of genial temper, of high ability, supreme consecration, devoted zeal and extended influence. In every sphere where he moved he left the impression that he was a man of superior powers, and that all which he had possessed had been devoted lovingly and entirely to his Maker and fellow man. The church can ill afford to lose such men, and when they are gone, the question springs inevitably to our thought, where shall we find those who can fill the vacant place?"

July 26th, 1889.

"He was one of God's elect ones, so good, and pure, and true, and faithful, what a pleasure it was to meet him! For twenty-eight years I have known him. Scarcely a year has passed since 1861, that we have not taken each other by the hand. Now we shall never meet again, till we strike hands in the heavenly Canaan. Earth will be poorer without him, but heaven will be richer."

July 25th, 1889.

"I feel as if I had lost a *very dear friend*, one in whose friendship I have found peculiar delight through all my ministry. One of the very first pulpits in which I was invited to preach after I was licensed—twenty-one years ago—was that of dear Dr. Eaton's in Franklin; and the last time I preached in Franklin (last October), he sat in the pulpit with me. And all along through these twenty-one years I have always regarded him as one of the truest and noblest and best of friends—whom it was an honor to know. And now he has gone from us, gone to walk the golden streets of the heavenly city.

'Rest, Spirit free,
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow shall molest no more;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the stream of life eternal led:
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest—
Rest, sweetly rest.'"

July 26th, 1889.

"I prized his friendship more than I can tell you. There was a glow about it that exists only now and then in life's friendships. Ever since the often talked of excursion on Mt. Lebanon, he has seemed near to me. I shall miss his good, warm-hearted letters. 'My missionary child' was his frequent name for me, which did my heart good. I am so glad we had that visit from him, which was so very pleasant. I remember his Monday sermon. Each successive sermon was better than the last, and on Monday forenoon he referred so touchingly to the Garden of Gethsemane. It did us all good. Our people remember him very pleasantly."

November 14th, 1889.

"To me Dr. Eaton is simply perfect, and his beautiful life a constant expression of sweetness, and light, and strength. The world's mists never touched him, and he showed how Christ-like man could be. I know I will always be better and happier for having known him. That he has gone so far away we cannot hear him speak, is a great grief to me, yet a selfish one, when I think for him surely 'sudden death was sudden glory.' No one helped me bear my brother's death as Dr. Eaton did. Over and over his words come to me, bearing with them strength."

July 21st, 1889.

"Friday night the sad news came to me, and it seems as if I can think of nothing else but the dear friend and uncle we have lost. Uncle Mills was so good and generous, so quiet and unassuming in his generous goodness. He could not have been kinder to me if he had been my father. Indeed, he seemed to take a fatherly interest in his brother's children. His counsel and practical sympathy have been my best help in the greatest concerns of my life. I feel that to him and to you I owe much of the present satisfaction and enjoyment I have in life. For these reasons, and because of his unaffected goodness and truest gentlemanliness, I feel for him a love and regard unequaled outside of our own immediate family. Many hearts will think of him now with grateful praise when they hear the heavenly world has received him."

July 28th, 1889.

"His was a well spent life, and it will have its influence on us as long as we live. How we shall all miss Uncle's visits; and when any great sorrow fell upon us how naturally we looked to him for sympathy and comfort."

July 24th, 1889.

"The world feels lonelier to me now to know that he has gone, a true friend. Would the world had more such men. What a good, dear, noble man he was. His will be a crown of rejoicing indeed. Tears, sad tears, will flow for our venerated friend. I thank God for his friendship. Such men assure us of man's higher, holier destiny. We both loved him."

July 25th, 1889.

"The work of a true and noble life was finished, but the influences will live on and on, making others happier and better that he once lived. He was ripe and ready for the advance steps into a holier life where no sickness, pain, or separation can come."

July 20th, 1889.

"What a grand good man earth has lost and Heaven has gained. I thank our common Master that your dear one preached so many years, wrote the life of that seraphic man Dr. Dickson, and did so much for our Alma Mater."

July 19th, 1889.

"There is no one out of our little family circle that I shall miss so much, no one who seemed so much like my own relative."

July 23d, 1889.

"It was under the sound of his voice and the influence of the word preached by him that I became a subject of saving grace, for which I give daily thanks to my Heavenly Father. Dr. Eaton has entered into a rich reward, into the home he has so many times and so beautifully portrayed."

September 22d, 1889.

"He did his life work well, honored the Christian name by a blameless life and a faithful discharge of duty, and has now gone to exchange the cross for the crown. Such men honor humanity, and the darkening of death to them is just the breaking of the immediate morning."

July 18th, 1889.

"I feel that I have lost a friend whose place can never be filled. It seems but yesterday since his dear hand was laid upon the heads of my boys in baptism; and then that precious visit made me by you both will never cease to be remembered as a heavenly time to me. The last time I heard his loving voice in church he preached from this beautiful text: 'In my Father's house are many mansions'; and how he too has gone to be one in those many mansions. My dear friend, comfort yourself by thinking how ready he was for that home. If there ever was a saint prepared to sit at the Father's right hand, your loved one is there."

FROM CHAUTAUQUA FRIENDS.

July 21st, 1889.

"I want to mingle my sympathies with the many, many friends who will hasten to give you assurances of their appreciation and love for your honored husband. This beautiful, quiet Sabbath afternoon, my heart goes out to you as you sit in the presence of your great but holy grief. I believe 'Our Father' does give you some of the calm, sweet peace that is now the heritage of your beloved forever. A letter from a member of our Class brought me the intelligence, sad to me, but so joyous to our dear Dr. Eaton. How we shall miss him, how I shall miss him! I have his letter which we shall all prize, now that he has gone from us. He was such a help to me in my place. His opening prayer was always an inspiration at our meetings. I only want to tell you I mourn with you. I know not how to offer words of consolation. All I can do is to sit down with you in silence, asking the Lord to speak to you in sweetest words of hope, to soothe and comfort you in this hour of trial. A precious legacy is yours in the memory of such a husband. This cannot be taken from you, and by it your life is enriched until the blessed reunion."

July 21st, 1889.

"Dr. Eaton's life and work have been identified with us at Chautauqua, and he was our Dr. Eaton; and never was a member of the Class more beloved by all denominations than our Dr. Eaton. He has gone from all sublunary care; his sufferings are over and 'he was not, for God took him.'"

July 23d, 1889.

"Just one week to-day some one came and said, 'Dr. Eaton is dead.' We cannot describe the sorrow of our hearts, and the great sense of bereavement which fell upon us. We said, 'what shall we do here at Chautauqua without him?' In every place we miss and shall continue to miss him. He seemed to uphold so many things, and to assist and originate in so many directions. . . . . 'Twas a very thin veil that separated your husband from the better country. It was only the last look on the face of his beloved wife —only closing the eyes one moment on earthly scenes, and then the next moment opening them to find himself with his Savior and Lord. . . . .

Perhaps you will read 'The Change of Habitation,' by Rev. S. T. Spear, in the *Independent.* His wife died very suddenly, as you may remember, expiring in his arms. Ever since he has been writing articles that show he lives as near to Heaven as possible, and seems to be following the dear one in his thoughts and meditations. Dear Sister, I know you are fully persuaded of the loving-kindness of our Lord, and do not need I should say more."

July 20th, 1889.

"I have thought of you and Dr. Eaton as being at your cottage at the Lake, and his form with the Scotch cap and cheery face beneath it, seated at the left of the desk in the Hall of Philosophy, by the great pillar, invisible to me now. He is another friend passed over into the realms of the immortals. I sorrow with you."

July 27th, 1889.

"Allow me with your many Chautauqua friends to extend my warm and deep sympathy in your bereavement, and add my humble testimony of regard to the sacred memory of your husband. We miss you both wherever we turn—but nowhere more than in the hallowed vesper hour. How beautifully was the earthly life rounded—and though we would fain have kept him, to learn and profit more by a well spent life, 'the Lord hath need of him.' And his work is finished to human sight; but his works do follow him. 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' is one of the *rock texts* that embrace all our years, and one, my dear friend, of so many other precious ones you are now making your solace. 'In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.' May the God of all comfort abide continually with you, is my prayer and sincere wish."

July, 1889.

"My acquaintance with Dr. Eaton, though brief, was of the most genial character, and I had learned enough of his good works and unselfish aspirations to admire and love him as a Christian gentleman. When a good man falls and passes away the whole circle of his associates unite with the dearest relatives in a profound sorrow. The hope, that your dear departed is now in that better, fairer world with the Saints and Angels and free from care and anxieties of this life, is the sweetest consolation that we can entertain."

July 18th, 1889.

"We were deeply touched by the news of the sudden death of the Doctor. We had so recently talked with you. When the announcement was made from the platform on Tuesday evening, we could realize a silent sympathy throughout the whole audience. And the first thought that came to me was, 'And he was not, for the Lord took him.'"

July 16th, 1889.

"Beyond the shadow is the golden sunlight. Its glorious halo has touched the brow of your beloved. 'Jerusalem the golden' has received the weary pilgrim; and in your lonely way the 'Everlasting Arms' will sustain and comfort you, till reunited in the heavenly home. 'Follow him to the rest and joy and song of the Hereafter.'"

July 22d, 1889.

"It was not death, it was a translation. It was a quick passage, to be with the Lord forever. Thus did Drs. Howard and Jacobus and Swift and Albert Barnes pass to glory. They 'walked with God; and they were not, for God took them.' So it was with dear brother Eaton. How his brethren and friends will miss him; he was so cheerful and companionable, and always ready to serve the church and his Master. My wife and I looked forward to the pleasure of meeting you and himself at Chautauqua as usual this summer; but all this is now changed. Chautauqua will not be to us what it has been in the past. The genial friend who always greeted us in the cottage on Simpson Avenue will not be there. 'Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

July 28th, 1889.

"Dr. Eaton's presence among us all at Chautauqua was always so much prized that he will be missed from a great many gatherings, but I suppose even more by the Pioneers than by any others. I am so glad circumstances were such that representatives of our Class could be with you in the last sad hours. My own memories of Dr. Eaton are especially pleasant. I always felt at home with him, and his kindly, cordial greeting was one of those which I always expected at Chautauqua."

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 18, '89.

"This morning on my way to Chautauqua from California I read in an Erie paper of your husband's death.

"I would at once go to Franklin, but I have been traveling day and night for nearly a week, and am *very* weary. On Memorial Day at Chautauqua I hope to say something about the dear, devoted friend and brother whose enthusiasm in Chautauqua work for all these years has helped me greatly.

"Though I cannot be with you in person I shall be with you in sympathy and prayer, and I shall gather the friends of Dr. Eaton to-morrow at the hour of the funeral, and in the old Hall of Philosophy offer prayer for your comfort and support in this day of your sorrow.

Ever yours,

J. H. V."

VI.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Extracts from a few of the many articles in the public press that the death of Dr. Eaton called forth are given below:

From the Venango Spectator.

The life work of this faithful servant of God was marked through his whole career by an undeviating devotion to duty and love for his people. There have been more brilliant preachers than he was, but few mightier in Scripture; none more faithful. The affection of those to whom he ministered, whose friend and counsellor he was in sickness and in health, was his through life. And he deserved the love of his people, for his love for them knew no change nor shadow of turning.

Aside from his pastoral duties, Dr. Eaton was deeply interested in the early history of Western Pennsylvania, and his contributions to the stock of knowledge thereof were valuable and entertaining. His fine literary taste, his travels and observations in Palestine, over ground made holy by the footsteps of the Saviour, and his readiness to help in every enterprise designed to make men better and wiser, gave him capacity and opportunities that few possess.

But he is gone, and we shall see his face no more. To him Death, however sudden, was but the transition to eternal rest in the bosom of his Father and his

God. It is well with him, and happy will it be for those who still linger here if it can be said of them, also, 'It is well.'"

From the Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh.

Dr. Eaton was a man of fine appearance, ordinarily somewhat grave, but of pleasing manners. He was an excellent scholar, a well read theologian, an earnest and instructive preacher, and a faithful pastor. His writings were marked with grace and a taste almost fastidious. He kept himself thoroughly abreast of the news of the world and the Church, and was a most delightful conversationalist. Of men and popular movements he was a discriminating student, carefully forming his opinions and expressing them clearly and forcibly when the occasion demanded it. Of pretense and sham, wherever manifested, he had a strong dislike. As a Christian he was humble, self-watchful, prayerful and ever seeking nearness to God. To kindred and friends he was stronly attached.

From the Oil City Derrick.

CLOSE OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

The news of the sudden death of S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., at Franklin, has caused deep sorrow among his hosts of friends. Dr. Eaton was probably the most prominent and well known Presbyterian minister in Erie Presbytery, the greater portion of his life work having been spent in this field of labor. His sudden death, therefore, will not only be keenly felt at his immediate home, and in this city where he had en-

deared himself to all, but in the entire Western portion of Pennsylvania, where his noble characteristics of true Christian manliness were well known to the membership of the Presbyterian Church.

After speaking of his published works and their great value, the writer says: The last remarkable public effort of the Doctor was at the meeting of the Presbytery of Erie at Bradford, in April, 1888, when he spoke upon "A Century of Presbyterianism in Northwestern Pennsylvania." The address was one of great power and brilliancy. It teemed with historic information and sparkled with rhetoric and wit, and the large audience who listened to it were captivated by the rare eloquence which it displayed. He was an almost constant contributor to religious newspapers and magazines of history. The Doctor's knowledge of the early history of this region was perhaps more extensive and accurate than that possessed by any other man, and without doubt the vast fund of information and notes which he has gathered will be of great use to others in the future.

If the attempt were made to characterize Dr. Eaton by any single word, there is perhaps no word more nearly approaching correctness than "large-hearted," for he was instinctively and essentially a large-hearted man. Holding with unflinching loyalty to the faith of his Fathers, a firm uncompromising Calvinist and Presbyterian, he yet gave room in his heart to those whose views were different from his own. Conservative in his habit of thought and not disposed to sympathize with the spirit of change, he yet placed no

barrier in the way of progress; and while his conscience might not admit of his helping, his charity never allowed him to hinder anything progressive that had not proved itself of the truth. As the oldest active member of Erie Presbytery, Dr. Eaton's large-heartedness made him much beloved of its members. His manner was always humble, helpful and gentle. His charitable judgment, his genial bearing, his youthful spirit, tempered with the grace of well spent years, made him always accessible, ever ready and unceasingly kind to younger men; and those who were meeting the trials and bearing the burdens of new and difficult experience found in him a willing friend, a sympathizing helper. Next to his large-heartedness, Dr. Eaton's manhood was marked by an unusual purity. It colored or rather clarified his motives, his speech and his judgment of others. His very presence and acquaintance gave the atmosphere of cleanness to speech, thought and behavior. His thoughts were in the higher reaches of life's atmosphere. His words were like sunbeams that came through the upper air; and though all free from any show of cant or mere religionism, still wore the gleam of purity and righteousness.

All the while there was no right, honest human joy in which he did not fully share, and no human gladness into which he did not enter with the hearty sympathy of true manhood.

From the Evening News, Franklin.

Of the work of Dr. Eaton here in the ministry, extending over a period of more than thirty-three years, it is not necessary to speak in detail. The record of

that work is conspicuous, known and read by all. Interwoven with the life and progress of this people, written in the hearts of so many, shedding blessed influences in so many lives, bearing the peaceable fruits of righteousness in so wide a field, the record of that work is Dr. Eaton's best and most enduring monument.

Dr. Eaton's ministry here was prosperous. From year to year the church and Sunday School grew in numbers and interest throughout his long pastorate. It was his privilege and his joy to see that charge increase and prosper under his ministrations, and when he relinquished his pastoral office, the congregation which was so small at the outset of his work had grown to be among the largest and most influential in this part of the State. The little Sunday School had become a small army, and the plain little church edifice had given place to the present beautiful structure, dedicated to the worship of God in 1869. Dr. Eaton's name is rightly inscribed on the corner stone of that building. Some may see in that edifice a monument of his work; but his more lasting monument, as has been said, is that erected in the heart of every member of his church, his former congregation, and the community in which he lived.

There came a time when it seemed to Dr. Eaton best that the pastoral relation which had existed for more than a third of a century should be severed. At the close of a sermon in December, 1881, he tendered his resignation. A large portion of the congregation sought to influence him into reconsidering the

step, but Dr. Eaton, being a man who always clearly and fully made up his mind, insisted upon his action as final, and the pulpit was consequently declared vacant.

It is at this point that there unfolds one of the beautiful pages in Dr. Eaton's history. His subsequent career illustrates the grand qualities of his nature, his unswerving devotion to the duties of his calling, and reflects high honor upon him. After he had stepped down from the pulpit which he had so ably filled, the scene of his life's arduous labors and his successes, there was no change in his noble Christian bearing, in his love and solicitude for his people, in his kindness, his courtesy, his friendship, his active interest in the welfare of all who came within the range of his helpful sympathies. He did not yield to the temptation and opportunity to fold his hands and rest. Although a veteran soldier of the cross, he felt that he was enlisted for life. For him, there was no discharge in that warfare. For him, also, membership in the army meant active service at the front, sword and shield in hand. So he went right on with the work before him, constantly engaged in writing, preaching at one place and another, and devoting himself in every way to the advancement of Christ's cause and kingdom.

When we view him as a pastor, it is impossible for one who has long known him to speak of Dr. Eaton without esteem and deep affection. He made it a point to know all with whom his duties, whether religious or social, brought him in contact. He looked after

and interested himself in all. But especially in the abode of suffering or affliction was his presence felt. In how many a home to-day do they remember how he came in their time of trial; how he sat at the bedside of the sick; how he ministered to the dying; how he comforted the bereaved; how he poured out his soul in strong prayer in the final rites of the dead. He was indeed a help and a comforter in affliction. His tender hand not only soothed the sufferer, but it gave substantial help in a thousand ways and places of which the world will never know.

It was natural that such a pastor should retain the love, esteem and confidence of his people to the last. Very many of his flock never felt any change in their mutual relations. How could they, when it may be said with literal truth that in his long pastorate here Dr. Eaton had baptized, married and buried a generation?

Dr. Eaton also retained the friendship of the community at large. His was a character that commanded general respect and confidence. His acquaintances all recognized his unswerving integrity, his high and chivalric sense of honor, his knowledge, his fidelity to duty, his purity of life. While he had some of the stern spirit of the Puritan in religion, he had also the noble faculty of friendship, and by this he was bound to his associates through all the years as with hooks of steel.

Dr. Eaton's indefatigable industry, his persistent activity and capacity for labor, were striking characteristics, and were at once an example for imitation and

a rebuke to the self indulgent. He was never idle a moment. He seemed ever mindful of the injunction to work while it is called to day, ere the night cometh wherein no man can work. The fact that much of his study and his labor in pulpit and lecture room were done while under the discouragements of impaired health, enhances the tribute of praise due him on this score.

Through these last years, in which he was called to pass through much bodily suffering, Dr. Eaton kept on with his work. Even up to the last few days he was engaged in assisting in the compilation of a new history of Venango county, and the pen has fallen from his fingers with the task unfinished. There is none left who is as competent as he to complete the interrupted undertaking.

He was a charming man in society, abounding in the "affluence of discursive talk." In his home he was the soul of hospitality. There he was fully assisted by his wife. To all his virtues, let us add the absolute purity of his life and conversation. Sir Galahad was not more clean in his life, nor could a saint be purer in speech, thought and action. Moreover, he never gave way to bursts of temper, nor wounded the feelings of a fellow man with bitter words.

Long shall we remember the character and the person who has passed from among us—that strikingly fine presence, the large expressive eyes, the classically regular features, the broad thoughtful brow, with the abundant locks thrown back from it, the gentle man-

ners, the cordial greeting, the kind words. But yesterday he walked and wrought and suffered among us. To day he feels upon his brow "the breath of the eternal morning." He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Not a broken shaft, but a pyramid completed, should mark his resting place. Crown him with the victor's chaplet. Strew his pall and his grave with the flowers he loved so well, types of the immortal amaranth and asphodel and "pure lilies of eternal peace" which bloom by the river which makes glad the city of God.

From the Daily News, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, the Presbyterian divine and distinguished historian and literary student, who died quite recently at his home in Franklin, Pa., is well remembered by a number of our prominent citizens, and by whom he was held in high esteem.

He was a visitor here when the synod of the Presbyterian church met in our town in 1885, of which body he was a member. On his return home he wrote a graceful and appropriate letter to the gentleman with whom he sojourned during that visit, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:

"How beautiful that Bald Eagle Valley was as we entered it going to Bellefonte, and as we left it! What a mass of color! What elegant hues! What charming variety mingled with evergreens on the mountain side!

"But how short-lived are all earth's beautiful things! The flaming banners of scarlet and gold that hung upon the mountain's side two weeks ago, are to-day sere and brown, borne on the wings of the wind, or floated away on the bosom of the stream. But they are not lost, those golden and scarlet leaves. They will appear again in due season, when the slumber of the winter is over, wrought by the cunning chemistry of nature in soil and atmosphere into new leaves, green as though reflecting the emerald bow in apocalyptic vision.

"Thus all beautiful things on earth fade and die. But God's beautiful things will live again—live in immortal beauty. When the heavens shall be no more, may you and I and all we love have our home in the beautiful City of God, to go out no more."

From the Courant.

Dr. Eaton was a man of more than ordinary ability and learning, not alone in matters pertaining to his profession; but on most literary subjects. He was the author of several historical works and was retained as one of the instructors at Chautauqua from year to year. No minister ever enjoyed more of the esteem and love of his congregation than Dr. Eaton, which is attested by a continuous pastorate of a third of a century.

It was the good fortune of the editor of the *Courant* to sit for many years under his preaching, and to enjoy a warm and close personal intimacy with him. It is a pleasure to be able to say of him, now that he

is gone, that a purer man in heart and conduct, a truer, more disinterested friend, a more conscientious Christian, never breathed. He was a manly man in everything the words imply. Frank, confiding as an infant, and, as far as possible for humanity, free from guile. To know him intimately was to love him intimately. His ability in his chosen profession was a thing to admire. His zeal and earnestness for the cause, something to commend. His manliness in every position in life, his purity of heart and purpose, a thing to love. In saying this the writer only wishes the language had words strong enough to express what he fails to say.

In all that goes to make a man, Rev. Dr. Samuel J. M. Eaton was a model. A pure and consistent Christian, a good citizen, a warm, devoted and constant friend. The man does not breathe who can truthfully say Dr. Eaton ever wronged him in deed, word or thought.

"He wadna wrang the vera deil."

The world has plenty of use for such men, and come when it will their departure from earth is a calamity to the rest of us.

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